THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE MAN AS I KNEW HIM

ILLUSTRATED

FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

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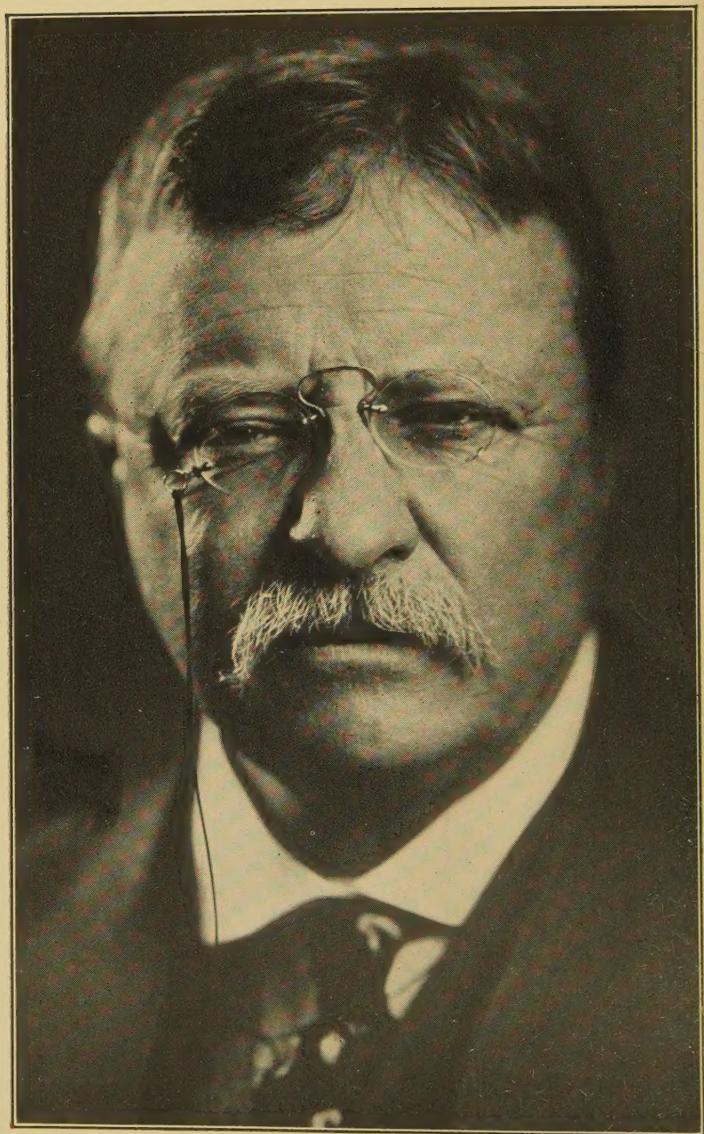

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COL. ROOSEVELT AS THE NATION WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM.

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Theodore Roosevelt

The Man As I Knew Him

By Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart, D. D.

442p.

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To My Wife and Children
This Book Is Affectionately Dedicated

PREFACE

I HAVE always counted as one of the highest honors, joys and blessings of my life the intimate personal friendship of Theodore Roosevelt for the last twenty-four years. As pastor of the Park Avenue Methodist Church in New York City, we were associated with him in his work as Police Commissioner in closing Sunday saloons and were engaged with him in the desperate fight against evil and crime in the great city.

Two motives prompted me to write this book. First, to pay a personal tribute of affection to him. Every line of this book is an appreciation of his great ability and a stream of love flows between the lines from beginning to end. I have traced him from his birth in the city home through the days of his boyhood and early education, to Harvard University; through a series of public offices such as no one man ever filled outlining the important features of his administration in each, and his mighty influence upon individual and national destiny. He destroyed the illegal combination of corporations in their con-

spiracy against the government and saved the republic from the ruin which they threatened. He compelled the rich man and the most influential to obey the law as completely as the poorest man, which made him the idol of the common people and also of the honest rich. He so loved his country that he gave himself absolutely to its service, as well as his four boys, whom he loved better than his life. Mention has been made of his titanic achievement in building the Panama Canal. While he was in the White House, he revealed to me some of the deepest secrets of his heart, which I question whether he ever mentioned to any mortal outside of his own family. Some of these are quoted in this work, because they contain such immortal principles that I know he would like to have me tell them to my fellow countrymen. We have referred to him as an author with his thirty-five splendid volumes and have shown his literary style and made quotations from some of his books, and have watched him as a naturalist among the flowers and birds, the insects, and the big game of the forest, and made a record of some of the things he said about them.

The second reason for writing this book was that in some modest way I might hold up this magnificent specimen of manhood as a model and inspiration to my fellowmen. We look into his home and find the ideal husband and father whose happiness and rugged virtues have sweetened and sanctified the name of home and

been a blessed inspiration to every home in the land. We have referred to his courage, believing him to be one of the bravest men in history. We have related the incidents of the fights with grizzly bear and man-eating lion, and of his standing with both shoes full of blood and making his speech after he had been shot, an act of sublime heroism.

We have told of his confronting the most dangerous men and of his moral courage; of his personal and political integrity, which no penny of graft ever dared approach and against which there was no breath of scandal; of his indomitable industry; of his loyalty personified, which burned with such a flame that he set the whole nation afire with Americanism and triumphant democracy. There is here noted his lifelong hostility to the saloon, his demand for war prohibition, and friendliness to national constitutional prohibition, and of his friendliness to woman suffrage. We have chapters which give at length Theodore Roosevelt as a Christian, his article on the Bible, in which he holds that it is the basis of individual character and of public virtue; his belief in Christ as a personal Saviour; the incident of his joining the church, which we received from his old pastor; of him as a practical preacher of righteousness, demanding the doing as well as the hearing of the Word; his belief in a future life and his words on the death of his son, killed in the great war.

Space is given to the estimate of Theodore Roosevelt by Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor of *The Review of Reviews,* one of the most intimate friends the Colonel ever had in the world, which article was prepared especially for this book; and also an editorial in *The Outlook* by Dr. Lyman Abbott, another one of the dearest friends of the Colonel, which he gave me for use here. General George W. Goethals gave to us for this volume some words on the relation of President Roosevelt to the building of the Panama Canal.

The book has been brought down to date and an account of his death and funeral services have been recorded. The sorrow of the world was expressed in cable messages from President Wilson, the King and Queen of England, Lloyd George, Rudyard Kipling and others abroad and at home.

Copious extracts from notable memorial services have been furnished by their authors for use in this volume, including those of Henry Cabot Lodge in Washington, Charles E. Hughes, Chauncey Depew, Bishop Luther B. Wilson in New York, Gifford Pinchot in Philadelphia, Will H. Hayes in Indianapolis, Chancellor James R. Day at Albany and Archdeacon Carnegie at Westminster Abbey.

Touching tributes have also been given to us by Gen. Leonard Wood, Sec. Franklin K. Lane, Cardinal Gibbons, Rabbi H. P. Mendes, Mr. John M. Parker, a merchant friend and others.

We have devoted a chapter to Colonel Roosevelt's sons and family with a sketch of their life and heroic deeds, and a chapter to what the friends of Oyster Bay think and say about him, for publication here.

In estimating Theodore Roosevelt, I have illustrated the various elements of his character and life; by many incidents of our personal relationship that have never been printed, and hence are unknown to any one but himself and to me.

In treating Theodore Roosevelt, the man, as I knew him, I have given a concise and yet comprehensive history and biography of my friend and all the great events and salient points of his character. This volume has been prepared with the hope that rich and poor, high and low, political friend and enemy might find interest and profit in reading it. Theodore Roosevelt's rugged virtues will appeal to every man with high hopes and ambitions, looking for the best models and desiring to make the most of himself; to every working man who knows how the great leader loved him and worked so hard for him; to every man who recognizes how valuable truth and honor and industry are as elements of manhood and success; to every public servant, from the humblest office-holder to the ruler of the nation, who would scorn a bribe as he would a scorpion and give himself up wholly to the public good; to every woman who loves the name of home; to every young man or

woman who cherishes the highest ideals and plans of life. This book is sent out stained with my tears and those of the nation; with sorrow in our hearts that we shall see his face no more, but bright with hope that his spirit will remain with us, and that we shall see him again, and breathing a prayer that it may be used for the happiness and benefit of our fellowmen, and the establishment of Christ's Kingdom on earth, to which Theodore Roosevelt, the man and the Christian, devoted his life.

F. C. I.

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WASHINGTON—LINCOLN—ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER I

WASHINGTON—LINCOLN—ROOSEVELT

JULIUS and Augustus Caesar, the great emperors, were deified by the Romans, and they perpetuated their names in the months which the two emperors had named for themselves—July, after Julius, and August, after Augustus. If we were giving names to the months in our country nowadays, we would call one Washington, another Lincoln, and another Roosevelt, the last, of course, for the month of June with its roses. The reverence and affection of Americans for these three heroes is akin to the devotion of the Romans for the Caesars.

After the first agonizing cry at the sudden death of Theodore Roosevelt there burst forth spontaneously from the nation's heart praises of the departed hero that reached the borderline of idolatry. Roosevelt took his place instantly among the trio of immortals. He had been dead but one month and six days when the people indicated the place they intended to give him in permanent history. They hung up his picture on Lincoln's birthday with that of Washington and Lincoln. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the gulf, and throughout our island posses-

sions, in the halls of art, the palaces of the rich and the cottages of the poor, were hung the pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt.

These three heroes represented the three important eras of the nation's history—Washington, its birth; Lincoln, its salvation, and Roosevelt, its perpetuity. Washington had been dead only ten years when Lincoln was born, and Roosevelt was a boy six years old when Lincoln died, so that the lives of these three giants practically span the birth, the growth and the glory of the American commonwealth.

It would be difficult to compare these national heroes. They were so singularly adapted to the periods in which they lived, and to the tragic services they were called upon to perform, that each seems complete and incomparable as a leader in his time. They were dissimilar in many particulars. Washington and Lincoln were each over six feet high; Roosevelt was comparatively short and stout. Washington was clean-shaven; Lincoln had a beard, and Roosevelt a mustache.

Washington wore silk stockings and silver shoe buckles; Roosevelt belonged to the silk stocking colony in New York and wore fine shoes; Lincoln never had a pair of stockings on his feet till he was a man grown, and no shoes except in snowtime, and those rude ones made by his father's hand. Washington and Roosevelt wore fine clothes; Lincoln up to the time he was twenty-one years of age wore deerskin pants, deerskin vest and a coonskin cap with the tail left on, and his cabin was surrounded with wolves and bears. Lincoln's father was exceedingly poor; Washington's father was in comfortable circumstances; Roosevelt's father was counted a millionaire.

There was not only a difference in surroundings,

but in mental characteristics, between these heroes. In purely intellectual force Washington was perhaps not the equal of Lincoln or Roosevelt. Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall and Benjamin Franklin possibly had a sturdier type of intellect. But Washington's faculties were so evenly balanced and true, he was such a great general, such a wise statesman, so absolutely devoted to his country, that he took a place head and shoulders above them all as the leader in the founding of the republic.

Lincoln had one of the greatest intellects the world has ever known. Without schools, books, culture, or travel, by the sheer force of his mind and heart, he gripped the nation, commanded its armies and navies and saved the Union.

Theodore Roosevelt had a prodigious intellect. He did not think so. He insisted that it was only of the ordinary type, and that what he had become or done was the result of desperately hard work and dogged persistency. We decline to accept this estimate of him. He was an intellectual prodigy, if there ever was one. He had Lincoln's rugged, virile type of mind with an added versatility which reading, study, writing and travel alone can give. For nearly a score of years he did the hard thinking for the statesmen of the nation. Political friend and foe waited for him to solve the perplexing problems of state and announce the result.

A little over a year ago I called at Colonel Roosevelt's office on an important matter, and though the outer room was full of those who had appointments to meet him, he sent for me to come into his room. "Take that chair," he said, "and pull it up close to mine, and sit down and don't say a word to me. I have sent for you to come in and sit up close to me. It reminds

me of the good old times we had, and the good new ones we have been having as well." He said, "I have got to sign this big pile of letters here and get them into the mail, and then I will listen to what you have on your mind." I replied, "I have this which came into my mind since I entered the room; you can hear it while you write. It is this: I wonder what the people will pay for those letters and that signature a hundred, a thousand years from now. I venture to say that name scratched by your pen will bring from $100 up a hundred years from now, and many thousands of dollars five hundred or a thousand years from now." I continued, "Your fame is secure for the centuries to come." I expected a witty answer, such as he usually gave me under such circumstances. But he did not give it. I looked at his face and it was serious. He saw I was serious and not joking, and he did not joke, but said, "It is lovely in you to say such nice things." And I said to myself while he went on signing his letters that he knew he belonged to humanity, to the universal heart, to the ages; that he felt within himself the symptoms of his earthly immortality, and that he would have a place in history with Washington and Lincoln.

Washington was courtly and serious, but devoid of humor when compared with the other two. Lincoln was at the same time the saddest and the funniest man in the country. His native wit has never been surpassed in our land. Roosevelt had a humor which, though perhaps not so irresistible as that of Lincoln, was just as abounding and healthful. Either could have made a Mark Twain in literature if he had cared to. Roosevelt, with all his desperate contests, with all his perplexing problems, with his incessant toils, was of a playful spirit, had a beautiful family life, and

was possibly the happiest man in the nation. He said he was.

These three national heroes, dissimilar as they were in earthly circumstances and intellectual characteristics, were similar in many regards; in all of those basic elements so necessary in the building up of individual character and a healthy state. The three were the greatest-hearted men the nation ever had. If their intellect was a huge mountain losing itself in the clouds, their affections were a deep blue, boundless sea. Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt were superlative in their truth and honesty. Washington's hatchet will cut its way down the centuries; Honest Abe will for ages be a title more honorable than any king ever wore; Roosevelt, "clean as a hound's tooth," will be known for generations to come.

Another element of immortality this trio had in common was absolute unselfishness. Neither the Father of his Country, nor the great Emancipator, nor Roosevelt ever lived a day for himself. Washington always lived for family, fellows and country. Lincoln was a martyr to his country, and so was Roosevelt, as much as though he had fallen on the field of battle. The fires of patriotism literally consumed him. If either of these men had been capable of telling a white lie, or had failed to fight the wrong at any cost, or had cherished a personal motive of avarice or inordinate ambition, he might have gotten to be President, but he never would have been a national hero or remembered in history.

Our three heroes were similar in their deep religious instincts. They were all godly men, all Christian men. Each of these three captains carried the banner of the Cross. Washington set a beautiful example to the new republic by his religious devotion and

habit. He asserted that his prayer to the God of Battles brought help in the conflict. He was a lifelong member of the Episcopal Church. Lincoln was a profoundly religious man. He did not join any church, but he attended church services regularly and was a firm believer in the Bible and the Christian faith. Lincoln once told Bishop Simpson, whose lectures on the state of the country during the Civil War were said by the President to be worth 100,000 men to the Union army, and who delivered Lincoln's funeral address, that he felt that God had called him to lead the nation in its tragical time, and had given him wisdom, courage, strength and victory in the conflict.

Everybody knows that Theodore Roosevelt was intensely religious; that he did not hesitate, on all proper occasions, to announce publicly his faith in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. He was a devoted member of the Dutch Reformed Church and attended its services regularly. He told me that his firm faith in God, and his actual knowledge of Him had been the chief motive in his individual character and his public service. Some think it smart and big to doubt. But the people of America believe. They want the human element in their heroes and the superhuman elements as well. They want them earthborn and born from above too. It will take a nation a long time to die, which has as its heroes Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, the crown of whose greatness was their goodness.

The similarity of these heroes, in those moral elements without which there can be no real manhood in any calling or position, was increased by the law of imitation. Lincoln tried his best to become like Washington. When a boy he came across a life of Washington at a neighbor's home and borrowed it.

Reading it one night, tired out, he tucked the book in a crack between the logs. That night a rain storm pelted in and spoiled it. In distress he hurried over to the neighbors and said, "See what has happened. I have not a cent in the world, and if I had there are no books for sale around here. What shall I do? Now take the price of it out of my hide." The man replied, "Abe, you pull fodder for me for three days and you may have it, and we will call it square." And he did. He fairly devoured the volume, and from that day his thoughts and conduct were influenced by those of Washington.

Roosevelt copied Washington and Lincoln, especially the latter. Lincoln appealed to every faculty of his soul. He studied his character, read his speeches, examined his administration, marvelled at his statesmanship and tried to become like him. He had in him, by nature, many of the qualities of Lincoln, and he gained others by a lifelong admiration and imitation of him. He insisted that any man or party which had strayed away from the principles advocated by Lincoln was on the wrong track.

In 1909 the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was observed. On the first day of that year President Roosevelt addressed from the White House to Dr. Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews,* a characteristic letter in which he commented on the famous Bixby letter of the martyr President. This letter of President Roosevelt was as follows:

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, JANUARY 1, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Review of Reviews:*

The deeds and words of the great men of the nation, and above all the character of each of the foremost men of the nation, are one and all assets of inestimable value to the

Republic. Lincoln's work and Lincoln's words should be, and I think more and more are, part of those formative influences which tend to become living forces for good citizenship among our people. There is one of his letters which has always appealed to me particularly. It is the one running as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 21, 1864.

TO MRS. BIXBY,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam: I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
A. LINCOLN.

Any man who has occupied the office of President realizes the incredible amount of administrative work with which the President has to deal even in time of peace. He is of necessity a very busy man, a much-driven man, from whose mind there can never be absent, for many minutes at a time, the consideration of some problem of importance, or of some matter of less importance which yet causes worry and strain. Under such circumstances, it is not easy for a President, even in times of peace, to turn from the affairs that are of moment to all the people and consider affairs that are of moment to but one person.

While this is true of times of peace, it is, of course, infinitely more true of times of war. No President who has ever sat in the White House has borne the burden that Lincoln bore, or been under the ceaseless strain which he endured. It did not let up by day or by night. Ever he had to consider problems of the widest importance, ever

to run risks of greatest magnitude; and ever, through and across his plans to meet these great dangers and responsibilities, was shot the woof of an infinite number of small annoyances. He worked out his great task while unceasingly beset by the need of attending as best he could to a multitude of small tasks.

It is a touching thing that the great leader, while thus driven and absorbed, could yet so often turn aside for the moment to do some deed of personal kindness; and it is a fortunate thing for the nation that in addition to doing so well each deed, great or small, he possessed that marvelous gift of expression which enabled him, quite unconsciously, to choose the very words best fit to commemorate each deed. His Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural are two of the half-dozen greatest speeches ever made—I am tempted to call them the two greatest ever made. They are great in their wisdom, and dignity, and earnestness, and in a loftiness of thought and expression which makes them akin to the utterances of the prophets of the Old Testament.

In a totally different way, but in strongest and most human fashion, such utterances as his answer to the serenaders immediately after his second election, and his letter, which I have quoted above, appeal to us and make our hearts thrill. The mother of whom he wrote stood in our sense on a loftier plane of patriotism than the mighty President himself. Her memory, and the memory of her sons whom she bore for the Union, should be kept green in our minds; for she and they, in life and death, typified all that is best and highest in our national existence. The deed itself, and the words of the great man which commemorate that deed, should form one of those heritages for all Americans which it is of inestimable consequence that America should possess.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In this letter Mr. Roosevelt thinks Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg and his Second Inaugural Address are the greatest ones ever delivered. He himself has some addresses whose periods are in the class of Lincoln's masterpieces. One of these is this description of Lincoln:

"After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever."

Roosevelt's comparison of Washington and Lincoln will make a fitting close for this chapter. It is this:

"As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia-landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to render service to his nation, and to all mankind, such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed, also, all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have, too often, shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words

by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others. There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day."

This thing he did, exhibited the same qualities that Washington and Lincoln did in the settlement of the problems of his time and with them makes up the trio of immortal American heroes.

HIS BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD

CHAPTER II

HIS BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD

AS the birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt is only ten minutes' walk from where I am writing, I thought I would go over and see what it looked like and describe it outside and in, as a proper setting for this chapter on his birth and childhood. To my deep regret I found that the old house had been torn down and a little two-story brick business building had been put up in its place. I entered the store and asked the man if that was the site on which Roosevelt was born. He said, "Yes," and that the old house had been taken away about a year before. I asked him if any part of the old building had been left in the new. He said, "No." I continued, "Is there not, about the place, a window out of which Theodore looked, or a piece of flooring over which he romped, or a banister down which he slid?" He answered, "Not one!" "I am sorry," I said, "for there are thousands of people who would cross a continent or come the length of an ocean to look at the place where Theodore Roosevelt was born, and pay their homage at this shrine."

Well, just here in this sweatshop district, which sixty years ago was a rich, fashionable, residential neighborhood, here at No. 28 East 20th Street, just off Broadway, New York City, Theodore Roosevelt was

born October 27, 1858. At his advent no bells were rung, no whistles blown, no newspaper mentioned the fact, no president or king sent congratulations. It is not likely that many persons living on the same block, even, ever heard that such a child had been born, so silent and small are the beginnings of greatness, are the beginnings of life itself. I suspect that if any one had been there, that beautiful October day, with spirit ears keen enough, he would have heard the angels, with their harps, serenading the child that heaven had sent to earth. So on this little piece of ground, a few feet front and a few feet deep, was born the babe that grew to be the giant who set all the bells to ringing, the whistles to blowing, the bands to playing, the children to laughing, the multitude to shouting, the battle-drums to beating, and the millions to practical service for their fellowmen and for the public good. The old birthplace, four stories high, was the foundation and first story of the magnificent structure of the Roosevelt character and life.

This old building housed Roosevelt's home. The material structure has gone, but the home was a spiritual force that can never be destroyed. Everything that lives has a home, a place where it may abide, develop its growth, and prepare for its mission on the earth. This home on 20th Street was an ideal home before Theodore was born into it.

Roosevelt was born to greatness. He inherited qualities that carried him to his heights of service and fame. It is a law of nature that life stamps its image on its offspring. It is so with the grains, the herds, the flocks and the tribes of men. Theodore Roosevelt had a right to be great. He came of splendid stock on both sides. For two hundred years the name of Roosevelt has been prominent and popular in many forms

of material, intellectual, moral and political endeavors in New York City. The first of the name, Claas Martenzen van Roosevelt, came from Holland to New Amsterdam in 1649. Theodore's great great grandfather was a private soldier in the Revolutionary War.

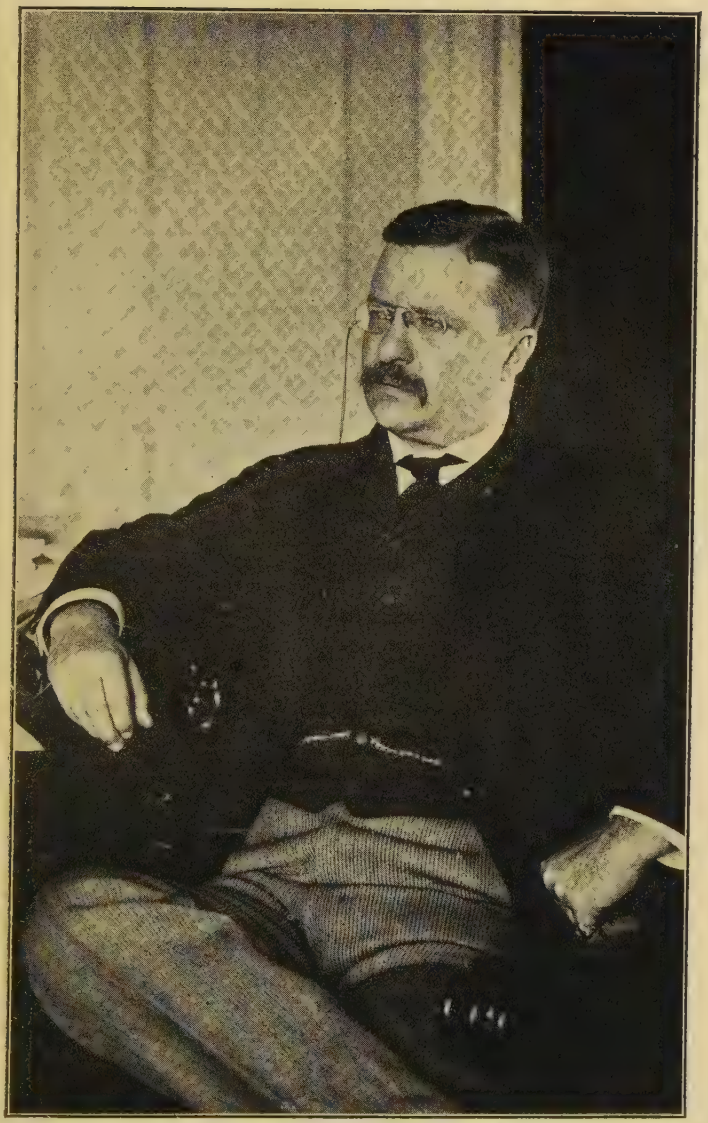
His great grandfather was a prosperous hardware merchant, and in the War of Independence gave his services to the colonists without compensation. His grandfather was a man of uncommon genius, one of the great inventors of the world. During the Revolutionary War, he ran a paddle boat propelled by hickory and whalebone springs. At the close of the war he settled in New York, interesting himself in copper mines, rolling-mills and the like. He became associated with Robert Fulton in the plan to drive a boat with steam paddles. It was disputed then, and has been since, whether Fulton or Roosevelt was the discoverer of the steamboat. Fulton got the patent. Roosevelt contested it, but gave up the contest because it was so expensive. He united with Fulton in a plan to navigate the Western waters with the steamboat, and he himself built and took from Pittsburg to New Orleans, the first steamer whose paddles ever disturbed the great waters of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Theodore's father, whose name was Theodore, was a remarkable man, a wealthy glass merchant on Maiden Lane, prominent and influential in city and national politics, and a founder of some of the most important educational and benevolent institutions in the city. He was especially devoted to any enterprises relating to the children of the poor; was a prominent member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and was respected and loved universally. At his death, the flags in New York City were dropped to half-mast in sorrow.

Theodore's stock on his mother's side was just as good. His great great grandfather, Archibald Bullock, was a member of the Continental Congress and the first State Governor of Georgia. His mother's brother, James D. Bullock, was a prominent officer in the Confederate navy, who arranged for the purchase of the privateers *Florida* and *Alabama*. His mother, Miss Martha Bullock, was married to Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., at her father's home at Roswell, Cobb County, Ga., in 1853. The stern, rugged, masterful elements of the Holland-Dutch, Theodore Roosevelt got from his father. The beautiful, tender, loving nature, which drew a whole nation to him, he got from his mother, a lovely Southern woman. His father was a hunter, was passionately fond of a horse, and was a good driver and rider. The elder Roosevelt was an ideal family man and a devoted worker in the church.

The young Theodore inherited those traits which developed into the elements of his future greatness. His mother was a polite, magnetic, affectionate, loving woman with the warmth of hospitality and the simple, sincere piety of the sunny South. She had much native humor. The boy inherited from her those less vigorous virtues that made his life so beautiful, the gentleness that had so much to do in making him great. One of the most eloquent specimens of American literature was the reference of Henry W. Grady, the exponent of the new South at the New England dinner, as he proclaimed that Lincoln's greatness was the natural mixture of the Puritan and Cavalier. Similarly Theodore Roosevelt's greatness exhibited the moral and religious influence of the Holland-Dutch, and the chivalry of the beautiful Southland.

Just as soon as the boy Theodore had learned to



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AS GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

walk and talk, both parents set themselves to the task of teaching him the strictest morality; the necessity of constant truth-telling; the sin of taking that which belongs to another; the meanness of wanting the best of everything for himself; the beauty of giving something he had to others and making others happy; the necessity of personal purity and the duty to love God. The man four square, the man demanding a square deal of every one, and for every one, was only living out the sterling moral principles his father and mother had taught him when a boy.

There was no man in public life who seemed more a product of our popular school system than Mr. Roosevelt. Yet he never attended the public schools a day in his life. It would be thought that his perfectly democratic spirit could have been produced only by our common school system. Born and bred an aristocrat, his father was democratic in spirit, and he himself, by his life in the West and on the ranch and in the field of politics, became an ideal democrat, in spite of the fact that he missed a common school education. He, however, sent all of his own children to the public schools, was one of the most earnest and efficient friends of the popular school system, and was the idol of the teachers and school children of the land.

Though Theodore did not go to the public schools, he did not lack a preliminary education by any means. It must be remembered that he was the son of a rich man, and that rich people in those days had their own way of educating their children. The mother was a Southern woman who believed much in the personal influence of motherhood and home in the training of their boy, and she started in to teach him herself, to read and write and spell and figure. And her sister

living in the family also acted as a teacher. And, when he advanced somewhat in his studies, they got a tutor for him, and he was taught at home till he went to college, with the exception of a few months when he attended a private school.

The parents had a university in the home. It was the library. Books, books, books, the boy was fed on them. He was brought up on them. Before he could read, his mother and others in the family read to him. They read tales of adventure, things about animals, stories of hunting big game, of Indian life, things about smart and good boys and girls. When he wore kilt skirts and a single curl on the top of his head, Theodore used to drag about a book too big for him to handle, asking some one to read to him from it. It was Livingstone's "Travels and Researches in South Africa." And the child was all waked up with interest in explorations and experiences of this great man. Who knows how much of the plan for the African trip of Roosevelt the great explorer and hunter may have been laid in the mind of that boy at home by the story of the mountains, the rivers, the people, and the wild beasts of Africa, and of the hero who devoted his life to the task of blessing and redeeming its millions?

The mother entertained her child with stories of the Southland, of hunting opossums and coons and wild turkey and foxes; and read stories of big game hunting to him of deer and bear. She was unwittingly raising a man for the chase.

When the boy got old enough to read for himself, they fairly surrounded him with books. It was no accident that books on nature study were placed in his hands. It was done on purpose, not only to entertain him, but to make a naturalist of him. So when

the boy went out even to play in the country he took notice of the flowers, the ants, and bugs and lizards, and fishes and birds; he knew something about them and wanted to find out more, and as he grew in years he made them his study, his companions and his joy.

They placed in his hands also magazines, which were bright, spicy and morally healthful. His parents were much wiser than they knew, when they implanted in his childish heart this appetite for reading and satisfied it so well. He kept up the habit of incessant reading of books at Harvard and throughout his life, and became one of the most omnivorous readers and most well informed of public men.

It was a fortunate thing for the making of this great man that Theodore's parents were so full of the playful spirit themselves and saw the absolute necessity for amusement and exercise for their children. They were allowed to run and jump and howl at the top of their voices; they were taught games indoors and out-of-doors. Though their home was in the city, they spent at least four months of the year at some country seat on purpose to give the children opportunity for recreation and for the development of their physical strength. What glorious times the children had roaming through the woods, picking flowers, catching fish out of the streams, rowing boats, watching the birds and having companionship with everything that God has made! They kicked up their heels at every kind of outdoor sport that could be imagined, had piles of fun and grew and were supremely happy. They had every conceivable kind of pet—cat, dogs, horses, and others. Theodore had a sorrel Shetland pony called General Grant; and when his sister read about General Grant in her history of the Civil War,

she wondered why it was that they happened to call this general after their pony.

Theodore the boy did not have very many playmates outside of his own home and circle of relatives. His parents were very careful of the company he kept, but they were quite democratic and allowed him to select his own chums according to his taste. They seemed as well satisfied if he selected a chum in ordinary circumstances, or a poor boy, as though he had chosen a son of wealth as his companion.

For ten years I have been well acquainted with one of Theodore Roosevelt's boy chums, John W. McNichols, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, a sturdy, honest village blacksmith. We were brought together by our mutual friendships for our national hero. He had told me so many things about having played as a boy with young Theodore, that I asked him to tell me a few things which I could put in my book about him. He said, "I will count it a pleasure and an honor to do so." Then he went on to say: "Theodore's father went into the fine Paton Place on the hill at Dobbs Ferry during the summer of 1872. I was thirteen and he a year older. The way I happened to get acquainted with him was, that his father had twenty-two horses (you know he drove four-in-hand) and my uncle, a blacksmith, shod his horses for him. The coachman usually brought the horses down and took them back, but there were three ponies in the stable. One belonged to the boy, Theodore, and the other two to his sisters. Theodore would go down to the shop to get one of the ponies and I would ride the other back with him.

"One day I was sent up to get one of the ponies and I saw the boy Teddy alone on the pond in a nice little white skiff. I went down to the shore and he rowed

to where I was and asked me if I would not get in and take a ride with him. That is how we got acquainted at first. And after that I did not have to ask to get into the skiff, but he told me to get into it and take a row any time, whether he was there or not. We had such fine times rowing that skiff. I often rowed him and he would sit in the stern with his back to me and drag his feet in the water as a rudder. We used to get very warm those summer days and very thirsty. At such times we would pull the boat out of the pond into a little stream up to a spring which was the source of the pond, and there drank to our fill of the cool water. I got a cocoanut shell, sawed it in two halves and made two drinking-cups of it; one I marked 'T. R.' for him and the other 'J. N.' for me. (My name is McNichols, but they always called me Nichols in those days, and hence I marked it 'J. N.'). We had a little place where we kept those cups, and whenever we rowed, and that was nearly every day, we went to the spring and drank out of our cups. Oh, but that water tasted mighty good! It tastes good now as I think of it.

"We were both good swimmers for boys. We swam in the pond, and when he came down to the shop and the horses were not ready, he and I used to slip off down to the beach behind the old livery stable and swim in the Hudson.

"He was out one day in his little skiff paddling and playing around and I was at the shore watching him. He saw two wealthy neighbors driving along the road not far from the pond, and just as they came opposite to it he pretended to make a misstep and turned the boat upside down. He did not come up, and the rich neighbors ran frantically to the edge of the pond and were making strenuous efforts to rescue

his dead body. Just then he came out from under the upturned skiff and laughed at them, and they laughed harder at each other and went back to their carriage. He was full of all kinds of funny boyish pranks.

"Theodore always went down with his father in their depot wagon, as they called it in those days, to the 8.15 train for New York. On the way back from the train he had the coachman drive around to the shop to get me to go out to the place and get the pony to shoe. I had already started to school and my uncle told him if he would hurry he could catch me before I got to school and could take me out with him. Sure enough he got me just before entering the school, and I went out with him. As we were driving up to go around to the stable, Mr. Teddy told the coachman to stop right there, and he took the livery of the coachman and put it on himself, the coat all buttoned up, and the hat in its place. I started to get off the box and he said, 'No, you stay, I want you as my footman.' I said to him, 'Ted, I got this old hickory shirt on and this little straw hat and your mother will get on to us.' He said, 'Do what I tell you to do. You are my footman to-day.'

"He drove around to the front of the house and saw a girl on the porch sweeping, and he called out in a loud voice, 'Is Mrs. Roosevelt in?' The girl said, 'Yes.' He continued, 'Go ask her to come out and take a ride; I am ready. Tell her if she does not come out now she cannot have any ride at all to-day.' The girl turned to carry the word to Mrs. Roosevelt, when she put her head out of an upstairs window, called to the girl and said, 'Who is that person that is calling for me?' She answered, 'I am not just sure, but I think it is Mr. Theodore.' I heard her

say as we were driving off to the barn, 'Well, whoever it is, that is about the finest-looking rig that has come to this house this summer.'

"Teddy had a nice little gun and we took turns in practice shooting. We used to play ball there and catch it and knock it with a bat, though there were not enough boys in that neighborhood to make a game of baseball.

"When he was Governor of the State he rode with his staff from New York through Dobbs Ferry to the camp at Peekskill. I knew he was coming by and hung out a big flag at my blacksmith shop and stood out in front of it to hail him as he went by. He rode up to where I was, took me by the hand and said, 'John, I remember you well. We had good old times the summer we were boys together.'

"When he was elected President the second term I concluded I would write him a letter of congratulation. I went to the bank and got a sheet of paper with the bank heading on it and wrote him a letter reminding him of the good times we had had as boys together, never thinking that any notice would be paid to it; but within three days I got a letter from his secretary, Mr. William Loeb, Jr., saying that the President received my letter and would answer it personally. In just a few days I received a letter referring to that glorious summer we had together and he also sent me a large photograph of himself to John W. McNichols from Theodore Roosevelt, in his own handwriting. How proud I was of it and how proud I was to show it to my friends, some of whom thought I was half inclined to stretch things a little when I talked of having the boy, Theodore Roosevelt, as my chum.

"I took a piece of the finest steel I could find and

hammered on my own anvil a horseshoe for good luck. It was about the size of a shoe that an ordinary saddle horse would wear. I plated it four times with gold and I put an inscription on it including his name and mine, and the date, and sent it to him as a reminder of those grand four months of fun between May and October, 1872. I received a letter from him, thanking me from the bottom of his heart and saying that he would keep it as one of his own precious treasures as long as he lived."

Poor Theodore had a serious handicap in the asthma which attacked him very early and remained with him through his college days and for some years after. He drove it out by his vigorous ranch life. The singular solicitude which an invalid always awakens was felt by Theodore's father and mother. His father often carried him upstairs in his arms, and when the little fellow would wheeze in his sleep it easily awoke father and mother, who hurried to his bed to help him if possible in his paroxysms of pain and choking. And sometimes they would find him sitting up in the bed with his elbows on his knees trying to get his breath. Many a time between two and four o'clock in the morning, when his spells were the worst, his father would hitch up and drive the boy over the country roads to give him fresh air and some relief.

This persistent asthma and the nervousness which was the result, or possibly the cause of it, made him quite weak for his age. When he came in contact with the few playmates he had, he found that those of the same size and age could thrash him easily. This mortified him very much. He resolved that he would build up a strong body by exercise, not only that he might be healthy and grow up to be a useful

man, but also that he might be able to protect himself, physically, against any kind of ill-treatment or injustice. He talked the matter over with his father and his father consented to have a man give him boxing lessons. It so chanced that that teacher was a professional pugilist. The boy liked the sport amazingly and grew strong on it, practised it at Harvard and through the rest of his life, and was one of the most enthusiastic champions of that kind of sport in the United States. This boxing in boyhood, while it developed his strength and mitigated his attacks of asthma, did not entirely eradicate it. The deep determination with which this slim, sick, weak boy developed himself into one of the finest athletes and strongest men in the nation, was the same force of will which enabled him to triumph over ten thousand hindrances which were piled up in his pathway to his journey's end.

How touching was the affection of the father for Theodore and how perfectly that affection was reciprocated by him. The Greatest of All, in teaching men to pray, said, "Say Our Father," because he thought that the word father came nearer to that of God than any other one. In the physical support, in the education furnished, in the amusement supplied, in the genuine delights furnished, in the great moral principles inculcated, and in the personal affection lavished, he was to the boy's mind a type of the Heavenly Father. For he said of him, "He was the best man I ever knew."

The affection of the mother for Theodore was pathetic. Her boy, her bright boy, her sick boy, her good boy, was ever so much dearer to her than her own life; and Theodore fairly worshipped her. When only nine or ten years of age, he kept a diary. On

one of the pages he wrote that he had had a cholera morbus the night before and a nightmare, that the devil had taken him up and carried him away, but he continued that he felt the delicate touch of his mother's fingers and that made him better.

The father and mother of Theodore were very careful in his religious instruction. They taught him that the Bible was the book of books; that talking to God was as real as talking to people, and that to be a consistent Christian was to be the greatest thing in life, and to include about every other thing. Family prayers led by the father were just as regular as the breakfast on the table, and the children were taught at a very early age that there was a real relation between them and the God of heaven. The mother taught Theodore at her knee the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and other prayers as well. Sometimes the children were allowed a little latitude of extemporaneous prayer. On one occasion Theodore availed himself of this liberty to a large degree.

His mother had disciplined him in some way for some misconduct, and Theodore thought unjustly. And so when he came to his prayer before going to bed he broke out in a request that God would bless the Union army and give it success. He gave his mother this piece of his mind under the pretense of prayer, because he knew that she was a pronounced Confederate, and he took this means of getting even with her. She was so full of humor that she turned her face away so that he might not see her laugh. Bringing her face around to him seriously, she told him that she would let him off this time if he would agree not to do so again. Powerful as was the father's religious influence over Theodore, that of his mother was just as great. If father was the name

most like God to Roosevelt, mother was a name next to that of Heaven to him. With his splendid lineage, with his mental ability, with all the books, and amusements, and earthly affections, it was the religion of the old home that made the Theodore Roosevelt the nation knew.

Theodore's first handicap was the asthma; the second handicap was the fact that he was born in a rich man's home. He is the first very rich man's son who ever became President. All virtue does not inhere in those that are poor or in moderate circumstances, nor is all vice to be found in wealth, but the fact is that out of poverty and moderate financial circumstances, in this free land of great opportunity, have come most of our successful men. There is a feeling of self-dependence, and industry, so necessary to success which is demanded by it. Wealth so easily breeds in the youth indolence, luxury, excessive pursuit of pleasure, dissipation, effeminacy and failure. This is not always the case, for some of the sons of the rich overcome their handicaps and succeed in business or in some learned profession and they deserve especial credit for their habits of study, industry, honesty and virtue. Nearly all of the great fortunes of America have been founded by poor boys who had to work their way up. The two greatest by Rockefeller, who hoed potatoes in the field at fifty cents a day; and by Carnegie, the poor little Scotch messenger boy who worked to support his widowed mother.

Some of the boys in comfortable circumstances reached the Presidency, but a number of very poor ones worked their way up to it. Lincoln was abjectly poor, was hard up for money till after he got into the White House. A gentleman at the World's Fair in Chicago, who was closely related to Lincoln, told

me that one day when he had made out the slip for the day's deposit in the bank, which represented a considerable amount of money, being the day he received his salary, the President said to him, "This is the first time in my life that I have ever been ahead of the hounds in money matters." Johnson, his Vice-president, was an apprentice to a tailor down in Tennessee. Garfield drove a mule on the towpaths of a canal; McKinley was a clerk in the post office; Cleveland and Wilson were the poor sons of Presbyterian preachers. We do not forget that Washington at the time of his inaugural was said to be the richest man in the United States, but he was a child of moderate financial circumstance, and, as a boy, had to work for his living; that he inherited Mt. Vernon from a relative, and that the wealth he had when President was that which came to him by the widow Custis, the rich woman whom he married. The historical fact remains that this boy from 20th Street was the only son of a very rich man that ever became President of the United States.

The home of wealth, ordinarily the handicap of greatness, was in the case of Theodore Roosevelt, one of its important helps. His father made wealth his servant and not his master. His father and mother did not consider wealth the main thing in life. They took great pains to teach their boy by precept and example that wealth was of value only as it contributed to physical well-being, mental development and moral and religious growth. They taught their children that truth, honor and virtue were the real riches in life.

It is more than likely that Theodore Roosevelt owed his elevation to the presidency to the fact that his father was rich, and that he laid away a portion of his wealth so that his son might devote his time en-

tirely to the public good without any care on his part about temporal support. In fact, Colonel Roosevelt, time and again to those of us closest to him, claimed that much of his success in life grew out of the fact that his father made it possible for him to give his life up to the service of the state without having first to go through the burden of making a living for his family. In these times, so many men of wealth swallow their breakfast and hurry away to business. They burden themselves down with it all day, and return home at night after the children have gone to bed, or maybe after a meeting at the club. They really need to be introduced to their families. Theodore Roosevelt's father never thought of going down to business till he had gathered about him his wife and children at family prayers. He spent all the time possible at home and counted his home as the principal thing. Though he did not neglect his business, he considered the dear children that God had given him more precious than any earthly fortune.

The brightest hope of the republic is in the fact that the principles that were incarnated in the old home of Theodore Roosevelt are those that characterize the average home among the rich and poor in this country to-day—the principles of conjugal fidelity, filial obedience, integrity, industry, education and religion.

Theodore never went to school except a few months when he attended a special school near his home. While at this school an incident occurred which was thus told to one of the editors of *The Christian Herald:*

Some fifty years ago, one very cold morning, a half-dozen or more boys were gathered closely around an old stove in the MacMillan School in New York City. One of those

boys had poor health and especially weak eyes. An old gentleman always brought this boy to school. It was noticeable that the boy was always present and never failed to know his lessons.

While shivering around the old stove that morning, another boy, Fred McDaniel, a tall, awkward and unpurposeful-looking boy, came down the aisle, threw his skates on the floor and his books upon his desk, walked over to the old stove and said: "Ted, you're a fool!" Ted looked up quickly and said impulsively: "What do you mean?" "Oh, I don't mean what you think I mean," said Fred. "I mean that you're not able to come to school. Your eyes are weak, and you'll put them out and be blind. Your father is rich and you don't have to go to school. My father is rich and I expect to make the teacher expel me. I was expelled from school in Albany, and they'll do it here. I'm simply not going to school." By this time Ted had risen to his feet.

"I may put my eyes out," he said. "I am going to be educated—I am going to be educated!"

Within three weeks, Fred succeeded in carrying out his determination, getting himself expelled from school. Another boy, Devolt, was present that morning. Devolt says: "Many years later I went to Albany, where Fred and I were born, to visit my parents. As I entered the depot, the wind was piercing, the snow was falling fast. I was attracted by the sight of a large man wearing coarse and untidy clothes. His face was haggard, his hair was streaked with gray, across his shoulder was a large strap that held a heavy bundle of daily papers. "Have a paper, sir?" I recognized the voice, and as I turned he said to me: "Devolt, is that you?" "Yes, Fred, old fellow, I'm so glad to see you."

After talking a few moments, the two old schoolmates stepped into a nearby cafe to have supper. Having ordered their supper, Devolt said: "Fred, do you remember——"

"Wait, Devolt, I know what you're going to say. You are going to tell me about the morning I told Ted he was a fool. Yes, Devolt, I remember it all, and it's the saddest memory of my life. For now he's our President, and I—I will sleep in a garret to-night."

When Theodore was sixteen years of age, his father moved into the more fashionable district from the old

house on 20th Street to 6 West 57th Street. Theodore was now feeling his wings as it were, and was getting ready to fly out of the nest. One of the first things he did was to take a bold public stand, joining the Christian church as a member of the St. Nicholas Reformed Church. This selection of the path of virtue and piety on the threshold of life has its parallel in the Choice of Heracles recorded by Xenophon in his "Memorabilia of Socrates." One of the most brilliant and powerful of the young men of Greece was hesitating as to what path into life he should enter. While doing so, he repaired to a solitude for meditation. While there, two maidens approached him.

One of them possessed physical charms, but was aided by art so that she seemed fairer and rosier than she really was; she was elegantly clad, and greatly admired herself. She told the young man that if he would follow her path she would lead him to happiness, furnish him food and drink, and pleasure, and luxury, and that she would never require him to toil a day either with body or mind. The young man asked her what was her name. She replied, "Those who love me call me Happiness, those who hate me call me Vice."

The other maiden, whose name was Virtue, approached the young man and made her plea. Socrates thus describes her and tells what she said to him: "She was fair to look upon, frank and free by gift of nature. Her limbs adorned with purity and her eyes with bashfulness, sobriety set the rhythm of her gait, and she was clad in white apparel." And she said, "Heracles, I, too, am come to you, seeing that your parents are well known to me, and in your nurture I have gauged your nature; wherefore I en-

tertain good hope that if you choose the path which leads to me, you shall greatly bestir yourself to be the doer of many a doughty deed of noble enterprise; and that I, too, shall be held in even higher honor for your sake, lit with the luster shed by valorous deeds. I will not cheat you with preludings of pleasure, but I will relate you the things that are according to the ordinances of God in very truth. Know then that among things that are lovely and of good report, not one have the gods bestowed upon mortal man apart from toil and pains. Would you obtain the favor of the gods, then must you pay these same gods service. Would you be loved by your friends, you must benefit these friends. Do you desire to be honored by the state, you must give the state your aid. Do you claim admiration for your virtue from all Hellas, you must strive to do some good to Hellas. Do you wish earth to yield her fruits to you abundantly, to earth you must pay your court. Do you seek to amass riches from our flocks and herds, on them must you bestow your labor. Or is it your ambition to be potent as a warrior, able to save your friends and to subdue your foes, then must you learn the arts of war from those who have the knowledge, and practise their application in the field when learned. Or would you e'en be powerful of limb and body, then must you habituate limbs and body to obey the mind, and exercise yourself with toil and work." The maiden Virtue seems a veritable prophetess foretelling the destiny of the hero, Theodore Roosevelt.

In entering life he came to two roads, a broad one leading to destruction and a narrow one leading to heaven. He deliberately took God as his guide and Christ as his example, and at the age of sixteen entered the Army of the King and battled for the cause of righteousness till the day of his death.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN FRONT OF CONGRESS HOTEL, CHICAGO, BULL MOOSE CAMPAIGN.

AT HARVARD

CHAPTER III

AT HARVARD

THE family at home had done its part faithfully in the preliminary education of Theodore, and the time had come for a new factor to enter into his mental and moral life, that of a tutor to prepare him for college. A brilliant young Harvard graduate, Mr. Arthur H. Cutler, who had tried the woolen business in New York and had tired of it, concluded he would undertake the task of preparing boys and young men for college. He always said that fortune came his way when he was asked just then to tutor the Roosevelt boys. Theodore's father had just moved uptown to No. 6 West 57th Street, and young Cutler came up to that home from 9 to 12 every school day for three years to fit the Roosevelt boys for college. There were three of them—Theodore and his brother, Elliott, and his cousin, J. West Roosevelt. After three years of this special work of tuition, Mr. Cutler concluded that he would make the Roosevelt boys and the few others he had been able to handle himself the basis of a boys' preparatory school. Theodore Roosevelt was claimed as the first graduate, and the late Elliott Roosevelt and J. West Roosevelt graduated in 1877.

It would have been thought that Theodore's father, having been so strict a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, would have sent his son to Rutgers or to Princeton, but young Cutler's recommendation of Harvard and his splendid educational equipment influenced the father to send the boy to Harvard in the autumn of 1876. Theodore's respect for his tutor the first year was great; it increased the next year and the next, and the two were lifelong friends. Colonel Roosevelt never ceased to recognize the tremendous influence of this young teacher on his education, character and destiny. Dr. Cutler's school, which he founded on the Roosevelt boys, became one of the finest institutions of its kind in America, and numbered among its graduates the sons of some of the most influential families in New York City and elsewhere, among them: William Havemeyer, J. Pierpont Morgan, Prof. T. C. Janeway, the late doctor; John Harsen Rhoades, Harry Payne Whitney, Hon. Frank L. Polk, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and many others. For forty years Professor Cutler through his school honored his profession and blessed the young manhood of America as few have done.

One of the masters, Prof. Herbert S. Boyd, told me this incident, illustrating not only the intimacy of Dr. Cutler with Colonel Roosevelt, but also Mr. Roosevelt's wide knowledge of books. Professor Boyd said: "Dr. Cutler was always a most welcome guest at Sagamore Hill and at the White House. In his visits to the White House the old times were talked over and also matters of public interest. But the President always called up the question of the new books that had been written and their merits were discussed. Almost the first questions which the President would put to his old tutor was, 'What have you been reading?' And

Dr. Cutler would tell him the books which he had read, and it seemed that Mr. Roosevelt had already read them. Dr. Cutler decided to get ahead of him, so he went to a book store and asked for the latest publication (a book in two volumes). Dr. Cutler took the first volume with him on the train to Washington and had the other sent to his own home in the city. Try as he might it was of such heavy reading that between New York and Washington he could complete only about 200 pages. When Roosevelt asked him what he had been reading, he told him and expected to have the advantage of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt asked him how he liked the book and Dr. Cutler attempted to discuss what he had read, but the President said, 'You know nothing about the book. Wait till you get to page 455 of volume two; that is where the work shines.' ''

Theodore Roosevelt, fully prepared by Professor Cutler, entered Harvard in 1876, a slim young man of eighteen, not weighing over one hundred and thirty pounds and wearing a pair of side whiskers. He had not entirely recovered from his old enemy the asthma, and wheezed and suffered with it considerably through his college course, but he continued his physical exercise, walking, horse-back riding, boxing and other gymnastic exercises and retained his strength and gained muscle and general health despite his strenuous course. He was not counted a great student, did not stand very high in his class and did not win many honors. He never worked for marks. He was so busy in the investigation of the realm of science that he did not set himself to grind on the studies that did not appeal to him. He had very respectable marks, however; he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which is supposed to include the best intellects of the class,

and was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi College Society, which indicated good intellectual rank.

While he was a member of the sophomore class his name was presented as one of the twelve to be selected from his class for the editorial staff of the *Harvard Advocate,* the college organ; and a committee was appointed to examine into his qualifications for that position and the chairman of that committee reported to the editors: "I cannot see that he is the kind of man we want, although I find that he is a thoroughly good fellow and much liked by his classmates. I do not believe that he has much literary interest. He spends his spare time chipping off pieces of rock and examining strata, catching butterflies and bugs, and would, I think, be better suited for a scientific society than for us." The editors rejected him. He was, however, elected, some time after, to a position on the editorial staff of the *Advocate,* but did not do any conspicuous work.

He was a game sport but was not large enough to figure in football or rowing or most strenuous games. He was physically disqualified from being at the front or even being included in the coveted team. He did some very clever light-weight boxing. There is a story that in one of these pugilistic encounters, his adversary struck him a blow on the nose, starting the red current, after time had been called. The spectators cried, "Shame," and hissed him. He raised his hand demanding silence and called out that the man did not intend to give him a foul hit, that he had not heard the time called. He shook the man's hand and taking his place again gave his antagonist a left stroke on the chin that knocked him out for the round. This illustrates in the young man the same sense of fair play which he practiced himself and asked in others.

The muscles of his legs were not as hard as he desired them to be and so he set himself to jumping a rope like a girl. He did this with so much enthusiasm that hundreds of boys in all the classes got ropes and started jumping.

There was something about the young student that was spectacular, that made people look at him and see what he was about. They wanted to see him when he boxed and they watched him jump the rope. They looked at the red and blue athletic stockings which he wore, and because the boys did make fun and demand that he take them off, he the more persistently wore them. The whole college knew about the stuffed birds and game he had killed, which decorated his apartment. They followed him with their eye when on his favorite horse he dashed through the streets of Cambridge and along the country roads. He was in the search of health as well as in the enjoyment of sport in his boxing. He was in search of health and for scientific knowledge in his trips on horseback and on foot. Yet whatever he did, and wherever he went, he was the object of attention and of deep interest. This was one of his most marked characteristics which accompanied him throughout his life.

He was exceedingly fond of college politics and was successful at the game, and had there an excellent start in the great lifework which he followed. He was also interested in the politics of the nation. In a heated campaign, the members of his class who were Republicans went over in a body to Boston to join in a parade. They carried torchlights and were enthusiastic as all college boys are. As they passed a certain house, a man of opposite political opinion, sitting in the second-story window laughed and jeered at the boys, and he backed up his opposition by throwing a

raw potato at the men in the line. Theodore Roosevelt rushed out of the line, laid down his torch, shook his fist at the man in the window and dared him to come down on the pavement and settle the matter on the spot. It is said that the man did not come down, that the taunts ceased and that no more potatoes were wasted. This indignation at an insult, this challenge to settle wrong-doing in a summary manner, though tempered by tact and experience, as the years passed, was one of the things that characterized him always and was an element of his greatness.

Perhaps the strongest mark that Harvard left on him was the social one. The fashionable set of Harvard and Boston was a complete change from his almost hermit life at his old home on 20th Street. But his home training had prepared him well for the social life of Harvard in preparation for the great wide world which was to receive him and of which he was to form so important a part. This son of wealth and aristocracy was immediately given a place in the influential social circles at Harvard and in Boston. He rode and drove a fast horse; he had a fancy high trap; he knew the rules of good breeding; he had to dress up for dinner at home from the time he was a boy, and knew exactly what to do in this elegant, influential social circle. It did not spoil him, as it does many young men, but aided largely in making him, in giving him social contact with the best people, a broader vision of life and a new set of enjoyments. The social life he made his servant and not his master, for he kept up his hard reading, his scientific investigation and his literary work besides. Some of these sons of splendid families who were in Harvard at the same time he was, and with whom he had such intimate social intercourse, became his friends for

life. He mentioned the names of some of them to me as having been not only as dear to him as though they had been his own kin but also among the strongest instruments in his political promotion.

It seems like a paradox that this smart, rich man's son, with his fashionable equipment, his sporting habits, his posing as a prize-fighter and a star dancer, should be found teaching a Sunday school class, and a mission class at that. But the old house on 20th Street had gotten in its work on him so thoroughly that it was the perfectly natural thing for him to be regular in his attendance upon church, devoted in his religious habits and engaged particularly in saving the souls of poor children. He was all through his life a paradox. The paradox is only a seeming contradiction and not a real one, so that the gay, young, rich sport at Harvard and the teacher in the mission school were not opposite at all, but the natural life of the one person. We doubt whether in all American life there ever appeared such a paradox as he. From the beginning to the end, his life was full of apparent contradictions, which were not so at all, but in harmony with the same character, spectacular as ever.

There is this incident connected with young Roosevelt's teaching of the mission class. He had quite a scene in the school. It seems that a boy named Joe came into the class one Sunday with a black eye. The teacher naturally asked him how he got it. He told him that a boy had pinched his sister in Sunday school and that he had given the boy a good licking, but had himself got the black eye in the encounter. The teacher said, "You did exactly right. Here's a dollar I want you to take, as a mark of my appreciation of your courage in defending your sister." The

mission class belonged to a high Episcopal church and the Sunday school authorities were rather shocked by this militant teacher of theirs. They were afraid that the doctrine he preached was rather too strenuous; besides, the young Harvard student got tangled in the ritual service at times and, altogether, both the officers and the young teacher thought it would be just as well for him to offer his services to another Sunday school. So he took up a class in a Congregational mission Sunday school and remained an intensely popular and efficient teacher till the day of his graduation.

Mr. Roosevelt was very fond of his Alma Mater. President Roosevelt made an address at a Commencement dinner at Cambridge, June 25th, 1902. He said, "It was my great good fortune five years ago to serve under your President, the then Secretary of the Navy, ex-Governor Long, and by a strange turn of the wheel of fate he served in my Cabinet as long as he would consent to serve, and then I had to replace him by another Harvard man! I have been fortunate in being associated with Senator Hoar, and I should indeed think ill of myself if I had not learned something from association with a man who possesses that fine and noble belief in mankind, the lack of which forbids healthy effort to do good in a democracy like ours. I have another fellow Harvard man to speak of to-day, and it is necessary to paraphrase an old saying in order to state the bald truth, that it is indeed a liberal education in high-minded statesmanship to sit at the same council table with John Hay."

Mr. Roosevelt's devotion to Harvard is illustrated by this story. It seems that some United States Senator had called on the President on an important matter. He waited for some time for his turn and asked

the doorkeeper if he would not tell Mr. Roosevelt that he was there and would like to have an audience with him, which had been made by appointment. The man came back with the report that he would see him presently. There was another wait of some minutes and the Senator rather impatiently sent the doorkeeper in to insist that immediate attention be given to him. The man came back with the answer that the President said he was so busy receiving a call from the Harvard Baseball Club that the small matter of senatorial business would have to wait a few minutes. And he told a friend afterward that people ought to have better sense than to call on him at a time when the Harvard boys were making a visit.

Much as he loved Harvard, he did not hesitate while in college, and after he left it, to say some very plain things about some things he thought could be improved upon.

Theodore's father had talked to him so much about the necessity of depending upon himself, to work for a living, that he supposed he wanted him to follow his own career as a business man and perhaps in connection with his father's firm on Maiden Lane. But the appeal of God through nature to him in his boyhood still sounded in his ears while in college and with compelling force. He felt deep down in the bottom of his heart that he preferred to be a naturalist and determined that he would be such if his father should give his consent. This was while he was a freshman at Harvard and in an intimate talk with his father he revealed his deep desire and asked his father's consent that he should give himself up to natural science and prepare himself for a professorship in some university. His father gave his consent and at the same time told him that he would leave him money

enough so that he might devote his life without any concern about a living to the work of a naturalist. He said to him that the money he would leave him would not support him in extravagance, but would take comfortable care of him and told him that if he wanted the extras, "the butter and jam," as he called them, he would have to get them out of his salary or profession. He was greatly delighted when his father gave his consent to the devotion of his life to science.

About a year from that time his father died, but he continued his college course with the understanding that he would be a naturalist and a professor of some department of science in a university. But as he drew near the day of his graduation, he became mixed in his mind as to the wisdom of the calling he had selected. The work done in botany and in zoology at Harvard and most other universities in this country was done most of it indoors under the microscope, and his free nature craved the out-of-door investigation, the field work of the science. He felt that he would be too circumscribed in a professor's chair. But he did not know what to do, as two or three other callings suggested themselves to him. So he went up to the silence and solitude at the summit of the Alps to talk with God about it. And the God who spoke to Moses on the Mount spoke to him. In the execution of his Divine commission he came down from the mountain and passed through the doorway of a law office out into the public life to which he felt he had been called, and where he believed he would best develop himself, serve his fellowmen and honor his God.

MEMBER OF STATE ASSEMBLY

CHAPTER IV

MEMBER OF STATE ASSEMBLY

THE year after Roosevelt's graduation at Harvard was spent in travel and study. During that period he did some tall mountain-climbing and was admitted to the famous Alpine Club of London, his sponsors being Mr. Bryce and Mr. Buxton, distinguished men who became his lifelong friends. In the fall of 1881 he entered the law school of Columbia College and read law in the office of his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt. His uncle was a prominent Republican leader with high moral principles, who was chairman of the Citizens' Committee of Seventy, during the fight against Boss Tweed and his "ring." He was a member of the New York City Board of Aldermen, was President of the New York International Association for the Protection of Game and one of the founders of the New York State Fishery Commission. He was United States Minister to the Netherlands and was himself an author. Young Roosevelt, in this highly charged, political atmosphere, with his strong intention to enter public life, soon took his attention away from the college law course and his uncle's office and entered New York City politics at the bottom

of the ladder. His residence was in the 21st assembly district, and he began immediately acquainting himself with the members of the precinct and district committees and engaging in practical work at the primaries.

The 21st assembly district contained a strip along Fifth Avenue, including some of the richest families in the city, and went over into the East Side, including a larger number of the plainer people and those who were under the domination of Tammany Hall. Some of the richest and most intelligent citizens in the Fifth Avenue neighborhood felt that their district had been under bad leadership and under poor representation at Albany; that the baser element was predominant. The ward heelers felt, themselves, that in order to obtain money for the campaigns and the votes of the richer element, it would be better to run a highbrow on their ticket for the assembly. Young Roosevelt, then about twenty-three years of age, consented to be a candidate for the Legislature if nominated. Jacob Hess, the district boss, was not friendly to the proposition, but Joe Murray, a rival leader, espoused Roosevelt's cause, and he was nominated.

To launch the campaign, a dinner was given at Delmonico's. Boys from the East Side were not in evidence, the nabobs were out in force. The young candidate read a written address, which occupied a full hour's time, in an emphatic but not inspirational manner, but he laid down rock-bottom facts. He arraigned in detail the evils in the municipality, State and nation. He told what the remedies should be. He said that if they were to elect him he would do his very best to check, in the city and State, evils that were so apparent. Persons who were there said that

in every essential act Roosevelt's public life from that day till his death was the unfolding of the principles of justice, truth, right, mercy, love and a courageous warfare against wrong, which he laid down as a chart in his speech that night.

Politics in New York have always been corrupt enough, but they were singularly so when young Roosevelt entered the fight for the Legislature. Not only the conventions of Tammany Hall, but of the Republicans as well, were held over saloons, and the saloonkeepers, as a rule, were the political bosses and very often political candidates. Young Roosevelt was told by his rich neighbors that politics were so rotten that he could not afford to spoil himself in a political canvass; that the Republican leaders were saloonkeepers, street car drivers and the like; and his reply was, "If you men of education, culture, wealth and religious professions have no more interest in your own government than to let such men rule you, you deserve to be misruled and are largely responsible before God and man for the corruption of the city politics."

The leaders took the young candidate into the saloon neighborhood of the East Side to confer with the boys. Valentine Young, a saloonkeeper, said, "Mr. Roosevelt, if you are elected, we liquor dealers will expect you to do fairly by us." He answered promptly, "If I am elected, I expect to deal fairly with all my constituents." The man said, "Our license is too high, and we expect if you are elected that you will reduce it considerably." He said, "My friend, your license is far too low, and if I am elected you may expect me to use my influence in raising it." Jake Hess and Joe Murray drew him one side and told him he had better go back on Fifth Avenue and take care of the

rich crowd up there. He did stir the highbrows in the millionaire district. The richest men in the city turned out and canvassed for him; his sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, folded ballots for him; her husband paid $2.00 for a table on which were placed campaign literature and ballots. Dean Van Amrige of Columbia headed a band of college students who worked like beavers until the poles were closed. Young Roosevelt was elected and took his seat as the youngest member of the Legislature, as he was later the youngest President of the United States.

Elected as a Republican, he was a member of the minority in the Assembly and unknown politically. His first speech, however, made a sensation. His opportunity came when a fellow Assemblyman made a speech in which he dealt with many historical facts. Roosevelt's speech, although impromptu, showed such knowledge of these facts and such a grasp of the subject that he was widely complimented by opponents and supporters. His rise in rank in the Assembly was startlingly rapid. The second year of his membership he was the Republican candidate for Speaker. It was a Democratic house, but the honor was, nevertheless, a great one for a young man, and on its account he was made floor leader. In his third year as an Assemblyman he was put at the head of the important Committee of Cities, having proved his thorough knowledge of municipal affairs.

During his term in the Legislature, he interested himself in tenement house reform. His father had been the champion of the poor people of the East Side, especially the neglected children of that district. He himself knew the uncomfortable and unhealthy tenement houses that existed in such large numbers. As an Assemblyman, he went down into those dis-

tricts and saw what was necessary and introduced a bill, which was passed, but which was declared by the courts to be unconstitutional. He had the privilege afterward, however, while a member of the health board and police commissioner of New York, to effect many of the reforms which he had proposed while he was a member of the Assembly.

As the chairman of the important committee on cities he instituted an investigation of the municipal administration of New York, which was called the "Roosevelt Committee." In that investigation one of the officers on the witness stand could not remember whether the expenses in the campaign were over or under fifty thousand dollars. A little item like that had entirely escaped his memory. Another officer admitted that he made legally eighty thousand dollars a year. Assemblyman Roosevelt introduced measures which put a stop to all of these excessively high salaries and made uncomfortable the use of such slush funds in political campaigns by either party.

One of the great sources of evil in New York City was the power of confirmation the Board of Aldermen had over the Mayor's appointments, rendering a good Mayor who wanted to do right, powerless in the hands of a Tammany Board of Aldermen, which seemed to continue from year to year. Assemblyman Roosevelt secured the passage of a bill that stopped that source of evil.

Young Roosevelt was re-elected to the Legislature of 1883 and re-elected again to that of 1884. During these three years he was consistent with himself, and with the Roosevelt of history, in fighting fearlessly every wrong, at whatever cost, and in maintaining everything he considered to be right.

Perhaps the most spectacular event during his three

years in the Legislature was his fight for the impeachment of a prominent judge. One of the corrupt combinations which had largely controlled the Legislature under both parties, backed an attempt of one of the elevated railroads to rob the State through vile legislation. They were aided not only by certain members of the Legislature, but by Republican and Democratic leaders. And the judiciary was also involved in the charges of corruption. A prosecuting attorney and a corrupt Supreme Court judge were under deep suspicion. Young Roosevelt, feeling sure that the judge was in criminal complicity with the thieves, fought him desperately and demanded his impeachment. His charges were made with a boldness that was almost startling. The members gave the closest attention and he went through without interruption. "We have a right," cried Roosevelt, in closing, "to demand that our judiciary shall be kept beyond reproach, and we have a right to demand that, if we find men acting so that there is not only a suspicion, but almost a certainty, that they have had dealings with men whose interests were in conflict with those of the public, they should be at least required to prove that the charges are untrue."

Meanwhile, "mysterious" influences were at work to cover up the scandal. A messenger from John Kelly, a boss of Tammany Hall, hurried to Albany. Agents "from wealthy stock gamblers" whom Roosevelt had openly denounced as "swindlers" appeared in the lobby of the Capitol. Roosevelt himself was urged, not only by his enemies, but by his friends, not to press the hopeless contest. They pointed out to him that, with "the interests" against him, he could never in the world secure the passage of the resolu-

tion. They made clear to him that he was ruining his promising career.

He had friends, moreover, who played the game of his enemies. There was a prominent lawyer, for instance, an old family friend, who took him out to lunch one day. "You've done well in the Legislature, Theodore," he remarked. "It's a good thing to make a 'reform play.' It attracts attention. You've shown that you possess ability of the sort that will make you useful in a large law office or business. But if I were you I don't think I'd overplay my hand." "Eh?" interrupted Roosevelt. "You've gone far enough," the lawyer went on calmly. "Now it's time for you to leave politics and identify yourself with the right kind of people." "The right kind—" "The people who control others and in the long run always will control others and get the only rewards that are worth having." "You mean to say," cried Roosevelt hotly, "that you want me to give in to the 'ring'?"

The old man answered impatiently: "You're talking like a newspaper. You're entirely mistaken if you think there is a 'ring', made up of a few corrupt politicians, who control the government. Those men have only limited power. The actual power is in the hands of a certain inner circle of big business men. The big politicians, lawyers, judges, are in alliance with them and, in a sense, dependent on them. No young man can succeed in law, business or politics who hasn't the backing of those forces. That is as it should be. For it is merely the recognition that business is supremely important and that everything else must bow to it."

Theodore Roosevelt had never before come in contact with that point of view, and it gave him a shock. It threw a vivid light backward on the impeachment

investigation. He understood now how, with all the evidence against the venal judge and the people of the State of New York calling for his impeachment, he had nevertheless escaped.

Theodore did not take his friend's advice. "I think I'll try to go back to the Legislature," he said. And he did.

They miscounted the vote and practiced every trick and fraud possible and defeated the young reformer in his impeachment of the judge, but his brave fight for honesty, a pure judiciary and clean politics in that case attracted the attention of the whole nation, stirred its moral conscience to the depths and made him, on the very threshold of his public life, a nation-wide character. No Assemblyman in America, during his one term, ever made so profound an impression upon the public thought or conscience of the country.

He had such influence in the State Legislature, in the city and State politics that it would be surprising if his success and flatterers had not turned his head. He says plainly that they did, and that during his experience as an Assemblyman he learned one of the greatest lessons of his public life and that is, that a man must not only be right, maintain the right, and fight for the right, but that he must have enough other people to think and feel as he does on essentials to act with him politically. He expresses this political self-conceit and his cure of it in the following words:

"I suppose," he said, "that my head was swelled. It would not be strange if it was. I stood out for my own opinion, alone. I took the best mugwump stand: my own consciences, my own judgment, were to decide in all things. I would listen to no arguments, no advice. I took the isolated peak on every issue, and my people left me. When I looked around, before the

session was well under way, I found myself alone. I was absolutely deserted. Men from Erie, from Suffolk, from anywhere, would not work with me. 'He won't listen to anybody,' they said, and I would not. My isolated peak had become a valley; every bit of influence I had was gone. The things I wanted to do I was powerless to accomplish. What did I do? I looked the ground over and made up my mind that there were several other excellent people there, with honest opinions of the right, even though they were different from mine. I turned in to help them, and they turned to and gave me a hand. And so we were able to get things done. We did not agree in all things, but we did in some, and those we pulled at together. That was my first lesson in real politics. It is just this: If you are cast on a desert island with only a screw-driver, a hatchet, and a chisel to make a boat with, why, go make the best one you can. It would be better if you had a saw, but you haven't. So with men. Here is my friend in Congress who is a good man, a strong man, but cannot be made to believe in some things which I trust. It is too bad that he doesn't look at it as I do, but he does not, and we have to work together as we can. There is a point, of course, where a man must take the isolated peak and break with it all for clear principle, but until it comes he must work, if he would be of use, with men as they are. As long as the good in them overbalances the evil, let him work with that for the best that can be got."

Mr. Roosevelt during his term in the Assembly had secured such a hold on the leadership of the Republican party of the state that he was chosen one of the four delegates-at-large to the National Convention in Chicago in 1884.

He had the honor of being the chairman of the great New York State delegation, and was one of the most spectacular members of that convention, partly because in his short public life he had attracted national attention on account of his rigid moral reform notions and activities, but also because with George William Curtis, Carl Schurtz and others, he was in favor of George F. Edmunds of Vermont as a candidate against Mr. Blaine. Blaine was nominated; Curtis, Schurtz and a number of other Republican leaders bolted the ticket and voted for Cleveland. They supposed of course that Roosevelt, who was the real Edmunds leader, would follow them, but they were mistaken. To a friend he wrote a letter which announced his intentions as follows: "I intend to vote the Republican Presidential ticket. A man cannot act both without and within the party; he can do either, but he cannot possibly do both. I went in with my eyes open to do what I could within the party; I did my best and got beaten, and I propose to stand by the result. I am by inheritance and by education a Republican; whatever good I have been able to accomplish has been through the Republican party; I have acted with it in the past, and I wish to act with it in the future."

RANCH LIFE

CHAPTER V

RANCH LIFE

THIS Harvard graduate, this brilliant young statesman, needed another important factor to make him the great man that he was, and that was, the tuition of nature herself. And so, impelled by his instincts and judgment, he entered the great university of the Wild West, graduation from which was as necessary as from Harvard, to make him the ideal leader of the century. He had a playful spirit which reveled in sport, and was passionately fond of nature. His father knew how good the country was for the boy's body and mind and he arranged it so that all his summers were spent in the country with the birds, with the flowers and fields, and forests, and river, and bay, and horse, and oar, and gun. And when he got older, he sought the solitudes of the mountains and of the woods, making hunting trips during his vacation at Harvard for deer and elk to the Adirondacks and the big woods of Maine. These trips were an excellent preparation for the limitless ranges of the Wild West, for the paradise of the nature lover or the "grizzly" hunter. While he was a member of the Legislature, he broke away, beguiled

irresistibly by the charms of Western life, and made a hunting trip for Buffalo in North Dakota. In his "Wilderness Hunter" he thus states the impression made by Western nature scenes upon the one visiting them: "In after years there shall come forever to his mind the memory of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sun; of vast, snow-clad wastes, lying desolate under gray skies; of the melancholy marshes; of the rush of mighty rivers; of the breath of the evergreen forest in summer; of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter; of cataracts roaring between hoary mountain passes; of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness and of the silences that brood in its still depths."

He liked the rugged hunters, ranchmen and cowboys, as much as he did the plains and mountains and the free air of the West. He hunted, camped, rode and mingled with them on their plains and fell in love with them, so much so that before he returned home from his trip he had purchased the Chimney Butte Ranch near Medora, North Dakota, for $45,000, giving his check on the spot for the first payment of $10,000.

In the year 1884 a double sorrow fell upon Mr. Roosevelt, the death of his mother, and within two months of that time, the death of his first wife, Miss Alice Hathaway Lee, of Boston, whom he married just after his graduation. She died after she had given to him a daughter, who is now Mrs. Alice Longworth. In his sorrow he flew to God's book and spirit for comfort, and then his impulses drew him out into the solitude and stillness of nature that he might commune with nature's God, and rest his spirit in the chase. In the same year his fight for Edmunds against Blaine in the convention had completely elimi-

nated him as a political leader and he had the time and disposition to betake himself to the wide spaces, solitudes and the strenuous hunting of the West. So he went out to live with the cattle and with those hearty men and with those big beasts that roam the forests. On the place he bought, on a side overlooking the Little Missouri, he found the skulls of two huge elks with horns interlocked; both had died in their last desperate fight. Just here he built his log house and called it Elk Horn Ranch.

The late Julian Ralph in an interview with Mr. Roosevelt reports him as saying: "A man with a horse and a gun is a picture or idea that has always appealed to me. Mayne Reid's heroes and the life out West also always appealed to me. I wanted to see the rude, rough, formative life in the Far West before it vanished. I went there just in time. I was in at the killing of the buffalo, in the last big hunt, in 1883, near Pretty Buttes, when the whites and the Sioux from Standing Rock and Pine Ridge were doing the killing. I went West while I was in the Assembly, in the long vacations—went hunting—went to the Bad Lands and shot elk, sheep, deer, buffalo, and antelope. I made two hunting trips, and in 1884 I started my cattle ranch. After my term in the Legislature, and until I was appointed Civil Service Commissioner, I lived most of the time out West in the summers and spent only the winters in New York. I never was happier in my life. My house out there is a long low house of hewn logs, which I helped to build myself. It has a broad veranda and rocking-chairs and a big fireplace and elk skins and wolf skins scattered about,—on the brink of the Little Missouri, right in a clump of cotton woods; and less than three years ago I shot a deer from the veranda. I kept my

books there,—such as I wanted,—and did a deal of writing, being the rest of the time out all day in every kind of weather."

He was not a gentleman ranchman, but was an actual, practical cowboy, an expert cowpuncher, with long hours in the saddle, with strenuous and annoying struggles with contrary cattle in the round-ups and at other times. He never spared himself doing all that he required of the cowboys he hired, and more too. And for recreation he went out into the deep forests and rugged mountains and hunted for big game.

Colonel Roosevelt told me a story connected with his ranch life which was thoroughly amusing. He said, on returning from the East to his ranch, he found that the boys gave him condensed milk for his coffee. He asked the cook, "What does this mean, condensed milk with hundreds of cows with calves in the herds?" The cook replied, "Boss, will you go milkin' with the boys to get some cream for to-morrow?" And he said, "I certainly will." "We got our ponies and ropes and went out to the herd," he continued. "We picked out a fine, healthy-looking creature that we thought would give us the supply we needed. She looked right up into my face and in her eye said to me, 'I know what you are after, and you're not going to get me.' And in a flash she darted off, running as fast as she could, and we boys after her as fast as our ponies could go. One of the men threw the lasso, catching her head at the horns and held her; we threw her down on the ground, tied her legs together and by actual force took the milk away from her. I never had much more fun in my life than I did at that milking bee. The fun was worth all the trouble, but I never after that asked for milk fresh from the cow for my coffee." Whether this

is the same celebrated old roan cow, the story of which has made so many millions laugh, I do not know, but he told it with a relish and hearty laugh which made it one of the funniest I ever heard.

In his life on the plains he met with many tough characters, some of whom undertook to impose upon him, but always with damage to themselves. The following incident records one of these encounters:

In the public room of a frontier hotel where he was to spend the night, Roosevelt was reading one evening after supper, shortly after his arrival in the West. The room was dining-room, bar-room, office and living-room, and it was crowded. A swaggering fellow stepped up to the bar and ordered everybody to drink. Only Roosevelt remained seated. He continued reading.

"Who's that fellow?" demanded the man at the bar.

"He's a tenderfoot," was the response.

"Hey, you, Mr. Four-eyes!" shouted the Westerner, "I asked this house to drink. D'you hear?"

No reply came from Roosevelt. The Westerner pulled his pistol, fired across the room and advanced on the tenderfoot with his smoking weapon.

"When I ask a man to drink with me I want him to do as I ask," he declared.

The young Roosevelt, who had watched the advance across the room from under his eyelashes, glanced up and asked to be excused.

"Not much," was the reply. "That don't go down here. Order your drink."

The young man from the East got up easily from his chair, remarking: "Very well, if I must, I——"

With the pause in the words came a full right swinging jolt that took the Westerner on the point of the jaw and laid him on the floor. He was astride him and pinioned his arms. Then he threw the bully's pistol across the room and, staring at him through his glasses, snapped through the teeth that later were to become so familiar to the American public: "And when I intimate that I don't care to drink with you, just understand that I don't care to drink."

Referring to this incident Roosevelt himself made this

comment: "I was never shot at maliciously but once. My assailant was a broad-hat old ruffian of a cheap type. The fact that I wore glasses, together with my evident ardent desire to avoid a fight, apparently gave him the impression —a mistaken one—that I would not resent an injury."

What enormous exertion was involved in climbing those rugged mountains and in pursuing those large and dangerous wild beasts! Yet he did it all with eagerness because he loved it. This cowboy ranchman in scuffling with his herds, this mighty hunter with his gun, built up one of the most powerful bodies in America and at the same time contributed to the building up of one of the greatest minds in America. The vigor of that out-of-door life got into his every muscle and nerve, into his every word and into every act he performed in after life.

It so happened that Theodore Roosevelt, up to the time of his election, was the only man but one who was born in a city who ever became President, and that was Hayes, who was born in Dayton, Ohio. Since his time two other city-bred men have occupied the White House—Taft, who was born in Cincinnati, and Wilson, who was born at Staunton, Virginia. If Theodore Roosevelt had stayed in New York or even had gone only to Harvard, likely, he never would have been President. The life of the cowboy and the hunter was necessary to fit him for the Presidency. The silence and solitude and life of nature developed the creative faculty as nothing else could. It was because Lincoln was such a simple child of nature, and was with nature so much in its silence and solitude, that the reflective faculty was so strongly developed in him, that faculty so necessary for the highest type of leadership among men.

Mr. Roosevelt's life in the West brought him into contact not only with cattle and cowboys and guides

and "grizzly" bears, but it brought him into contact with the virility and progress of a pioneer civilization. One of the most statesmanlike acts of any President was the Louisiana Purchase, negotiated by Thomas Jefferson in December, 1803, for $15,000,000. He bought of France the territory embraced by the modern states of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota west of the Mississippi, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, nearly all Kansas, and Oklahoma, the portions of Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado east of the Rocky Mountains, and Louisiana west of the Mississippi, but including New Orleans. It would take very many billions of dollars to buy this territory now with its abundant crops and precious mines. This was the great empire which appealed to the young Roosevelt, which he thought about, wrote about in his "Winning of the West," and which he knew thoroughly by residence in it and his active participation in its affairs.

In his address at the laying of the cornerstone of the Lewis and Clark memorial at Portland, Oregon, May 21st, 1903, he thus refers to the population entering upon this Northwest Territory: "We come here to-day to lay the cornerstone of a monument that is to call to mind the greatest single pioneering feat on this continent, the voyage across the continent by Lewis and Clark, which rounded out the ripe statesmanship of Jefferson and his fellows by giving to the United States all of the domain between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Following their advent came the reign of the fur trade; and then, some sixty years ago, those entered whose children and children's children were to possess the land. Across the continent in the early 40's came the ox-drawn, canvas-topped wagons bearing the pioneers, the stalwart, sturdy,

sun-burned men, with their wives and their little ones, who entered into this country to possess it. You have built up here this wonderful commonwealth, a commonwealth great in its past and infinitely greater in its future. The men gave us this region because they were not afraid, because they did not seek the living of ease and safety, because their life training was not to shrink from obstacles, but to meet and overcome them."

Roosevelt, the ranchman, had a prophet's eye and saw the great material, mental and moral civilization that was to possess that empire; he knew what busy men would till the ground over which his cattle grazed; and what thrifty cities would occupy the vast plains; and what a population would adorn them. Up to the time he went out to his ranch on the plains, the Eastern people knew very little about the prairies of the West. Until about 1850 little was known about the prairies by American authors, who for the most part were men of the Atlantic seaboard, who had seldom if ever passed the Alleghanies. Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier knew the old West only by hearsay. Only Irving and one or two other prominent literary men had some personal knowledge of it. The men of the West were too busy taming the wilderness to write romance or poetry about the new home of literature. To the literary people of the country the prairie was the great American desert. The settler without capital took the treeless prairies in hand because they were cheap and treeless land, and found that they would grow grass and grain. The railroads came and brought them fuel and a market for their crops. The sod house or hut of cottonwood logs gave way to the square pine house of one story, and then a house like the one they had left in the East; and

now has come the home of fine architecture and interior decoration and lovely grounds. Those vast, monotonous, marshy districts have been transmuted into a veritable garden. The social evolution of the prairie has been as marked as its material progress. It is an empire of hardy, intelligent, industrious, thrifty and virtuous people, who fear God and love men, who want the school and church, but who will not tolerate the saloon.

The evolution of the forest and the mountain has been almost as great as that of the prairie. Sharp axes have turned the forest into productive farms, and the rugged hand of industry has turned many mountain districts into fruitful farms with thrifty cities.

Roosevelt wrote about the "Winning of the West" —he, himself, won the West as no other one man ever did. He knew intimately its geography, its farms, its forestry, its mines, its population, its characteristics and the wild creatures that inhabit it. No man living ever interpreted that western life as well as he, and no one ever incarnated it in his thought and action as he did—that irresistible strenuousness greater than that of any man of our time was literally a fresh breeze from the West, its prairies, its mountains, its sea.

After eighteen years of home life, four years at Harvard, three years in the Assembly, he was fortunate in having this post-graduate course of three years in the university of the great West to fit him for the supreme place in our nation.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

CHAPTER VI

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

AFTER these strenuous and profitable years of ranch life, Mr. Roosevelt's eye turned back to the great city again and to the whirl of politics for which he seems to have been made. He led the Republican ticket in a three-cornered fight for the mayoralty of New York City, in which Abram S. Hewitt ran on the Democratic ticket and Henry George on the United Labor platform. Mr. Hewitt was elected Mayor. Mr. Roosevelt came out third in the race. His friends thought he could have been elected, if a large number of Republicans had not been afraid that Henry George, with his new theory of which they had suspicions, at least, would win. Hence, they voted the Democratic ticket. Though defeated in this mayoralty fight, he again became a national figure by the things he said and did in the campaign, and by the fact that so young a man as he should be put at the head of the Republican ticket for such a responsible office.

He had supported Benjamin Harrison in his campaign for the Presidency, and Mr. Harrison appointed him as a Civil Service Commissioner, a job which

nobody wanted, as it was so very unpopular, but which Mr. Roosevelt accepted, with gratitude, because he saw in it an opportunity for usefulness; a call to carry out notions of reform which he had had in his own mind for a number of years, and the chance to fight what he thought was one of the greatest evils of American politics and one of the greatest dangers to the American commonwealth. It would be hard to find words to express the difficulty of the task to which he was called. For seventy years it had been understood, by all political parties, that the offices of the government were to go, with the election, to those who were victorious. It was almost universally understood that the spoils of office belonged to the successful candidates, and the bosses saw to it that their henchmen received them. And the ward politician, the Assemblyman, the Congressman, the United States Senator paid their election debts with the offices they distributed.

During those seventy years the average man said, "What are we in politics for, if it is not for the offices?" This rule that "to the victor belong the spoils" led to much corruption and bribe-taking. The spoils-giver and the spoils-receiver naturally became the bribe-givers and bribe-takers and a deep-seated, moral corruption polluted and threatened to destroy our free form of government. Some wise statesman had secured the passage of a National Civil Service Law. This law had been on the statute books only six years when this vigorous ranchman-reformer took his place on that commission. The law was a dead letter, and the leaders of both parties did all they could to keep it so.

Immediately upon taking office he did as he always had done, felt the sanctity of his oath and set himself

to work, whole-heartedly, to keep it. At the very start in his office he commenced to make the fur fly in every direction. He did not hesitate to tackle the most influential member of the House of Representatives, or Senate of the United States, or even a member of the Cabinet and rebuke his wrong-doing in upholding the spoils system and fighting the Civil Service Commission. Failing to repeal the law, they cast reflection constantly on his administration of it, and were continually asking for some kind of investigation to hamper or destroy the working of the law.

In one of those investigations one of the insolent advocates of the spoils of office in criticising the law said, "You yourself, Commissioner Roosevelt, cannot take an examination which you require all candidates for office to take, on the question of handwriting, for instance, with those little pinched letters which look like a lady's hand?" The Commissioner replied promptly, "That is true. I perhaps cannot take a position as a clerk in a department, but I am not applying for that place, and I am qualified to be a Commissioner of Civil Service, I think, and maintain its principle in the face of you men who are doing so much to break it down and injure our governmental system."

Afterward President Roosevelt thus recommends the civil service idea to the administration in the Philippine Islands: "This should no more be a party question than the war for the Union should have been a party question. At this moment the man in highest office in the Philippine Islands is the Vice-Governor, General Luke Wright, of Tennessee, who gallantly wore the gray in the Civil War and who is now working hand in hand with the head of our army in the Philippines, Adna Chaffee, who in the Civil War

gallantly wore the blue. Those two, and the men under them, from the North and from the South, in civil life and in military life, as teachers, as administrators, as soldiers, are laboring mightily for us who live at home. Here and there black sheep are to be found among them; but, taken as a whole, they represent as high a standard of public service as this country has ever seen. They are doing a great work for civilization, a great work for the honor and the interest of this nation, and, above all, for the welfare of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands."

On another occasion, as President, he thus speaks in words of commendation of the successful working of the civil service department of the government: "The civil service law has been on the statute books for twenty-two years. Every President, and a vast majority of heads of departments who have been in office during that period, have favored a gradual extension of the merit system. The more thoroughly its principles have been understood, the greater has been the favor with which the law has been regarded by administrative officers. Any attempt to carry on the great executive departments of the government without this law would inevitably result in chaos. The Civil Service Commissioners are doing excellent work; and their compensation is inadequate, considering the service they perform.

"The statement that the examinations are not practical in character is based on a misapprehension of the practice of the Commission. The departments are invariably consulted as to the requirements desired and as to the character of questions that shall be asked. General invitations are frequently sent out to all heads of departments asking whether any changes in the scope or character of examinations are

required. In other words, the departments prescribe the requirements and the qualifications desired, and the Civil Service Commission coöperates with them in securing persons with these qualifications and insuring open and impartial competition. In a large number of examinations (as, for example, those for trades positions) there are no educational requirements whatever, and a person who can neither read nor write may pass with a high average. Vacancies in the service are filled with reasonable expedition and the machinery of the Commission, which reaches every part of the country, is the best agency that has yet been devised for finding people, with the most suitable qualifications, for the various offices to be filled. Written competitive examinations do not make an ideal method for filling positions, but they do represent an immeasurable advance upon the "spoils" method, under which outside politicians really made the appointments nominally made by the executive officers, the appointees being chosen by the politicians in question, in the great majority of cases, for reasons totally unconnected with the needs of the service or of the public."

Col. E. W. Halford, for twenty-five years the able editor of the Indianapolis *Journal,* who had more to do than any other one man in making Benjamin Harrison President, and who was the private secretary to Benjamin Harrison, was largely responsible for the appointment of Theodore Roosevelt to the head of the Civil Service Commission, and thus gave him his first office under the Federal administration. Knowing this fact and having been a personal friend of Colonel Halford for over fifty years, I went over to his office on Fifth Avenue, New York, and asked him to tell me something about Mr. Roosevelt's relation to the Civil

Service Commission to put in this chapter. He cheerfully consented and gave me the following facts, saying that he had given some of them to the *Christian Advocate* and *Leslie's Weekly* for publication.

He said, "Mr. Roosevelt was in the forefront of civil service advocates, and knowing me wrote, urging that Harrison should take strong grounds for that reform, which the general did, both in his letter of acceptance and inaugural address. My diary shows that on the 19th of April, 1889, Mr. Lodge, then a member of the House, called at my room in the White House and suggested the appointment of Mr. Roosevelt, in the reorganization of the Civil Service Board. That afternoon, during one of the daily walks together after the office routine, I discussed with the President the suggestion Mr. Lodge had made. This was repeated as occasion arose, and on May 3rd the President directed me to wire Mr. Roosevelt to come to Washington. On the 6th of May he had an interview with the President, and on the 7th of May he was commissioned as Civil Service Commissioner. On the 13th of May Mr. Roosevelt wrote me a note which I have just re-read as follows:

" 'Please tender to the President my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me, which I shall do my best to deserve. I also wish to thank you, particularly, for what you have done. I think the President nominating Halford a brave as well as a wise act.'

"I had not kept in mind this last somewhat cryptic remark, and am now puzzled by it. Of the President's wisdom, of course, there can be no doubt; but just what Roosevelt had in mind as to the President's 'bravery' I cannot imagine, unless it was because of my birthplace, which, as I now recall, was objected to by a few professional British lion tail-twisters.

"On coming to Washington Mr. Roosevelt honored me with his friendship and confidence.

"On taking up his duties in Washington, before either he or I had definitely settled upon homes there, we sat together at the same hotel table, and a somewhat close relationship developed between us. He did not have calm seas and quiet sailing always; and many times we met together to talk things over in order that they might be smoothed out somewhat. Mr. Roosevelt had some of the qualities of a knight-errant; at least he did not run away from an opponent. Among my papers I find this card:

JULY 15—Can you dine with me at Welcker's at 7 P. M. to meet Batcheldor and Wharton (Assistant Secretaries, respectively, of the Treasury and State Departments). We'll drink to the health of the Tom Hendricks School of Civil Service Reform.

Yours sincerely,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"He objected earnestly to a man who was incompetent, but his whole nature revolted against one who had a bad character. Here is an extract from a letter which he wrote me from Sagamore Hill under date of October 18, 1889, entering a positive objection to the appointment of one he knew to be a very bad man to an important office. This is the letter:

I have another small son, which accounts for my presence here. I heard there was some talk of nominating a man named ———————— as U. S. Marshal (in a Western State or Territory). If so, I beg that he will not be nominated until I can be heard. He is a thorough scamp, connected with cattle-thieves, ballot-box stuffers, and the like. He used always to claim to be a Democrat. I know him well, for I had him knocked out of his place as cattle inspector on account of his rascality.

Yours sincerely,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"There is no uncertain sound in that note. The trumpet so often heard in later years was even then in good tune.

"There is a deep strain of humor in this letter which I got from him dated January 3rd, 1890:

> I enclose a piece by Governor Thompson (his colleague on the Commission) in one of the recent *Centuries*. . . . We always mean to stand up for the men who stand up for the reform. As for those who make public war on it, why, they must expect to have the public attacks publicly repelled.
>
> Your friend, the Quaker,
>
> T. R.

"He suggests in the letter that, like the Quakers, he is such a pacifist that nobody would expect him to fight.

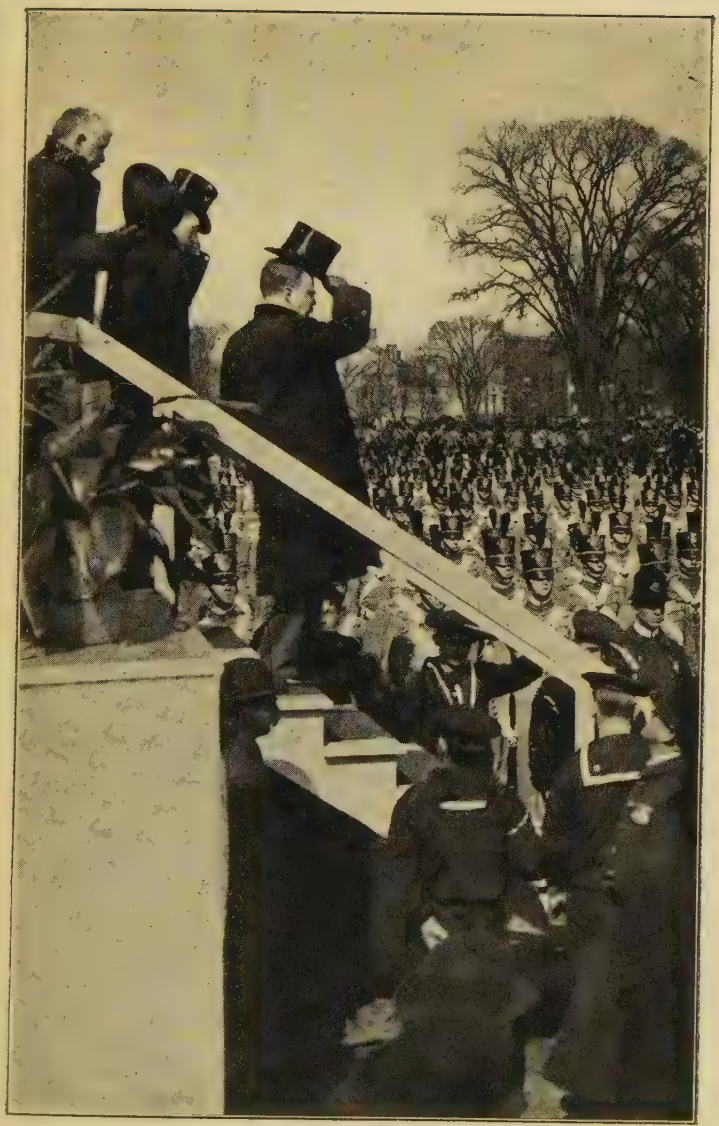
"We had many conferences over the troubles he encountered as Commissioner, and I helped to keep things straight between him and the President, who was besieged with complaints from the antis in Republican ranks, who were neither few nor feeble folk. Mr. Roosevelt was an alert and aggressive knight, with lance always ready for a thrust against any opponent. The President was usually at poise, especially in the face of opposition. When Harrison was chairman of the Carnegie Hall Missionary Conference he introduced Governor Roosevelt as one who seemed at times 'somewhat impatient for righteousness'; and referred, jocularly, to the days when he (Harrison) had been, in a degree, responsible for him.

"A very prominent Republican Congressman was in my room one day after he had made a bitter attack in the House upon Civil Service reform, repeating many of the cheap current charges and criticisms upon the work of the Commission, and particularly singling out Mr. Roosevelt for sarcastic comment-

While he was talking with me the Commissioner came in. They did not speak to each other, and I was tactless enough to introduce them; when almost immediately the fireworks began, and in a minute or two the lie passed. I got between the two, and the Congressman at once left the room. Mr. Roosevelt apologized to me, and said he realized that any man who struck another in the President's house could not remain his appointee, and he had determined if blows were exchanged at once to write out his resignation.

"The sequel to this story, as related, is that some years afterward, in the same room, President McKinley and the Congressman were having a friendly chat. Mr. Roosevelt entered and, seeing who was present, sat down in a corner chair, awaiting his departure. The Congressman, without apparent change in manner, but in a voice distinctly heard, said: 'McKinley, you remember a fellow named Roosevelt, who was Harrison's Civil Service Commissioner. He was the most impracticable man ever. I notice you have, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a person with the same name, but it can't be the same man, for your man is about the most efficient officer I have ever known.' Mr. Roosevelt sprang to his feet, walked across the room, extending his hand to his old-time enemy, saying, 'Put it there; it's all right, hereafter.' They shook hands heartily, and from that day remained the best of friends. It was Roosevelt's way."

Mr. Roosevelt remained at the head of that Civil Service Commission from 1889 to 1895. During that time he increased the offices subject to Civil Service examination from 14,000 to 40,000, and served his country so magnificently in those brave, strenuous years that, had he never done anything else, he would have earned the lasting gratitude of his countrymen.



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PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT LEAVING STAND AFTER HIS INAUGURATION ADDRESS

POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK

CHAPTER VII

POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK

ONE of the spasms of reform in New York City politics which overturned Tammany Hall was the one in 1895, in which William L. Strong, a merchant, was elected Mayor on the issue of a business administration. As he was elected on a reform ticket he concluded he would bring a reformer into his administration, and hearing of a certain Theodore Roosevelt, who had been making such a racket at Washington as Civil Service Commissioner, concluded that he would offer him the head of the Street Cleaning Department. This proposition did not appeal to Mr. Roosevelt, and he declined it. He wanted a heavier job to tackle than cleaning streets. Hence Mayor Strong appointed him President of his Police Commission, never dreaming that he was getting such a buzz-saw on his hands as he did in the intense, irresistible, persistent, fearless fighter and real reformer, Theodore Roosevelt.

One of the first things the new Commissioner did was to stun the Mayor as much as the friends and enemies of law and decency by giving an order that on the next Sunday all saloons were to be closed, and

that if the proprietors did not close them they would be arrested by the police and prosecuted for an infraction of the State law. As pastor of the Park Avenue Methodist Church, New York City, I preached a sermon on that Sunday morning, asking the people of our church and Methodists generally, and the ministers and members of all denominations, Protestant, Catholic and Hebrew, and the citizens who were members of no church but loved law and order, to stand behind Mr. Roosevelt in his effort to compel the law-defying and crime-breeding saloons to close on Sunday. Sure enough, some of the liquor dealers who had always been stronger than the law and authorities considered the threat a joke and kept open. And, of course, the Commissioner, strong in intellect and of determined will, was in dead earnest and not joking, and put six thousand policemen on the job of detecting and arresting these lawbreakers. He scared the brewers, distillers and saloon-keepers, till they fairly shivered and their teeth chattered.

On the Monday morning following I went down to the police headquarters to see Commissioner Roosevelt. I said to him, "Mr. Roosevelt, you do not know me; I never met you; I saw you once. It was at the National Republican Convention in Chicago which named James G. Blaine for the Presidency and John A. Logan for the vice-presidency. You were in the New York delegation, in the group with George William Curtis, who was working for the nomination of Senator Edmunds for the presidency. You had on a little straw hat and were not so fleshy as you are now. You were young and had not been long out of Harvard, but you were one of the notables of the convention and you were pointed out to me as such. I did not speak to you, nor have I seen you since that day.

I have come down this morning to introduce myself to you, and to congratulate you on your courage in determining to close the Sunday saloons. The city has waited for twenty-five years for the coming of such a man. It ought not to be counted a heroic thing for a man to keep his oath solemnly made and to earn his salary by the discharge of his official duty, but the moral sense of the community is so low through the polluting influence of the liquor dealers, and their collusion with corrupt officials, that a man is counted a hero who dares keep his oath to enforce the law or earn his salary by so doing. I will stand by you till the last hour in the day; you are in a fight for the people and for God, and I belong in it and am proud to have such a leader. Our church will stand by you, too. In my sermon yesterday morning I asked all good people to sustain you in this crusade."

The Commissioner said: "I saw what you said in your pulpit in the report of this morning's papers, and thank you very much."

"I am only one," I continued, "and an humble one at that, but you may count on me to stand with you on the front of the firing line. Whenever you shoot your big gun down here in Mulberry Street, just listen and you will hear its echo in the crack of a little fine-bored pistol on the corner of Park Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, and that pistol will be in my hand and I will be shooting at the thing at which you aim."

He said enthusiastically: "You're the stuff! I am looking for you as much as you are looking for me"; and, taking my hand warmly, he added, "I will stand with you in the fight till the end." Then he continued: "Do you know that you are the first man whose opinion I count of any value who has com-

mended my action? Do you see those letters and telegrams on that table? There are perhaps fifty of them. Every single one criticises me; some abuse me bitterly. These are some of the quotations from them: 'What an ass you are'; 'You are the biggest crank and fool in the world'; 'You have wrecked the Republican party'; 'You have killed yourself politically, you will never be heard from again'; You are the deadest political duck that ever died in a pond.' ''

''Commissioner Roosevelt,'' I answered, ''I do not believe a word of them. For every enemy you make you will gain ten friends. In the long run, the most popular thing a man can do politically is to do the right thing morally. You are not dead, but have just begun to live politically.''

He answered with considerable feeling: ''I have entered this fight with no idea of making friends or fearing enemies; that has nothing to do with the question. It is simply a question of duty. That law is on the statute books and I have taken an oath to enforce it with the rest,'' and looking up, he continued, ''With the help of God, I intend to do so. Whether my course will bring friends or foes, promotion or relegation to the rear, does not enter an instant into my calculation. It is mine only to do present duty which is plain to me.''

On taking his hand to leave, I said, ''In your vision of righteousness and moral courage in pursuing it you are the stuff of which I think a good President could be made. I should like to vote for you for that office some day.'' And I did.

There was a memorable scene at the beginning of the fight, when the frenzied brewers, distillers, saloonkeepers and their hired representatives appeared at a hearing they had called before Mayor Strong, and

how bitterly they denounced Mr. Roosevelt, and how insolently they demanded a change in his policy or his removal. They said it was a cosmopolitan community, that the Sunday closing feature of the law had never been observed, and they insisted that the Mayor require the Commissioner instantly to stop his insane policy and give a "liberal" enforcement of the excise law.

When the liquor men had finished their say the Commissioner made his reply. He said: "Your Honor, these gentlemen have savagely attacked me and my policy of Sunday closing, and they have demanded of you that you require me to give a 'liberal' enforcement of the excise law." With vehemence and biting sarcasm, he continued: "These men want me to enforce the law a 'little bit,' to enforce it a little, tiny bit. Your Honor, I do not know how to do such a thing and I shall not begin to learn now. I did not take an oath to enforce the law a tiny bit. The great Empire State did not put that law on the statute books to be enforced a tiny bit, and so long as I am at the head of the Police Department of the city I shall do all in my power to enforce the law honestly and fearlessly." The terrible assault of the liquor dealers and others of great influence scared Mayor Strong almost out of his wits, and the Commissioner had to brace up the Mayor's backbone with one hand while he hammered the saloons with the other.

The bitter opposition to the closing of the saloons by Commissioner Roosevelt and the intense hatred of the liquor men engendered by it, reached its climax in the threats of assassination, which were many and serious. My barber said to me when he wiped the powder off my face and let me go from the chair, "I want

to see you a moment if you can spare it, not out here where people can hear me, but in the back room where we can be to ourselves." I went with him and in a voice barely above a whisper and with a face such as one would wear at a funeral, he said, "I want to warn you of the danger you are in. You have been working with Mr. Roosevelt in closing the saloons on Sunday. It is the intention of the liquor people to kill him and to kill you. I hear the conversations that go on in my shop and I am told privately that this is not simply rumor, but that it is the settled determination to assassinate him and you." I replied, "I intend to stay in this fight with Roosevelt at any risk."

The next time I saw the new Police Commissioner I told of the warning from the barber, and he said, "Doctor, I get stacks of those threats every day. They put an infernal machine in my office the other day wound up to kill me; the boys discovered it in time and saved me. But I am not afraid of one of them singly or all of them together. There are gunmen in this city that would kill me and kill you for $100, and there are many that would put up the money, but bad men are miserable cowards. I am not afraid of one of them, and I will go down on the East Side as often as I please and as late at night as I care to, and I will be hunting them while they are hunting me, and I tell you, my friend, if I succeed in this task, my life and your life and the lives of our citizens will be far more secure and New York will be a safer and better city." He continued, "Doctor, life is a tragedy; there is a risk at every step of the way, and duty too. I shall do duty and leave the risk to God. It is only the weakling and the coward that halts at danger; it is the true man who scorns it and

does what is right. These threats are only a challenge to greater courage and a more strenuous fight."

It is a strange coincidence that the man that shot him while he was making a speech was an ex-saloonkeeper from New York City.

I noticed the singular politeness as well as dignity of a policeman at Fifth Avenue, at a shopping street. "Would you like to be promoted?" I said one day. He answered, "There isn't a ghost of a chance of my being promoted. I am a poor man and have no money to buy any promotion or any pull of any kind. I guess I will have to stick on this job." "I understand that under the Roosevelt administration money is not needed for promotion, and that the offer of it would be a reason for putting a man to the rear," I said to him. "I happen to be a friend of Commissioner Roosevelt, and if you would like to change your beat I will talk with the Commissioner about you. Mr. Roosevelt is a man who requires fitness for the task. You come up to our parsonage at any time you indicate and I will find out something about your individual history." He said, "That is very kind of you and I will be up to see you to-morrow." He came, and after finding out some facts about his family and personal history, I asked him, "Did you ever do a brave thing? Did you ever take any risk? Did you ever make any dangerous arrest?" He said, "Yes, I have had several close shaves in my life. This one I think is the closest. I was going down the Bowery to the Police Headquarters one day and I saw a crook steal a watch from a man's pocket and run for the door of the car. The man cried: 'That man has got my watch,' but I had seen the fellow take it before the scream came and ran after him. We both got off the car in full speed and he got off a few feet

ahead of me. I ran fully a square before I could gain on him and when I got just where I was ready to grab him, he turned about suddenly, whipped out a revolver and shot me in the abdomen. I felt I had gotten my death shot but intended to get my man anyhow. I caught him, slung him to the ground, took his revolver away from him, beat him almost into insensibility with the handle of it and then dragged him by force to Police Headquarters. I was sure the bullet would kill me, for I felt the blood running down my legs and a sense of exhaustion. When I gave my prisoner up, I said: "He has killed me. Now lay me out on this lounge and send for a doctor. When they examined me they found that the bullet had struck a button of my underwear and deflected, and that what I thought was blood was only perspiration running down my limbs. I was the happiest man on earth when told that ball had not entered my body."

I did not write the Commissioner nor telephone him, but went down on purpose to see him about the case. As I told the story to him I got so excited over it in my own heart that he interrupted me, saying: "Good, good, splendid! that's the kind of stuff we want in this department. That's the kind of a man that shall have a chance." Then he touched a button and called the clerk and said: "Have Officer So-and-So report to me at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning." The officer reported to him, and the next time I saw him he was riding a nice horse and with the roundsman's straps on his sleeve, and when I called on the late Li Hung Chang at the Waldorf Astoria, during his visit to America, the policeman who had charge of the reception was my handsome friend with his beautiful officer's uniform, a lieutenant of the New York police.

A policeman called at my parsonage one morning

and said: "Commissioner Roosevelt wants to see you at once. It is on a matter of importance." When I got there he took me into his private room and said: "I am just informed that there is a movement on hand to legislate me out of office. The united city papers have bombarded me, the leaders of both parties have conspired to suppress me. They have not succeeded in killing me, and they think their only plan to get rid of me will be to pass a law abolishing my office and, of course, me with it. I have sent for you hurriedly because I want to know what you think about the situation." I said to him: "Commissioner, I do not like the situation. I regard it as serious. In fact, I think that the knife is inconveniently close to your jugular." He said laughingly: "It looks that way to me." "You can do without the Commissionership," I said to him, "but the city cannot do without you. We will not surrender, and will not run, Commissioner. They shall not touch a hair of your head. Our church people are splendidly organized in this fight and we will make it mighty uncomfortable for any leader or leaders to snuff you out in any such fashion." I immediately went to the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, to which I belonged, and which was enthusiastically in favor of the saloon-closing movements, and told them the sneaking plan of those who were leading the saloon forces for the Commissioner's removal and asked them in their individual charges to speak about it and institute an earnest protest against it. I then went to a number of other preachers' meetings and told them of the plot and asked them to unite vigorously in the fight against it, which they consented to do and did. I immediately opened communication with the Republican leaders at Albany and elsewhere, telling them what

disastrous consequences politically would follow such a foolish and wicked course; that the good people of the State were with Roosevelt and would settle at the polls with any man or party who should attempt to punish him for doing his duty. The legislative plot to eliminate Roosevelt was thus nipped in the bud. I wrote a lengthy article for *The North American Review* appealing to the conscience and loyalty of all lovers of law and order to stand with Mr. Roosevelt in the fight and received from him a letter which is very precious to me now. It is as follows:

POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
300 MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1895.

MY DEAR DR. IGLEHART:

I have just been reading your admirable article in the *North American Review* on the saloons and the Sabbath. Permit me to say how deeply I appreciate the valiant and effective fight you have waged for decent government in this city.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Commissioner Roosevelt was also a member of the Board of Health, and with his dear friend, Jacob Riis, secured tenement-house reforms whose healthful, physical and moral influence will be felt for generations to come. Roosevelt did more than enforce the Sunday law. He so organized the force and impressed himself on it, that it ceased to be the tool of the underworld and was ever after stronger.

The Theodore Roosevelt, the man as I knew him, and the world knew him, stands out life-size in the following letter:

July 2nd . 1895.

Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart,

106 E. 86th. St.,

N e w Yo r k .

My dear Sir:-

I thank you for the slip you sent me, and I thank you still more cordially for what you said in your sermon.

As I told you, it is with me a simply question of observing my oath of office. Nothing that either the saloon-keepers or the politicians say, will alter in any degree my position.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

At the close of our two years' fight President McKinley appointed Mr. Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

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ROOSEVELT ON BOARD U. S. S. ALGONQUIN, CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHAPTER VIII

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

JUST before leaving the police department of New York, Commissioner Roosevelt sent for me to come to his office. He greeted me with these words, "Doctor, I have good news to tell you. It is good for me, and I think you will rejoice with me over it. It is this: President McKinley has appointed me assistant secretary of the navy, and my heart is bounding over the fact, and it goes without saying, I have accepted the position. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, one of the ablest and best men of this country, and one of the best friends I have in the world, an old Harvard chum, and some other influential friends, have secured this appointment from President McKinley." He said, "It looks like the Lord is on my side, to give me an honorable way out of this beastly job, thankless and perplexing to the highest degree. And yet I am not sorry I tackled it and gave two years of my life to it. I believe I have made things better. I have gotten good discipline for anything else that may follow in life." He continued, "My new job is exactly to my liking. From my earliest recollection I have been fed on tales of the sea and of ships. My mother's brother was an admiral in the Confederate navy, and her deep interest in the Southern

cause and her brother's calling led her to talk to me as a little shaver about ships, ships, ships, and fighting of ships, till they sank into the depths of my soul. And when I first began to think, in any independent and consecutive order, for record at Harvard, I began to write a history of the Naval War of 1812. And when the professor thought I ought to be on mathematics and the languages, my mind was running to ships that were fighting each other."

Mr. McKinley did not want the war with Spain, and Mr. Long, Secretary of the Navy, was still more opposed to the war, but Theodore Roosevelt's far vision saw that Cuba was oppressed and that there soon would be a just cause for war with Spain. He set himself diligently to repair our navy, to improve its marksmanship and in every way to fit it for the sea war, which he believed would come. What he did in the short time he was in this office is little less than miraculous. In the war he saw impending, he felt that it would be necessary to have the ablest commander in the navy in charge of the Asiatic Squadron. He was convinced that Admiral Dewey was that man, and he went to work to secure his appointment to that position and, with the aid of the senators from Dewey's state and others, he succeeded in securing his appointment.

On Saturday afternoon, February 25, 1898, Roosevelt happened to be acting Secretary of the Navy and sent out the following cablegram, which made history, which made the United States a world-wide nation:

DEWEY—HONGKONG.

Order the squadron, except the *Monocacy*, to Hongkong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war, Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish Squadron does

not leave the Asiatic coast and then offensive operations in the Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders.

ROOSEVELT.

This policy was counted so rash by his superiors that it is said that he was never permitted to be acting Secretary of the Navy again, but the telegram had been sent and was not recalled. In two months from that time war was declared, and Dewey, all ready, slipped out of Hongkong and smashed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

The assistant secretary, with as high a type of patriotism as any man ever had, felt it to be his duty to go out in the field and fight with the army of his nation for the defense of his flag. On hearing of his determination, I wrote him an earnest letter in which I said, "You have done so much in getting the navy ready, you understand it so well, this is to be a naval war, you can serve the country better by staying in the navy department than in going out with the army." He wrote me back promptly, thanking me for my advice, and said, "I have done more perhaps than any one man in bringing on this war, and I feel it my duty to go out in the field if I have to leave my body there. The question of danger from fevers or bullets does not enter a moment into my calculation. My country is first, and it can have my services, or it can have me."

He talked the whole difficult matter over with his old Harvard chum, Leonard Wood, and they organized the famous Rough Riders' Regiment which, next to Dewey's fight, was the most spectacular feature of the Spanish-American War. This regiment was a strange combination of Westerners, cowboys and "bloods" from Fifth Avenue; of the rude youth of the plains and the cultured graduate of Harvard—

but all bound to Theodore Roosevelt as their leader by his unspeakable magnetism and fastened to each other by their lofty patriotism and heroic service on the field. Colonel Wood was promoted and Theodore Roosevelt was made colonel of the regiment. The boys fairly worshipped him. He never called on his men to do a task that he would not be willing to do himself, or to suffer a sacrifice which he would not gladly endure himself. He knew every man in his regiment by name, and the boys say that when food was short he spent as high as five thousand dollars out of his own pocket to get something for them to eat. His story one day of dividing his food and his blanket with the boys and enduring the hardships of the trenches with them brought tears to my eyes—tears of love and pride.

Some of his enemies in his gubernatorial campaign charged that he had shot a Spaniard in the back, which, of course, was a falsehood, although it is no disgrace to shoot the enemy in that part, if he shall turn his back to the bullets. But Reverend Bowman gave me the true version of the story, as Colonel Roosevelt told it to him. The Colonel said to him that in one of the battles two snipers jumped up suddenly out of the high grass just in front of him and aimed their rifles pointblank at him. Neither of the shots touched him, and he, drawing his gun quickly, shot one of the men to death and would have gotten the other if he had not made his escape very rapidly.

The stories of Colonel Roosevelt's personal heroism in battle are among the most priceless legacies of our nation.

Theodore Roosevelt, the ranchman, the cowboy, the rough rider, the Governor, the great man of history, appears at his best in the address which he made at

a reunion of the Rough Riders at Las Vegas, N. M., in the month of June, 1899. Standing in his Rough Rider's suit with five thousand people enthusiastically cheering him, he waved his hand for silence and said:

Just at this time I would not have left New York State for any purpose save to attend the reunion of my old regiment, and for that purpose I would have gone to Alaska, or anywhere else, for the bond that unites us together is as close as any bond of human friendship can be.

It was our good fortune to be among those accepted, when the country called to arms a year ago last spring, and when ten men volunteered for every one that could be chosen. I think I may say, without boasting, that the regiment did its duty in every way and with its record is a subject for honorable pride, not only as regards the members themselves, but the country at large. I am proud of you because you never complained and never flinched. When you went to war you knew you would not have an easy time; you expected to encounter hardships, and you took them without a murmur. You were all readiness to learn promptness and obedience, which makes it possible to turn the American volunteer so soon into a first-class type of fighting man.

Of those who landed for the brief campaign in the tropical midsummer against Santiago, one-fourth were killed or wounded, and three-fourths of the remainder were, at one time or another, stricken down by fever. Many died, but there is not one among you so poor in spirit that he does not count fever, wounds and death itself as nothing, compared with the honor of having been able to serve with the regiment under the flag of the United States in one of the most righteous wars which this country has seen.

This was a typical American regiment. The majority of its members came from the Southwest, but not all. We had in our ranks Easterners, Westerners, Northerners, Southerners, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Gentiles—men whose parents were born in Germany or Ireland and men whose parents were born on the banks of the James, the Hudson and at Plymouth Rock nearly three centuries ago; and all were Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose—Americans, and nothing else. We knew no distinction

of creed, birthplace, or residence. All the creed for us was that a man should do his duty, and show himself alert, patient and enduring, good in camp and on the march, and valiant in battle.

In administering this great country we must know no North, South, East, or West; we must pay no heed to a man's creed; we must be indifferent as to whether he is rich or poor, provided only he is indeed a good man, a good citizen, a good American. In our political and social life alike in order to succeed permanently, we must base our conduct on the Decalogue and the Golden Rule; we must put in practice those holy virtues, for the lack of which no intellectual brilliancy, no material prosperity, can ever atone. It is a good thing for a nation to be rich; but it is a better thing for a nation to be the mother of men who possess the qualities of honesty, of courage and of common sense.

I am proud of the way in which you have taken up the broken threads of your lives, in which you have gone back to the ranch, the mine and the counting-room. In so doing you show yourselves to be typical American citizens, for it has always been the pride of our country that an American, while most earnestly desirous of peace, was ever ready to show himself a hard and dangerous fighter if need should arise, and that, on the other hand, when once the need had passed, he could prove that war had not hurt him for the work of peace, and that he was all the fitter to do this work for having done the other too. We may be called to war but once in a generation, and we most earnestly hope that we shall not have to face war again for many years. The duties of peace are always with us, and these we must perform all our lives long, from year's end to year's end, if we are to prove ourselves in very fact good citizens of the commonwealth. We must work hard for the sake of those dependent upon us; we must see that our children are brought up in a way that will make them worthy of the great inheritance which we, their fathers, have ourselves received from those that went before us. We must do our duty by the State. We must frown upon dishonesty and corruption, and war for honesty and righteousness.

Let me say a word to those to whom our thoughts should return at such a time, to those among the living and among the dead, to our absent living comrades, and especially to

our former commander, now Major-General Leonard Wood, whose administration of the Province of Santiago has reflected the utmost credit not merely upon himself, but upon the nation so fortunate as to have him in her service. We send to them the heartiest and most loyal greetings. With these men we hope in no distant future to strike hands again, and as long as we live and they live we wish to be bound together by most indissoluble ties. But when we come to speak of our dead comrades, of the men who gave their lives in the fierce rush to the jungle fight, or who wasted to death in the fever camps, we can only stand with bared heads and pray that we may so live as, at the end, to die as worthily as these, our brothers, died. Allen Capron, in the sunny prime of youth, in his courage, his strength and his beauty; "Bucky" O'Neill, than whom in all the army there breathed no more dauntless soul—of these and other gallant comrades, the men who carried the rifles in the ranks, all we can say is that they proved their truth by their endeavor, that in the hour of our greatest need these rose level to the need, and gallantly and cheerfully gave to their country the utmost that any man can give—their lives, for we read in the Holy Writ "that greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend."

And these men so loved their country that they gallantly gave their lives for her honor and renown and for the uplifting of the human race. Now their work is over, their eyes are closed forever, their bodies moulder in the dust, but the spirit that was in them cannot die, and it shall live for time everlasting.

We are a great nation. We must show ourselves great, not only in the ways of peace, but in the preparedness for war which best insures peace. We must upbuild our navy and army until they correspond to the new need which the new country will bring. Above all, my comrades and my fellow-countrymen, we must build up in this country that spirit of social and civic honesty and courage which alone can make this nation reach the highest and most lasting greatness.

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

CHAPTER IX

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

COLONEL ROOSEVELT returned from the war of a few months, just before the meeting of the Republican State Convention in September, 1898, and he was considered a possible candidate for the nomination for Governor. Taking up a New York paper one morning I noticed that Senator Platt had stated that Colonel Roosevelt would not be nominated, but that Governor Black would be renominated for a second term. Senator Platt was the "easy boss," and I knew that unless there was a change in the situation the Colonel would not be nominated.

The Senator was at Manhattan Beach, at the Oriental Hotel. I went down to see him about the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt for the governorship. He was cold on the subject and discouraged me.

"What are your objections to the Colonel's candidacy?" I asked.

"Well, he is rash and impulsive," said the Senator.

"Yes," I answered, "he is impulsive, but his impulses are good, and if you will notice, he is running in the right direction."

"But he slops over," the Senator continued.

"Yes, he does," I replied, "because there is so much of him to slop. He is so large that he often fills the vessel to overflowing. He has an overplus of vitality and manhood."

The Senator declared, "He made such a dismal failure in the administration of the police commissionership that his unwisdom and unpopularity, in the judgment of many, take him out of serious consideration for the nomination. He has provoked the violent hostility of the liquor people of the State."

"Senator," I persisted, "I disagree with you entirely. The moral heroism he manifested in his fight against the Sunday saloons of New York will be an asset to the Republican party. Remember, there are a good many people in the State who live above the Harlem and who have no love for, nor even patience with, the saloon on Sunday, or on any other day, and, besides, I believe the number of voters in New York City who are unfriendly to the saloon is often underestimated. Are you not too smart a man and leader to attempt to compete with Tammany Hall for the saloon vote? The liquor dealers may promise to vote for your ticket, but on election day they will vote for Tammany Hall, which they count a friend to be relied upon. You can run Theodore Roosevelt and win without the saloon vote. You can win in spite of it. So able a man as David Bennett Hill—so great a national figure that, backed by his party in the State, he surely would have received the nomination for the presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1892, if Cleveland had not taken it from him—made the fatal political mistake of overestimating the saloon vote in this State, and was driven from power largely on account of his supposed friendliness to the saloon. When he ran for the governorship in 1894 it was reported that he

said he would rather have the votes of the saloon-keepers than of the preachers.

"Whether he ever made the statement or not, it was so generally believed that the preachers took him at his word and fought him, and the church people of both parties turned against him and beat him by more than 100,000 votes. On account of that mistake you are in Mr. Hill's place in the United States Senate and have displaced him as the dominant political figure of the State. If you make the mistake he did and punish Roosevelt for having fought the Sunday saloons, it will so anger the church people that they will bury your ticket under an avalanche of 150,000 votes. You will step down and out, and Mr. Hill will return to the political leadership of the State.

"There are many people who are not total abstainers who count the saloon a bad institution and will knock it at the polls, and many more who resent the impertinence and impiety of the Sunday saloon and will work actively against your ticket. Senator, I have always voted a straight Republican ticket; but if you depose Colonel Roosevelt for having done his sworn duty as police commissioner I will bolt the ticket this fall, and you will find my ballot in that avalanche of votes. I never made a political speech in my life, and yet if you turn down Roosevelt, because you fear the saloon power will beat him, I will take the stump and make a score, or if need be fifty, speeches from here to Buffalo between now and election day and tell the people how it happened, and ask them what they think of it. There is especial reason for caution this fall. You will be handicapped by the fact that this is an 'off' year, not a presidential one, and by the severe criticism on the Republican party for its administration of the canals of the State;

and you will need Roosevelt's physical, mental and moral enthusiasm to pull your ticket through."

The Senator said, "Another strong reason why I object to Roosevelt's nomination is that he is such an independent I fear he might go back on the Republican party, if he were to be elected Governor, and fight those of us who put him in office, just like that fool of a Strong, whom we Republicans elected Mayor of New York and who had scarcely taken his seat before he turned against us, who had elected him, and gave the city back into the hands of Tammany Hall at the next election." "Senator," I said, "I think your fears are unfounded. While I am sure he would not stand for any wrongdoing in his party, I consider him a sound Republican and feel that you could rely on him as such." Senator Platt, who was a very keen man, and one of the best judges of human nature I ever saw, sensed the conflict which indeed did come between him and the Colonel over the policies and leadership of the Republican party of the State.

It had gotten to be 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Who should get off the train I was to take for home but B. B. Odell, Jr., chairman of the Republican State Committee; Joseph Dickey, Mr. Bain, and others of Newburgh, my personal friends. Mr. Odell said: "Hello, what are you doing down here?"

"I came down to see Senator Platt," I replied, "to try to persuade him to nominate Colonel Roosevelt for the Governorship. The paper this morning reported that he had told you boys last night that the Colonel would not be nominated."

Mr. Odell said, "I am glad you came down. I am for Roosevelt myself and so are my friends here. I think he is the logical candidate as a war hero and reformer, and would poll a heavy vote and be elected.

The Senator has faith in your judgment, thinks that you reflect the moral sentiment of the State pretty accurately; I wish you would stay down and have another interview with Mr. Platt. Suppose you go back to the hotel and have dinner with me and see him again to-night."

After dinner I had another talk with the Senator, in which I said: "Senator, do not think for a moment that Colonel Roosevelt sent me down to see you in the interest of his nomination. He does not know I am here. I have never spoken to him on the subject. While I have corresponded with him ever since he was Police Commissioner, even since he came back to Montauk Point to be mustered out, the matter of the Governorship has never been mentioned by either. I am here because I have seen Theodore Roosevelt at close range for two years and know him to be a man of great ability and all-daring moral courage, and believe that as a leader his administration would work for righteousness."

The Senator was so cold and keen in answering my arguments and unresponsive to my warm appeals, that I went home thoroughly discouraged. Before going to bed I sat down and wrote a letter to the Colonel at Montauk Point, in which, among other things, I said: "I had thought the Republican leaders would have had wisdom enough to offer you the nomination for the governorship, but in a morning paper I saw that Senator Platt had said you would not be the candidate. I knew that settled the matter, if that opinion continued. So, without your advice or consent, I hurried down to the Oriental at Manhattan Beach to-day and had two long, earnest interviews with the Senator, in which I tried to convince him of the wisdom of your nomination. But he discouraged

me, for my visit seemed to have made no impression on him whatever. Whenever I would come around to the plea that he be friendly to your nomination, a sphinx would have been eloquent compared to the sudden silence of his lips. Unless he shall change his mind I fear your nomination will be impossible."

The Colonel was nominated. After the Convention, one of the men with whom I went back to the hotel for dinner, the day of the interviews, told me that, when I left that night, the Senator called the group of State leaders, who were stopping at the hotel. He said that he told them the night before that Governor Black would have to be renominated or there would be a split in the Republican party, but Doctor Iglehart had been down to see him and had given him four reasons why Colonel Roosevelt should be nominated, three of which he considered valid. On the strength of them he had concluded to reverse his opinion and favor Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. The gentlemen said that from that moment Roosevelt was as good as nominated. Senator Platt afterward told me that it was my visit to Manhattan Beach and the arguments I urged which changed his mind. Colonel Roosevelt told me that it was my visit to the Senator that afternoon that had much to do in putting him on the ticket, and after his nomination he sent me the following letter:

OYSTER BAY, L. I., OCTOBER 3, 1898.

DR. FERDINAND IGLEHART,
245 Liberty Street,
Newburgh, N. Y.

MY DEAR DR. IGLEHART:

Nobody has a better right to be pleased than yourself. Be sure I appreciate what you have done.

With warm regards, I am,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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THE PUBLIC LIFE OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT TOLD IN PICTURES.

Just after his election as Governor he sent me a beautiful telegram of greeting and appreciation which money cannot buy.

Chairman Odell worked ably, loyally and successfully in the campaign for Colonel Roosevelt, and he was elected by a majority of 17,786 votes.

Governor Roosevelt entered upon his great office with vigor and enthusiasm, making every question and department tingle at his touch; a reformer by birth and by years of education, he found evils in the State which he felt demanded immediate attention. Grounded in his notions of Civil Service Reform, he insisted upon the re-enactment of a Civil Service Law which had been declared unconstitutional by the court and made the law stronger than the original one was.

He had been down in the slum district of New York when he was a young man just entering politics; he had been down into this submerged region while Police Commissioner and as a member of the Board of Health he saw the suffering and ill-health of the poor on account of the cramped quarters, bad air and want of sunlight and pure water, and he secured the passage of the Tenement House Reform Law with a Tenement House Commission to see that it was properly enforced. He felt that there were abuses in the insurance department which needed correcting and that Lou Payne, a "dyed-in-the-wool" friend of Senator Platt, was a barrier to the reform, and at the risk of irritation and criticism he removed Mr. Payne and brought a healthful change in the Insurance Department.

With a heart always going out after the poor, and with a desire to help those of them who were not given a fair chance, the Governor set himself in earnest to improve the condition of the laboring class of

the State. He secured an eight-hour law; strict factory laws, including the employers' liability, the protection of women and children in the industrial world; a cure for the worst evils of the sweatshop, and other helpful measures. He secured the building of a State hospital for the cure of consumptives in the first stage of this disease.

Perhaps the most conspicuous and far-reaching measure, which he pressed under tremendous opposition, was the Corporation Franchise Tax Law. He insisted that these mammoth corporations, which received such a generous franchise, should be made to pay their full share of the burden of the State. Some of the foremost Republicans of the State took issue with him on this subject and fought the measure bitterly. In answer to them he said, "It seems to me that our attitude should be one of correcting the evils and thereby showing that, whereas the Populists and Socialists, and others, do not really correct the evils at all, or else only do so at the expense of producing others in aggravated form; on the contrary, we Republicans hold a just balance and set ourselves as resolutely against improper corporate influence on the one hand as against demagogy and mob rule on the other."

The friends of moral reform in New York had introduced a bill against professional boxing with a fee at the door. I had remembered how, as a sickly boy, those of his size had licked and bullied Theodore and how his father had engaged a trainer to instruct him in boxing, and how much physical benefit and courage he derived and how much genuine joy he got out of that severe form of athletics. And hence I knew that the bill for innocent boxing, in itself, would not be objectionable to him, but I knew also that he had a

keen conscience that scented moral danger and that he would not allow any bill to go through which had anything wrong about it. The telegrams from the Capitol in the city papers reported that the anti-prize-fighting bill had been halted and that it was going to be defeated, that Governor Roosevelt, who was constitutionally friendly to boxing, was not going to press it and was going to permit it to be defeated. Two or three papers had editorials commending such a course on his part. I was considerably excited when I entered the Governor's chamber after a hurried trip to Albany, and it may have been with a little feeling that I told him what I had seen in the papers and reminded him of the promise he made us that the bill should go through. "There is no man on earth whose word I would rather trust than yours," I said, "or on whose conscience I would rather rely on a question of public morals, and I know that you are misrepresented in the papers and editorials. I have come up to Albany more than anything else to ask you to give this bill the boost that will send it over the top."

He got much more excited than I was myself and said, "I am astonished that you should take those false telegrams, those lying editorials, and be disturbed about them, when I told you that, friendly as I was to boxing as an athletic exercise, I was totally opposed to the vices and demoralizing herds that cluster about and feed upon it, and that I would fight to the death any hint of professional gambling that might be associated with it," and then, referring to one paper and the editorial in it, he said, "This paper and its editorials always misunderstand and misrepresent me, and you wave the red rag before the bull in referring to them." He continued: "You know

full well that on moral questions the church people and I are in perfect agreement. Why? I am one of the church people myself, and stand, work, and fight for the things which they represent. Our personal friendship is the outgrowth of our mutual support of the things for which the church stands." He had walked over to the window and lifted one foot up on the sill, and he put around me an arm which had the strength of a grizzly bear's paw and the tenderness of a woman pressing her babe to her heart, as he said, "I am not angry at you. I appreciate your feeling and your interest in the good morals of the State, and I am as anxious about them as you, but it does make me fighting mad to be lied about this way and made to appear on the wrong side of this moral question."

While Governor Roosevelt was pushing this constructive legislation he was endearing himself to the people, irrespective of party, and with his positive genius for politics was taking a very strong grip on the leadership of his own party in the State. His broad-minded, statesmanlike reform administration as Governor brought wider attention and regard for him in the country at large and made him a presidential possibility.

THE CITIZEN AND PUBLIC MAN

CHAPTER X

THE CITIZEN AND THE PUBLIC MAN

WHILE I was pastor at the Trinity Methodist Church at Newburgh, N. Y., I asked Governor Roosevelt if he would come and give us a lecture in our church. He said he had so many calls for public service that he could not accept one out of a hundred, and that if he were to accept such a request as I was making of him he could speak three times a day every day in the year. But he said: "As you and I are such special friends I will make an exception in your case and come to you. Occasionally I make a special exception, but it is exceedingly rare." We had the church crowded with an audience that numbered a thousand. In introducing him I said: "We are honored to-night with the presence and service of Governor Roosevelt; he is a brave soldier, a wise statesman, a fearless reformer, a manly man, the ideal American and a Christian gentleman. He has phosphorus in his brains, iron in his blood, lime in his bones and back-bone enough for one hundred men."

Just then I heard the Governor laugh aloud and I turned my face towards him and as his eye both twinkled and snapped he said: "I am likely to have need of all that back-bone before I get through with my job."

Governor Roosevelt then delivered his speech on THE CITIZEN AND THE PUBLIC MAN

His address was as follows:

Good citizenship does not necessarily imply genius. Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, and good citizenship consists in the practice of ordinary, humdrum, common virtues, which we all take for granted, and which, in practice, sad to say, all of us do not carry out.

Jefferson said that the whole art of government consists in being honest. That is not the whole art, but it is the foundation of all government. The foundation is not enough; but, if you do not have that, you cannot erect upon it any superstructure that is worth building. You must have honesty as the first requisite of good citizenship. We have too much of a tendency in this country to deify mere smartness, mere intellectual acumen, unaccompanied by morality. There is no attitude that speaks worse for a commonwealth than this of admiring, or failing to condemn, the man who is unconscientious, unscrupulous, and immoral, but who succeeds. If a man has not the root of honesty in him —has not, at the foundation of his character, righteousness and decency—then, the abler and the braver he is, the more dangerous he is. It is an additional shame to a man that he should be evil, when he has in him the power to do much good.

In all our history, who is the man first thought of when Americans wish to name the arch type of evil? Benedict Arnold, the traitor, who had not the root of honesty in him. And yet he was one of the most brilliant soldiers that ever wore the American uniform. Had he ended as he began, he would have been an example to all Americans. How would our nation look if we failed to condemn Arnold as his crime deserved?—if we said: "Arnold, a traitor? Oh, yes, but then he was a dreadfully smart man." There is no danger of anybody else becoming an Arnold. He is condemned, and nobody desires to follow in his footsteps. But there is a danger to us, as a nation, in the career of the Benedict Arnolds of the political and financial worlds; of the men who prosper in business or in politics by wrongdoing, and who find weak-minded apologists, who say for them: "Oh, well! maybe he has been a little tricky, but he has succeeded." Shame to any man who permits his ad-

miration for success to lead him into condoning crime when that crime has led to success! Shame to those men who permit admiration for wealth and political position to make them condone the evil-doing through which wealth or position was attained. We are in no danger from the Benedict Arnolds; that danger is past; but a hundred others remain. We are in danger from the man who tries to rise to political prominence as a demagogue by inflaming class against class, or section against section. We are in danger from the man who tries to rise to political power by truckling either to the wealthy man who seeks to take corrupt advantage of his wealth, or to the man without wealth who is moved by malice, envy, and hatred, to conspire against the man who is thriftier or more progressive than he. It is necessary to condemn the two types alike. We are in danger from the men who rise in business through swindling, whether on a big or small scale, and the reason we are in danger is because public opinion is not awake enough—enlightened enough—to make the crushing weight of its condemnation felt against the men who prosper in these ways.

After honesty as the foundation of the citizenship that counts, in business or in politics, must come courage. You must have courage not only in battle, but also in civic life. We need physical and we need moral courage. Neither is enough by itself. You need moral courage. Many a man has been brave physically who has flinched morally. You must feel in you a very fiery wrath against evil. When you see a wrong, instead of feeling shocked and hurt and a desire to go home, and a wish that right prevailed, you should go out and fight until that wrong is overcome. You must feel ashamed if you do not stand up for the right as you see it; ashamed if you lead a soft and easy life and fail to do your duty. You must have courage. If you do not, the honesty is of no avail.

But honesty and courage, while indispensable, are not enough for good citizenship. I do not care how brave and honest a man is; if he is a fool, he is not worth knocking on the head. In addition to courage and honesty, you must have the saving quality of common sense. One hundred and ten years ago France started to form a republic, and one of her noted men—an exceedingly brilliant man, a scholar of exceptional thought, the Abbe Sieyes—undertook to draw up a constitution. He drew up several constitutions, beauti-

ful documents; but they would not work. The French national convention resolved in favor of liberty; and, in the name of liberty, they beheaded every man who did not think as they did. They resolved in favor of fraternity, and beheaded those who objected to such a brotherhood. They resolved in favor of equality, and cut off the heads of those who rose above the general level. They indulged in such hideous butcheries, in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity, as to make tyranny seem mild in comparison —and all because they lacked common sense as well as morality.

Two or three years before that, we, in America, had a body of men gathered in a constitutional convention to make a constitution. They assembled under the lead of Washington, with Alexander Hamilton, Madison, and many other prominent men. They did not draw up a constitution in a week, as the brilliant Sieyes did, but just one constitution, and that one worked. That was the great point!

It worked, primarily, because it was drawn up by practical politicians—by practical politicians who believed in decency, as well as in common sense. If they had been a set of excellent theorists, they would have drawn up a constitution which would have commended itself to other excellent theorists, but which would not have worked. If they had been base, corrupt men, mere opportunists, men who lacked elevating ideals, dishonest, cowardly, they would not have drawn up a document that would have worked at all. On the great scale the only practical politics is honest politics. The makers of our constitution were practical politicians, who were also sincere reformers, and as brave and upright as they were sensible.

Take Washington, for example. He was not a mere theorist—not a bit of it. He had served, before the war broke out, in the Virginia Legislature, again and again. There he acquired the experience that every man must have in a Legislature, if he tries to accomplish anything. He found, when he was with a lot of men actuated by different motives, that he could not have his way altogether; that he had to get the best result he could out of the materials at hand. Alexander Hamilton had taken a prominent part in the politics of New York. So had Madison, the Adamses, and Patrick Henry, in their commonwealths. These men were all men of theories; but they were not mere theorists.

They had worked in popular bodies, had seen what representative governments and legislatures could and could not do, what the people would and would not stand, just how far they could lead them, just how far they could drive them. They knew they could not get all they wanted, but they knew they could get a good deal. They were not fools; and, therefore, they did not insist upon the impracticable best. If they had been either fools or knaves, they would have done irreparable damage to the country—just as much if they had been one as the other. The fool and the knave play into each other's hands. They do not think they do, but they do. If the men of whom I speak had insisted upon the impossible, on what they could not get, we would not have any constitution. If they had not insisted upon the best they could get, their work would not have been worth doing at all. In other words, they had to work as Washington and Lincoln always did work.

For instance, there were, in that constitutional convention, men who were almost as wide-awake as we of to-day, on the evils of negro slavery; but they lived in a generation when not one man in a thousand felt as they did, and they had to consent not merely to the recognition of human slavery, but to give increased representation to the slave states for the negro slaves they contained within their borders. It was indefensible from the standpoint of logic, and, later, the constitution was denounced as "a league with death and a covenant with hell," because of its containing such a provision. We, of our day, would be criminal, if we put in such a provision. But our forefathers, working under the actual conditions, had to accept the provision, or they could not have obtained the Union—this free republic. They would have begun exactly such a career as we have seen the republics of South America follow during the eighty years that have elapsed since they threw off the yoke of Spain.

But our leaders were not merely "practical" men, either. They were accustomed to the conduct of affairs, but they were also men of the study, of the library, men who could draw on their knowledge of what had been done in other nations, in other ages. They not only drew from their experience for actual government, but from their wealth of knowledge of past history. They did not belong to the narrow-minded type, which says, "Oh, I am practical," as an

excuse for being illiterate and base. Distrust any man who advances the excuse of being practical when he is convicted of some infamy, or is shown to have been utterly ignorant of history.

To be practical, if you use the word in its proper and highest sense, necessarily implies that the man shall have a knowledge of history as well as of current practice; above all else, should thoroughly understand that to be practical does not imply being base. In the long run, being practical implies being decent; and, if it does not imply that, then drop it.

It does no good to resolve against vice in the abstract. All the good comes from acting, in the concrete, in a way that carries out in practice the principles laid down in the abstract. There should be an eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt tell the truth, and thou shalt tell it just as much on the stump as in the pulpit." Do not fail to perform whatever you have promised. On the other hand, do not, through weakness, folly, or wickedness, promise, or ask to have promised, what you know cannot be performed. When a man runs for office, if you ask him to promise what you know cannot be done, you are asking him to lie. You are taking a position that is infamous for yourself, because you are asking him to take an infamous position. On the other hand, if you ask him, as you have a right to ask him, to do what can be performed, and he fails to redeem his promise, hold him to the strictest accountability. If he promises you the millennium, distrust him. If he tells you that, providing you vote for his particular patent remedy, he will cure all diseases of the body politic, and will see that everybody is happy, rich, and prosperous, not only distrust him, but also set yourselves down as fools if you follow him.

We have lived one thousand and nine hundred years in the Christian era, and as yet we have had to make our progress step by step, with infinite pains and infinite labor. In spite of haltings and shortcomings, we have been striving onward and upward; and, as we have made progress in the past, so we shall make it in the future. You will not find any royal road in patent legislation, in curious schemes by which everybody gets virtuous and happy. Not a bit of it! We are going ahead, I trust, a little faster than in the past, but only a little faster. We hope to keep

going forward, but by steps, not by bounds. We must keep our eyes on the stars, but we must also remember that our feet are on the ground. When you get a man who tries to make you think anything else, he is either a visionary or a demagogue, and in either event he is an unsafe leader.

The citizen who does his whole duty will be careful not to attribute wrongfully, dishonest or bad motives to a public servant. This is as reprehensible as to fail to condemn the actually blameworthy. In either case you tend to confuse the public conscience, to debauch the public morality, to make the rogue strive and prosper and drive the honest man from public life. It is of vital consequence that our public servants be honest; it is of no less vital consequence to the welfare of the nation that the real truth should be told about the dishonest and honest alike; and woe to the man who offends in either respect.

Finally, remember to stand for both the ideal and the practical. Remember that you must have a lofty ideal, as Abraham Lincoln had, and that you must try to achieve it in practical ways as he tried to achieve it during the four years that he lived and worked and suffered for the people, until his sad, patient, kindly soul was sent to seek its Master. Remember, also, that you can do your duty as citizens in this country only if you are imbued through and through with the spirit of brotherhood; the spirit that we call Americanism. You can do no permanent good unless you feel, not only in theory, but also in practice, that fundamentally we are knit together by close ties,—the ties of morality, of fellow feeling and sympathy, in its broadest and deepest sense. We cannot live permanently as a republic; we cannot hold our own as the mightiest commonwealth of self-governing, free men upon which the sun has ever shown unless we have it ground into our souls that we know no class, no section; that east, west, north, and south, our people, whatever may be their occupations, whatever their conditions in life, stand shoulder by shoulder, striving for honesty, for decency, for all the fundamental virtues and morals that make good American citizenship.

This address was afterwards published in Dr. Marden's *Success Magazine* and in his "Success Library."

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

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"THE ROUGH RIDER ON THE WAY TO THE 'BULL MOOSE' CONVENTION."

CHAPTER XI

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

IT was Governor's Day at the Orange County Fair at Middletown, New York, that I had a memorable visit with Theodore Roosevelt. How my bosom heaved with pride as I rode in a "royal chariot" in a parade through the streets of the little city, behind the village band. Constituted as I am, caring so little for "fuss and feathers," I felt that the whole performance, as far as my relation to it was concerned, was a joke, but I felt that the little parade was not a joke by any means, for I considered that the greatest man in America was at the head of the line, and that he would stir the farmers of the singularly rich county into the highest enthusiasm and helpful endeavor, and that I, myself, would be enriched with his wisdom and refreshed by his companionship. When we got to the speaker's stand at the Fair, thousands upon thousands had gathered around and pressed close against the stand to see and hear the Governor. He said to me, "Come along here, old boy, and sit with me on the speakers' stand. You have always backed me up, and I want you to stand behind me to-day."

It was a great speech he made. Everything he said and did I thought was great. But he was intrinsically great, and the people of our country and the world recognized that he said and did the greatest things possible to mortals. Their love magnified him almost into the superhuman. One of the things I remember most distinctly about the speech was the humor that filled his soul so full that it ran over in comical facial expressions and in funny incident, which was one of his chief personal charms and which delighted his audiences. It was a country lunch we had on the ground, and it was great, as it should have been on Governor's Day and after such a speech. I had another heave of pride in my bosom when they placed me next to the Governor to eat. While he did his full job as a working man at that meal, he would take time to throw out a chunk of wisdom, now and then, or to start a hearty laugh. The little circle was charged with his magnetism. Everybody on the ground felt the same delightful thrill of his personality. When the lunch was over he said to me, "I asked you to come out to Middletown to-day because I have something of great importance I want to take up with you. I do not care to say what I desire here in public, nor even to this inner circle of my good friends, and I want you to take a walk with me so that I can say what I desire without anybody hearing me." He said, "There is a lonely place down there in those woods, and we will go there."

When we came to the woods he said, "Sit down here on the ground." He said to me seriously, "Hobart is going to die. He has an incurable disease and cannot live long, and cannot be renominated for the vice-presidency. The leaders, who will name the candidates to succeed him, have just been to me to offer

me the place and insisted upon my taking it. I want to know what you think about it; what would you do if you were in my place? You and I have had cabinet meetings at Police Headquarters, at the Capitol at Albany and elsewhere, and we will have one here."

"My answer to your question," I said, "will depend upon how you feel about it, because your instincts are so strong and your prophetic vision is so keen and wide that I would rather trust your judgment than my own, and I would say, do what you think is the best thing to do and the thing you want to do most." He replied, "I am not going to tell you how I feel about it. I have brought you here to get your judgment, and when you have given me yours I will then tell you what I think about it." "Governor," I said to him, "this is a matter of tremendous importance. I feel honored at your confidence, and will take this matter under serious consideration, sleep on it overnight and let you know in the morning."

"No," he said, "I don't want you to take it under consideration and let me know to-morrow. I do not want you to take an hour, nor five minutes, nor one minute, so just bang away and say what you think now. What I want is your first impression on the subject. Your intuitions are stronger than your logic as they are in most men.

"Here goes," I replied. "The vice-presidency is a temple or a tomb; in the latter years of our republic it has been a tomb; in the earlier history of our country it was a temple. The best man was made President, the next best man Vice-president, with the understanding that, at the expiration of the term of the presidency, he would be nominated as the successor. But you are not an ordinary man. Unlike any other one in the country, you are so potential and so

magnetic that I believe if you were made Vice-president the people would return to the custom of the fathers and nominate you for President as McKinley's successor.

"Governor, I do not think that any rope was ever made strong enough to tie your legs, or buckle ever made strong enough to strap a muzzle over your mouth. You would be put, as Vice-president, to preside over the Senate, with the understanding that you would be a wooden man or a rubber stamp. But it would be found that the leaders would have to come to your mind for wisdom and seek your dynamic force to run the wheels of government successfully, and in a perfectly natural way we would return to the custom of our fathers and make you McKinley's successor.

"Besides, as Vice-president, you would have one chance out of six to be President; sixteen per cent. of all the Presidents of the United States have been so, by the death of the President and the accession of the Vice-president to his office. You would not want to become President that way? I know you so well, and yet you would be all the same. I was down to Washington the other day and saw McKinley and he looked so pale and haggard that he shocked me. His wife, you know, is an incurable invalid, and his intense affection for her has made her failing health a matter of great concern to him; and his mother, to whom he is so devoted, has been very sick, and that has borne upon him.

"The Spanish War racked and jaded him. A blood-vessel might break in the back of his head and he be gone in the twinkling of an eye and you would be his successor. Besides, some rascally anarchist might kill him; you would not want the Presidency under

those circumstances. You would risk your own life to fight, and even kill, a man that would attempt to touch a hair of McKinley's head. Knowing your ideas of heroism, you would count it a trial to take the chief office under those circumstances, and yet you would have to do it. Remember, Governor, if you accept this nomination for the Vice-presidency, you have one chance in six to be President.

"On the other hand, though fit for anything in the nation, you are not around begging for a job. You have an office of great honor and responsibility and opportunity as Governor of the Empire State. You are the ruler of twelve millions of people, more than a number of ambitious sovereigns in Europe have as subjects. You have an unlimited field of usefulness in the Governorship, and I know that in your heart of hearts you live to do duty and not seek position or fame. While I believe the chances would be even if you were nominated for the Vice-presidency that you would reach the Presidency, I believe if I were in your place I would stay in my present office and decline the nomination offered. I believe the distance between Albany and the White House is shorter than that between the Capitol, with its Senate chamber, and the White House; that the path from the Governorship to the Presidency is shorter and easier than from the Vice-presidency."

He said excitedly, "Right you are," and, jumping up, he gave me a hard slap on the shoulder and said, "Exactly right you are. I agree with you. I intend to stay where I am. I will not touch the Vice-presidency with a ten-foot pole. It is not my business to hunt for the Presidency, but to do my duty to my State and country as it is made plain to me. If the people of this country ever desire to elect me as head

of the nation, of course I will feel honored and accept the position, but I shall not now entertain any plans of working my way toward such an exalted office by any political schemes."

That was in the fall of 1899. Governor Roosevelt persistently declared his desire for another term as Governor and that, despite any factional opposition to him, he would secure the nomination and succeed himself. In the following summer, in 1900, the National Convention met in Philadelphia to nominate a President and Vice-president. Governor Roosevelt was one of the delegates at large to that Convention. It was the first Republican National Convention which he had attended as a delegate for sixteen years. Then he went out from the Convention in Chicago that nominated Blaine into political retirement. Now he flamed upon the imagination of the Philadelphia Convention as a reformer, the illustrious Colonel of the Rough Riders, the wise and loved Governor of the Empire State, and the Convention went wild with enthusiasm every time he appeared. He made a speech nominating McKinley for the Presidency. The delegates by acclamation clamored for his nomination for the Vice-presidency. He declined, honestly declined, but the more he protested the more insistent the Convention became. At last he consented to the second place on the ticket with McKinley at the head, and entered upon a vigorous and efficient campaign for the election of the ticket.

The day after he came home from the Convention in Philadelphia, that nominated him on the ticket with McKinley, he saw me crossing Broadway and 23rd Street and, throwing up his hand, he beckoned to me to come over to him. It was not necessary for him to beckon me, for I was already hurrying toward

him. As I came within about twenty feet of him, he yelled out in a voice that could have been heard a quarter of a block away, "I had to take it, old man! I had to take it! Just listen to me a minute and I will tell you the story of the Convention. It was really a Roosevelt Convention; everything was cut and dried for McKinley's nomination, everybody expected it and desired it, but there was no enthusiasm about it. All the enthusiasm of the Convention seemed to center around me. In season and out of season the boys cheered me. I protested against the nomination, sincerely and vehemently, and when they paid no attention to my protest and nominated me, I repeatedly refused to accept it. But, Doctor, I had to do so. If I had not, the people of this country would never have given me another office worth while, as long as I live. If I had refused so unanimous and enthusiastic a call of my countrymen to service, I should have deserved to be relegated to the rear forever. My heart was broken with the affection and confidence of my fellowmen, and when I came to believe that the voice of the people was really the voice of God to me I accepted the position with cheerfulness and gratitude."

He was inaugurated Vice-president on the 4th of March, 1901. With his family he went into the Adirondaks for the summer. He was in the deep woods in camp and, being informed that President McKinley had been shot, he hastened to Buffalo, where he remained three days. Learning from the physicians that the President would likely recover, he went back to his camp again, and there was found by the messenger sent to carry to him the sad news that President McKinley had died September 13th. He rushed to Buffalo and was there sworn into office as the President of the United States.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT
BY DR. ALBERT SHAW

CHAPTER XII

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT

By Dr. Albert Shaw

[Dr. Albert Shaw, on whose matchless editorials in the *Review of Reviews* I have fed for twenty-five years, was one of Colonel Roosevelt's most intimate friends. The Colonel has talked with me, times without number, about his appreciation of Dr. Shaw and of the splendid help that he had always given him in his fight for righteousness in this country, and I asked Dr. Shaw to share this tribute of affection for our mutual friend by giving me for this volume an estimate of Theodore Roosevelt as President. He cheerfully complied with my request and gave me this ideal paper.]

FOR one hundred and thirty years there has been in existence an office of growing prestige and authority in the world known as the American Presidency. This office has been filled by men of greatly varying qualities. All of them have been men of respectable attainments, and the list presents a high average of merit. It is not often, however, that in any country a statesman comes to the front who seems to embody in his own personality the best characteristics of his generation, so that he himself is a real epitome of his people and his times. Pericles, in the golden age of Athens, was a leader of this

kind. All that was best in the civilization of Greece seems to have been represented in the mind and character of Pericles. Although the permanent qualities of Washington and Lincoln have been generally admitted, there has never been agreement as respects either of these great Presidents upon the question whether or not they were in a broad sense the personal exponents of the America of their respective generations. My own opinion is that we are arriving at a better understanding of the personality of each of these men, and that their representative qualities will grow more apparent as the intrinsic points attain more emphasis and the accidental points fall into their due place of relative unimportance.

No matter, however, what may be thought in future regarding the broadly representative character of Washington or Lincoln, there will never be any disposition to deny the extraordinary extent to which Theodore Roosevelt as President was the typical American of his generation.

No public man of any country has ever put himself so completely upon record as Roosevelt. There are many millions of living Americans who have heard him speak from the platform and who have distinct impressions of their own regarding his personality and his physical, mental, and moral attributes. There are also hundreds of thousands of men and women who had some personal acquaintance with him, and at least ten thousand people now living who knew him quite well. There are other thousands who have received characteristic letters from him.

It is much easier to write, in a reminiscent way, about a man who was not widely known than about one whom everybody has had ample opportunity to understand and appreciate. Washington lived in a

period when facilities were lacking, so that comparatively little was recorded about any public man. There was no shorthand reporting, typewriting machines were not known, and a very scanty and meagre kind of journalism was given to discussion rather than to news. Lincoln's conspicuous public career was comparatively short, and the surviving information about the earlier part of his public life is relatively scanty.

Mr. Roosevelt, by contrast, lived in a period of fully developed publicity. When he was not doing things that caused others to write about him, he was himself writing books and articles that illustrated his own mentality and convictions. It was impossible for him to write extensively, in the field of American history and biography, without expressing himself, so that the reader felt that he was learning to know the author as well as the subject matter. This was true of his earlier work on the "Naval History of the War of 1812," and his volumes, entitled "The Winning of the West." The story of Roosevelt, therefore, will, when it is fully told by some great historian and biographer of the future, be a history of the development of the United States in the period covering the greater part of his life-time.

The youth of Roosevelt illustrates the growth of American life and society, as typified in the history of his family and connections both North and South. His education at Harvard illustrates American college life as it was some forty years ago. His intellectual interests relate themselves, particularly, to the condition of the country as it was in his boyhood. All that lay behind us of pioneer development was fascinating to him, and he identified himself in sympathy, knowledge, and personal experience with the

further and later westward movements in the subduing of the continent. The animal life of the country, the forest and streams, the mountains—all were ardently studied in the spirit of naturalist and explorer as well as in that of the keen student and observer of the processes of nation building.

From this eager study of nature and of the country's resources and growth, Theodore Roosevelt gained an early reward in the form of an abounding physical vitality that supported his prodigious mental activity throughout his entire life. This physical vigor, together with his efficient industry, was the dominating thing in his career on the personal side.

Thus Roosevelt brought to the Presidency great vigor of mind and body, and a special preparation which had consisted of diligent study of American history and political problems. And this study had been made not only in books, but also in a varied experience which had made him an authority in several definite fields. In whatever kind of effort he had been engaged, as a part of the training which fitted him for the supreme test of the world's greatest office, he had always shown capacity for seeing the possibilities of the thing he was doing, and for putting his great fund of vital force into the day's work, whatever it might be.

During Harrison's administration and a part of Cleveland's, he had served as Civil Service Commissioner at Washington and had come to know thoroughly the methods of administration in the government departments, and the practical aspects of the so-called "spoils system." This identification with the great work of improving government machinery had gone far toward fitting him for his subsequent place at the head of the government.

As Police Commissioner in New York he had shown himself a kind of "social engineer," working intensely to improve the conditions of living for the masses of people in the crowded parts of the metropolis.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy and as Colonel of the Rough Riders he had gained practical experience, so that he was especially competent to deal with everything having to do with the defenses of the country.

Returning from Cuba to become Governor of New York, he had entered upon a new set of political and administrative experiences that contributed in no small measure to his rounded fitness for the Presidency. A less vital and capable man might have gone through similar experiences, culminating in the Governorship of a State, without becoming pre-eminently fitted for the leadership of the nation in its supreme post of responsibility and power.

Many men, indeed, of Mr. Roosevelt's own generation had gone through varied experiences more or less comparable with his. But Roosevelt possessed the most exceptional capacity for the assimilation of experiences, by virtue of his great personal endowments of mental and physical strength, taken together with his moral qualities of single-heartedness, courage and public-mindedness.

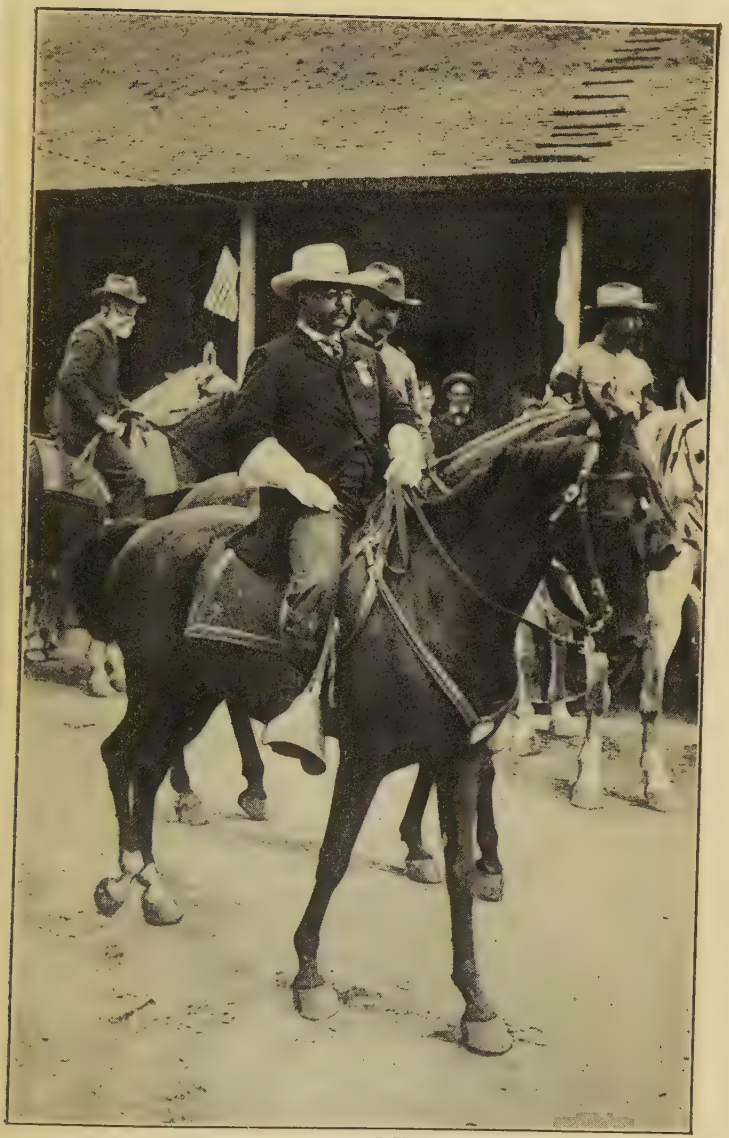
All these statements that I have made are obvious enough, because I am merely assembling points that are familiar to everyone who has given any thought to the career of Theodore Roosevelt. Yet it is necessary to have in mind the physical, mental and moral aspects of Roosevelt's personality, together with the varied experiences of his earlier life, in order to appreciate the man who became President in 1901 when

in his forty-third year—the youngest President of the United States.

The boyishness of Roosevelt was so conspicuous a trait that no one ever thought of him as other than a young man to the very day of his death. He had a number of grandchildren, yet he seemed at sixty a young man, like his sons. His youthfulness was not related to juvenility or immaturity. He had left those qualities behind him and had shown rare manliness while very young. His literary work had been surprisingly mature, so that the books he wrote in his twenties held their own—without apologies for the novice hand—on the shelf with the writings of his later years.

He had been conspicuous for his courage in facing the most difficult problems during his first term in the Legislature soon after he left college. He had been chairman of the great New York State delegation at the Republican National Convention of 1884 when he was twenty-five years of age. I followed his work in that convention with the utmost admiration, and I knew him closely in a number of subsequent conventions, including the latest ones that he attended. He was always buoyant and youthful, at the same time that he was serious of purpose and alive to his responsibilities.

This youthful quality had much to do with the magnetism of Theodore Roosevelt and the charm which was felt by every one who associated with him. It was derived in part from his perfect health and wonderful physical vitality. He was always spontaneous and always able to turn rapidly from one thing to another. His spirits were so high, his energy so great, and his sympathy so wide, that he would have appeared wholly irrepressible but for the innate



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COL. ROOSEVELT AT CHICKAMAUGA, TENN.

dignity that never failed him, and the perfection of manner that has never been surpassed by any incumbent of the White House.

I once saw him come down the main stairway to greet a distinguished Archbishop who was to be a luncheon guest. A small dog had arrived that morning from Oyster Bay and had not yet seen the head of the family. The joy of the little animal was so overwhelming as his master came down the stairs that, forgetting everything, the President was on the floor with the dog while the Archbishop stood at attention eight or ten feet away. But Mr. Roosevelt was himself again as President in fifteen seconds, and the Archbishop enjoyed and perfectly understood the boyishness of the nation's head; for the Archbishop, though an old man, had a boyish heart and knew the President well as a man whose sense of propriety was never really at fault.

I remember on another occasion a conversation with the most experienced of the White House ushers. This man had been attached to the White House staff through a number of administrations. He was waiting for the President to come down to breakfast, and with a sweeping remark that was complimentary about former incumbents of the White House, he went on to say:

"But there was never any man here like this man. He begins earlier; works harder; sees more people, and puts in longer hours than anybody who has ever been President. Yet he is never tired, no matter how late he works; and he always comes down the stairs in the morning *looking as fresh as the dew on the roses!* And he steps up to me and says, 'Well, D——, how is everything about the place? If anything is going wrong just let me know and we will have it

straightened out at once.'" At that moment the President came down the stairs with a firm tread, a clear eye, and a radiant smile, justifying everything that the admiring usher had said.

His marvelous executive ability was due in great part to the habit he had formed of constant industry and of perfect concentration of mind. Many people can accomplish a creditable amount of work if undisturbed and if allowed to work consecutively at one thing. Mr. Roosevelt could not only work without being sensitive to disturbances, but he could turn rapidly from one thing to another, compass each fresh situation, and bring to bear his whole power of decision. I have seen him for many hours at a time working at his desk in the White House offices, dealing with a great number of matters that were of vastly different degrees of importance. It need not be said that things which for one reason or another could not be settled were not rashly disposed of merely for the sake of clearing his desk. But if the case was in hand, he did not hesitate. He was never groping in the valley of indecision. His was neither the parliamentary temperament nor the judicial temperament, but it was in the highest sense that of the executive. He could lay out his work and perform it.

A President who is not only willing, but anxious, to see people will not be left in solitude. Mr. Roosevelt, who could have had a third term with an overwhelming endorsement of the country but for his own firm resistance, did not step down to private life with the sense of relief that men feel who are fatigued and overburdened. He was able to say that he "liked his job" and that he had had a "corking good time." This is perfectly true; and it was due to a remarkable power of adjustment and balance. Mr. Roosevelt had

been busy, buoyant and happy in a number of previous periods when doing different kinds of work.

He lived in the White House what for him was a normal existence. While public affairs of great moment had their full claim on his time and effort and were never neglected, he had also time for family life, for recreation, for reading and study, and for the stimulus and pleasure of social intercourse. During all these years in the White House there was probably no family in the United States that enjoyed a more agreeable domestic life, with due regard for privacy, with vast attention to reading and to the processes of education, and with constant devotion to the proper requirements of sport and recreation.

Mr. Roosevelt's knowledge of books in many fields was unsurpassed, while it may be suggested that Mrs. Roosevelt's acquaintance with the best books for children and young people, through practical experience in the domestic circle, was hardly equalled, excepting perhaps by a few specialists having charge of children's rooms in our public libraries.

President Roosevelt found so much zest in his daily exercise that it ministered undoubtedly to his efficiency as a public servant. While dealing with matters of the utmost delicacy and importance through the earlier hours of the day, it was no unusual thing for him to have the telephone busy in arranging to have three members of his so-called Tennis Cabinet present at exactly four o'clock. His exercise was usually vigorous, and always taken in a systematic way, leaving him with ample time for the other parts of his daily program.

At a given hour in the forenoon, the folding doors from his private office opened upon a large company of people assembled in the adjoining Cabinet Room.

Many of these were members of Congress or officials from different States or cities. There were people from all professions and walks of life who had come with credentials which admitted them to the waiting rooms. President Roosevelt met these companies of callers with a graciousness of manner that put everybody at ease. His marvelous memory served him well on such occasions.

Many of the callers were people whom he had met casually when on speaking tours throughout the country. Invariably he remembered them, even though he had not seen them for many years, and he always gave them a pleasant feeling by questions which showed how definitely he remembered occasions and people, particularly where children were concerned. Many of these callers had requests to make regarding appointments to office or other things of an official kind. Mr. Roosevelt, with a rapid sweep of the eye, noted everybody who was present and managed to give each person the feeling of having received a nod and a smile.

Explaining to the others that Senators and Representatives had business to attend to on the Hill, he gave these officials the precedence and enabled them all to transact their business without a minute of undue waiting. After observing official proprieties in this fashion, he gave the preference to ladies and elderly people. In thousands of instances, of course, he was obliged to say that the thing requested could not be done; but he knew how to say it in such a way as to spare the feelings of the visitor. If one must say "No," it is well to be prompt and frank rather than to prolong the suspense. No public man has ever known better than President Roosevelt how to say "no" in a way that should make friends rather

than ill-wishers. A few people there might be each morning with whom the President desired to consult more at length. These were quietly asked to wait until the others were disposed of, and then each one had his separate interview.

Almost every day there were luncheon guests forming an agreeable group, quite dominated but always drawn out by the President's wonderful brilliancy, humor and variety as a conversationalist. At these luncheon parties were to be found visiting statesmen, soldiers, scholars, literary personages, explorers, reformers, ecclesiastics and notable people from all parts of our own country and from Europe, South America, Asia and Africa. The President was so widely read and so active-minded that he derived healthy stimulus from meeting all these people, and was the better fitted for two hours more of afternoon work by reason of his personal contacts.

After his recreation hour, there intervened an hour or two of reading and family life before the more formal evening meal, when very frequently there were also distinguished guests. After nine or ten o'clock in the evening, President Roosevelt was able to withdraw to his private study on the second floor of the White House, where for an hour, or, if need be two or three hours, he might work with stenographers upon important letters, diplomatic memoranda, messages to Congress or the drafts of speeches and addresses that he was to make.

It was not his habit to defer preparation of addresses until the last moment; and still less did he believe that he could trust to some kind of inspiration when on his feet. If he was going off to deliver a series of speeches, he preferred to plan the series definitely in advance, and he dictated the essential parts

of all of them before delivering the first. He could of course modify them *ad libitum* as he went along, but he never relied upon fluency as a substitute for preparation. His messages to Congress were studiously prepared and were always ready well in advance.

One reason why Mr. Roosevelt as President was able to see so many people, and to have his days so full of varied contacts, was the practical way in which he used his powers of assimilation. He was fond of saying to some of his friends that they had never taken too much of his time or that their letters to him were not too long, because he was making it a point to get more from them for his purposes than they were able to get from him. As a man who was reading, for example, everything that was worth while about travel, exploration, hunting and colonial and political conditions in Africa, he knew how to supplement his knowledge by eager questioning of some returned traveller or, better still, some personage identified with affairs in South Africa, the Soudan, or elsewhere.

While swift in decision, President Roosevelt always sought to avail himself of the best possible advice before acting. Members of his Cabinet were consulted fully about all that pertained to their departments, and were constantly called upon to aid in the formulation of broad policies, whether domestic or foreign. What may be called the moral momentum of the administration was Mr. Roosevelt's own. In the expression of policies, and in his discussions of public affairs, he was almost invariably aided by Cabinet officers and other trusted advisers. He was not resentful of criticism in points of detail, but con-

stantly availed himself of the services of critics upon whom he could rely.

Thus his official relations were exceedingly frank and agreeable, and his administration was greatly strengthened in its prestige and in its achievements by the exceptionally good team work of the official personnel.

In the McKinley campaign of 1896, Mr. Roosevelt had taken very strong ground against the free silver movement and had been regarded in the West and South as the embodiment of the spirit and attitude of Wall Street and the "money trust." He was not particularly fond of financial and economic questions as such, but he seized upon any phases of them that involved principles of public morality. The silver movement to him was abhorrent because he thought it fundamentally dishonest. He was in some danger of misjudging great masses of his fellow countrymen at that time, and of aspersing their motives.

Later on he realized that their intentions had been upright, although their views upon the money question were erroneous. I had occasion at that time, in what I believed to be his own interest, to blue-pencil a manuscript of his to the sacrifice of many of its most readable paragraphs. He had written it in the heat and fervor of the campaign, and its challenges were personal, unsparing and very widely distributed. In after years he mentioned the matter not infrequently, and always with thanks for what he characterized as the cool judgment and foresight of the editorial revision.

His acceptance of the verdict at the moment was a remarkable illustration of his capacity for taking disinterested advice on its merits, and without being mortally offended. The manuscript as I revised it

holds its place to-day among his collected essays. He had dictated it hastily at night after an evening of campaign speaking, and the political and moral force of the article remained, while the trenchant assaults upon individuals and groups (who afterward became his personal friends and his permanent allies in politics) were eliminated.

Even in the making of those attacks, he was wholly free from ill-feeling or malice. He was engaged in a fight, was confident of the justice of his cause, and was hitting—a little harder than he realized—some opponents whose motives were good but whose facts and logic were mistaken. Life for him was so full of wholesome interest, and his healthy zest for various studies and activities was so absorbing, that it was quite impossible for him to cherish grudges or to cultivate animosities.

The United States had come through the period of the Spanish War with a greatly enlarged place in the world. Mr. Roosevelt brought to the Presidential office the qualities needed for that era. His Americanism was supported by so much of vigor, courage and frank audacity that his prestige made itself felt everywhere. The Monroe Doctrine was more fully vindicated than ever before in the adjustment of the Panama Canal policies, the arbitration of the Venezuela claims and in other ways. Good understandings between the British Empire and the United States were promoted as a basis of American policy. Mr. Roosevelt's relations with foreign diplomats at Washington were cordial and sincere, and during his years in office we were more entirely on good terms with the world than at any previous moment in our history.

The Roosevelt period was marked by the massing of capital and the lessening of competition in rail-

roads and industries. The forming of trusts and combinations called attention to the dangers of unrestrained capitalistic control. President Roosevelt led in the movement for reforming railroad management and for controlling trusts. In the working out of these problems of "big business," there were new alignments, and the President's strongest support came from quarters which had once looked upon him with suspicion as the special protégé of the circles of wealth and privilege.

Everybody, however, came to see that his sole object was to build public policy upon sound principles of justice, with a "square deal" for all men alike. He was a life-long exponent of right-mindedness in public affairs; and the processes of reform which were set in motion while he occupied the White House will have accomplished results of profound importance for more than one generation.

PANAMA CANAL—GENERAL GOETHALS

CHAPTER XIII

PANAMA CANAL—GENERAL GOETHALS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS started with the Cross of Christ for India, by a new route, and headed straight from Spain toward India. He did not know that a hemisphere was between him and the Far East, and in his voyage westward struck the island of San Salvador and revealed a new world. Had it not been that God had hung two continents by a narrow strip of land he could have gone straight through the Atlantic into the Pacific and to India. Ever since that time men have tried to cut a canal across that strip at the Isthmus of Panama, making the Atlantic and the Pacific one.

Four hundred years ago Spain felt that there ought to be such a passageway opened that she might have access to the gold and the rich agricultural products of Peru, and her kings and engineers undertook to set in motion such plans, but they found that the difficulties were so insurmountable that the proposition was abandoned. The United States, feeling the importance of such a trans-Isthmian route in the promotion of its commercial and military interests, turned its attention to the building of such a canal. About

seventy years ago a treaty was signed by our government with New Granada, afterward Colombia, as a preliminary step to the great undertaking. In 1850 the Clayton-Bulwer treaty between United States and Great Britain was signed. In 1866 the first canal commission was appointed by the United States government. Ten years later the committee reported in favor of the Nicaraguan Canal. Five years after this Ferdinand de Lesseps, having earned world-fame as the promoter of the Suez Canal, organized a French company to build a sea-level canal at the Isthmus of Panama. After eight years, the expenditure of three hundred million dollars, and the sacrifice of many precious lives the project was given up as a failure. There was bad engineering and business recklessness, if not dishonesty, in the administration, and the dream of four centuries went up in smoke. The Spanish-American War called fresh attention to the necessity of America's building and owning a canal at the Isthmus of Panama. In 1901 the Hay-Pauncefoote treaty between the United States and Great Britain revoked the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and gave our government full sovereignty rights on any canal across the isthmus. In the same year a new Panama committee was created, which made a report favoring the Nicaraguan route, and in 1902 Congress passed a bill authorizing the purchase of the old French rights of the canal for forty million dollars and recommending the construction of the canal at Panama.

Theodore Roosevelt had just gotten settled in the saddle as President of the United States when things began to move with reference to this gigantic enterprise. The Panama Canal, requiring the greatest piece of engineering since the world began, appealed to him—it was his size. The failures of the centuries

meant nothing to an intellect like his, and a will that knew no obstacles. He determined it should be built, and he built it. Obstacles as great as those that made the dream of the centuries a failure confronted him, but one after another he met and conquered them, and the canal stands perhaps as his greatest monument, if not the greatest monument to any character in the world. The early canal commissions being led by civilians was so tied up with governmental red tape that they made unsatisfactory progress. President Roosevelt picked out a West Point graduate, a professional engineer, secured authority from Congress to give him a free hand in the Canal Zone, which it had acquired, and Lieut.-Col. George W. Goethals, magnificently equipped for his work in every way, stood as a mighty giant by the side of Roosevelt and was his strong right arm in cutting through the Panama Canal. The canal extends from deep water at Colon on the Atlantic to deep water at Panama on the Pacific, a distance of fifty miles, or forty miles from shore to shore. It has great lakes and locks, and it is a practical business proposition with ships, even the largest of them going both ways from ocean to ocean. In time of war our ownership of it is of unspeakable advantage.

One of the most mighty triumphs of the Panama administration was the sanitary revolution affected in the Canal Zone. The mosquitoes were killed, yellow and other deadly fevers that formerly made success impossible were banished, and one of the worst plague spots on the earth was made as healthy as the average American city. This work was done under the direction of Colonel Gorgas of the medical corps of the United States army.

These two magnificent giants stand side by side in

this titanic undertaking. If Roosevelt had no other monument, the Panama Canal would make him immortal. Major-Gen. George W. Goethals shares that immortality, by the superb manner in which he put into active operation President Roosevelt's plans. The undertaking has glory enough to go all around, and any one who had anything to do with the building of that canal, from the Secretary of War down through the leading engineers, through the gold men, down through the silver men to the humblest laborer, deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. Those thirty-five thousand persons that did the work, and those who may have sacrificed their lives in the undertaking, are as much patriots as any soldier in the army and as much heroes as the soldiers on the battlefield. They will never know how valuable their lives were to their country and what a monumental service they rendered to their fellow-citizens and the people of the world. And the dear women who went with their families to care for the men at their tasks were just as loyal patriots as the men themselves and deserve the lasting gratitude of mankind.

Major-General Goethals not only finished the Panama Canal, but when, his work done and his plans all formed for a return home, the great slides closed the waterway, he went back on the job and stayed there until dredges and shovels had restored the canal. He restored it so completely that, since its second opening on April 15, 1916, it has been ready, every day, to serve the nation and the commerce of the world. In recognition of his pertinacity of purpose and his engineering record the general was awarded the John Fritz Medal, one of the hightest attainable for an engineer.

I called on General Goethals and asked him for a

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GEN. WHEELER, GEN. WOOD AND COL. ROOSEVELT,
SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

few facts with reference to the relation of Mr. Roosevelt to the building of the canal, to be used in this volume; he cheerfully consented, and gave me the following:

My relations with Colonel Roosevelt could not be called intimate, and I saw him personally only in connection with canal matters during the time of his Presidency, and subsequently when I visited the States I invariably reported to him the condition of affairs, knowing his extreme interest in the project. My first interview was in February, 1907, following a conversation with Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, who advised me that in consequence of a letter received from Mr. Stevens, the President had concluded to accept his resignation; that he had recommended me to succeed him, and that the President would probably ask me to call on him in connection with the matter.

That evening I visited him at the White House, by request, and found that he had spent the evening discussing the advisability of awarding the contract for the construction of the canal, though not definitely committed to such action. We spent nearly two hours discussing the various provisions of the specifications, the pros and cons, so far as the contractor and the government interests were concerned, and I was particularly impressed with his intimate knowledge of all details affecting the canal, and the construction difficulties which were liable to be encountered. I was furnished with a copy of the specification, as well as with the summary of bids, asked to go over them and be prepared to discuss them again with him on the second night following.

At the beginning of this interview he advised me that he had concluded to accept Mr. Stevens' resignation and decided to turn the construction work over to the army engineers and to order me to the canal to take charge.

We again spent considerable time in discussing the proposed contract, the financial arrangements made by the lowest bidder for furnishing the bond, and at the conclusion it was definitely decided that all bids would be rejected and, whether the work should be done by contract or otherwise, would be postponed for a period of six months, during which time I would be given an opportunity to study

conditions on the isthmus and to report my reasons as soon as I reached a conclusion as to the method that should be adopted for completing the work.

The next personal contact I had with him was in January, 1908. Prior to this I had submitted recommendations relative to carrying on the work, advocating the abandonment of the contract method for reasons which were specifically stated in the report that I made to him. At the January interview the organization charged with the construction of the canal was discussed at great length. The Spooner Act of 1902, which authorized the President to construct the canal under certain conditions, stipulated that it should be done through an agency consisting of seven members. The commission was to pass upon all plans and all matters of detail connected with the project, even to the extent of employments and salaries attached thereto. It was a very bulky organization, had not worked satisfactorily in the past, and was not working satisfactorily.

Subsequently to the passage of the Spooner Act, Mr. Roosevelt, recognizing the inherent difficulties of commission organization for management, had endeavored to secure a modification of the law so as to concentrate the authority and fix the responsibility. But Congress, fearful of vesting so much power in the hands of one man, had failed to enact the necessary legislation. The House of Representatives had consistently supported the President, but the Senate was always the deterring and opposing influence.

On the recommendation of Mr. Taft in 1905, the President, by executive order, had reorganized the commission by the creation of an executive committee of three, who were to be the active members in passing upon the various matters requiring immediate attention, and for which the calling together of the entire commission was not practicable. And this had not worked satisfactorily. Certain jealousies and bickerings had arisen which the President realized and stated were not conducive to efficiency, and after our conference he suggested that I draw up an executive order which would bring about a reorganization and accomplish the results which we were both anxious to secure. I caused such an executive order to be prepared and submitted it to the President, who signed it; as a consequence of which, the work was reorganized and carried forward to completion.

Omitting the taking of Panama, which Colonel Roosevelt claims to have done, and the details of which I am not at all familiar with, the most important step in connection with the canal which he took was accepting the report of the minority of the Board of International Engineers, convened for the purpose of determining the type of canal which should be constructed and advocating the construction of the lock type of canal. In view of the prominence of the engineers signing the report, the study that they gave to the question, it is rather remarkable that after indicating in his letter of instructions to the board his desire to accomplish the construction of a sea-level canal, if such were practicable, that he should, after the report was submitted, have disregarded the recommendation of the majority and advocate the lock type. Not only did he advocate the lock type, but he worked strenuously for it, and, practically due to his personal interest in the matter, succeeded in securing the consent of Congress. I spoke to him many times about this point, but could never get a satisfactory answer as to the reasons which led him to pursue this course. Probably the length of time involved was the more important consideration to his mind, since at all my interviews with him the necessity of securing the completion of the canal at as early a date as possible seemed to be the paramount consideration. The opposition that he developed by his action was strong and powerful, yet he succeeded in putting it over.

The great objection by the opponents of the lock type of canal was the feasibility of constructing a dam at Gatun and the practicability of its holding the water of the lake, because of misinformation which had been disseminated and which had appeared in the minds of the members of the board relative to the underlying strata of the site.

In the fall of 1909, during a flood of the Chagres River, and because of a slip in the rockpile forming the south tow of the Gatun dam, and which was sensationally heralded in the press as a failure of the Gatun dam, the whole question of the lock type versus the sea-level canal was revived, and action had to be taken which resulted in the appointment of a Board of Consulting Engineers to advise the President concerning the project. The bigness of the President was clearly demonstrated by a letter that he wrote me concerning the whole subject, and stated that

while we both thoroughly believed in the lock type, it is human to err and that we might have made a mistake. He personally felt the matter was of such great importance that no personal feelings or pride should stand in the way of a proper solution, and was willing to reverse his position if he felt that he had been in the wrong in the selection of the type.

As the accident, if it may so be called, was purely local and did not affect in any wise the feasibility and practicability of the construction of the dam, the Board of Engineers so reported, and he was very much gratified in the result, though he showed throughout that he was a big enough man to change his views if he felt that he was in the wrong. He would not allow politics to interfere in any part of the work. He was besieged on all sides to appoint men of various types to positions on the canal, and his attitude is clearly exemplified by the fact that on one occasion he appointed as superintendent on one part of the work a brother of a political boss from the West. He did not remain long on the work for, feeling that he had been placed there by the President, he felt secure and did very much as he pleased. The next time I saw the President he was very much amused at the appeals which this man made to him to be reinstated, questioning my right to remove him under the circumstances, and remarked that he would have no interference with the efficiency of the work, that he had given this man his chance, and as he had not availed himself of it he would not take any further action in the matter.

He took the attitude in all labor questions that these were matters which depended so largely on local conditions that, while he was willing to listen, he would not take any action that would in any wise disrupt affairs on the isthmus, and that final decision must rest there.

My association with him developed in me that same spirit of admiration and enthusiasm concerning him which is found in all men who have come closely in contact with him. His interest in the work never lagged. He was ever ready to assist in any way that could further its completion, though after he left office there was no inducement that would get him to visit the work, for he felt that his visit might be misinterpreted by others and felt it wiser to remain away rather than be misunderstood.

In a recent address on Mr. Joseph Choate, Colonel Roosevelt made this reference to the great difficulties that confronted him in the building of the Panama Canal and of the manner in which those difficulties were overcome. He said:

> In the effort to secure the land and a concession of the rights required for the construction of the canal there was a succession of negotiations, resulting in agreement and then breaking of the agreement by Colombia, with a demand for constantly increasing compensation. I made up my mind that the talking about the canal might go on for fifty years without results, so I decided to secure for our country the canal and let the people talk about the canal and me as they pleased for the next fifty years.

HEART SECRETS TOLD IN A WALK TO THE WHITE HOUSE

CHAPTER XIV.

HEART SECRETS TOLD IN A WALK TO THE WHITE HOUSE

HAVING an important matter to take up with President Roosevelt, I went down to Washington Saturday afternoon, June the 9th, 1906. In communicating with Mr. Loeb, the President's able secretary, with reference to an appointment on Monday, I said to him:

"Will the President attend church Sunday morning?"

The secretary answered: "I presume so; he nearly always does. Let me see now, there may be doubt about his attending the service. He turned his ankle and the sprain is pretty severe; it may prevent his going to church. You know which one he attends, do you not? The Grace German Reformed Church on 15th and O Streets, N. W. If you have no appointment of your own to preach in the city, it might be well to worship at the President's church. If he should be able to get there I am sure he would be glad to see you."

I was on hand seasonably.

At three minutes to eleven an usher said: "He is always here by this time; he is not coming to-day."

"Yes, he is, all the same," answered another. "There he comes yonder, and he is walking to beat the band."

Sure enough, there he was, the robust man in pepper and salt suit made in business fashion, wearing a stove-pipe hat, throwing his arms and pushing and pulling his wounded leg with a perceptible limp at a rapid gait.

Buttoning up my Sunday coat nicely, I said to myself, "I will fool him," and started down the street, keeping my eyes away from him, thinking I could get past him without recognition. But no, when I had gotten about twenty feet away from him, he cried out: "My dear Dr. Iglehart, what are you doing here in Washington? Where are you going to preach? I am on my way to my church, but I will follow you anywhere to hear you preach." I said: "I do not preach anywhere this morning." "What brought you down?" "You," I answered. "I have come down on purpose to see you." "That was lovely in you to do that. I do not know any one in America I would rather see this day than you. Just turn around and go back with me to church and after the service we will walk back to the White House. Tomorrow I have appointments with admirals, generals, Congressmen, Senators, etc., and we will be to ourselves, and we will have a bully visit together."

On entering the church two surprises met me—first, the smallness of the audience room, having capacity for not more than five or six hundred; and second, the appearance of the congregation, having so few evidences of wealth or social pretense. The surprise in neither instance was a disappointment, for the audience room was new and neat and beautiful, and the congregation was of the common people with

their intelligence and worth, the foundation of the best things in church and state.

The ritual service, which was almost as elaborate as that of the Episcopal Church, was participated in scrupulously by the President, who stood, sat and responded at the proper time. He joined heartily in the singing, which was led by a precentor and organist without a choir. He was the best listener I saw in the house. The weather was intensely hot, the mercury at ninety-five, and he kept a large palm leaf fan in his right hand going to the limit of its capacity every moment of the service. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. Schenck, was not in his pulpit, and the secretary of the Missionary Society occupied his place and preached a most excellent sermon. It was children's day, and the minister preached on "The Home." It was clear, discriminating, sound, timely, pungent and inspiring. Just as he was concluding his sermon the President put his hand into his trousers pocket as though he were fishing for change for the collection soon to follow. When the plate came to his pew he took out his pocketbook, apparently as full as it could hold, and dropped a bill upon it which I took to be five dollars.

After the benediction had been pronounced the audience remained standing till the President and the Secret Service men had left the house. No two-thousand-dollar carriage with spanking team nor five-thousand-dollar automobile awaited him at the door. These would have been an annoyance to him there, so full of life he was and so fond of exercise.

I commenced to tell him something and he halted me and said:

"Let me say something first and then you can go on with your story." He said: "The services this morn-

ing were enjoyable. The sermon was good, and I agreed with him in the points he made that the home is the chief foundation stone of the republic and the hope of the church. The 'Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty' is one of the grandest of hymns; that went off splendidly. After a week on perplexing problems and in heated contests it does so rest my soul to come into the house of the Lord and worship and to sing and mean it, the 'Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,' and to know that He is my Father, and takes me up into His life and plans, and to commune personally with Christ who died for me. I am sure I get a wisdom not my own and a superhuman strength in fighting the moral evils I am called to confront. The other two hymns, while full of good theology and tender sentiment, did not create as much warmth or enthusiasm. Lusty singing is a great help in church worship."

Then, pausing, he said: "Go on now with your story!"

"I will when you have answered a question I will ask you," I replied.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"It is this," I said. "Why did you select this little church with its plain people, so inconspicuous and uninfluential comparatively?"

He answered me with not a little feeling:

"When I first came to Washington I did not know there was any Dutch Reformed church here, and went with my wife to the Episcopal church. But on becoming President I learned that there was a little obscure red brick building tucked away on the back of a lot, and I immediately selected that as my church. The fine new building has since been erected. I take sentimental satisfaction in worshiping in the church of my fathers.

"Another reason why I came to this church is that it is a church of the plain people. There are persons of means and culture among them, but most of them are the common people, to whom you know I am so partial. If there is any place on earth where earthly distinctions vanish it is in the church, in the presence of God. He knows no difference between the highest ruler and the humblest subject. All He cares for is character. I have been not a little grieved in attending services in some of the rich churches of the great cities to see so much attention paid to social distinctions. I cannot think that the plainer people would be very happy if they were to attempt to worship in such places, and I fear that some of the rich and fashionable would be just as unhappy to have them do so. There is a minister in New York City to whom I have always given especial credit for having succeeded, more than any one I know, in holding a large congregation of rich and poor people, in happy fellowship, for a long number of years. The nearer the people get to the heart of Christ, the nearer they get to each other, irrespective of earthly conditions."

Continuing he said: "I am engaged in one of the greatest moral conflicts of the age—that of colossal lawless corporations against the government. I am not fighting rich men. Was I not raised among the rich? Did I not inherit money? I know what a blessing wealth is, honestly secured and wisely dispensed. I am fighting the institutions that have grown enormously rich by fraud; that have ground the faces of the poor and have for years shown such sullen contempt for the laws governing them. By a system of wholesale bribery, paid lobbyists have been placed at the State and national capitols to buy the law, and representatives have been selected in the

state and national legislatures, and sometimes on the bench, to do their masters' will. Having trammeled the popular will by these dishonorable methods and secured laws as friendly to themselves as possible, they turn around and break those very laws in the most shameless manner. For years some of them have been stronger than the government and they have not been able to conceal the insolence which is begotten of despotic power. Any attempt to enforce the laws regulating them has been treated with impatience and contempt."

He said: "The republic cannot live ten years longer if things go on this way. The oppression of lawless wealth, and the purchase of lawmakers and rulers by it, have wrecked most of the empires of the past, and if not resisted and defeated will ruin our republic. As the executive of this nation I determined that no man or set of men should defy the law of the land. These huge lawless corporations are squirming now and crying 'Persecution!' but they have got to stop their crimes. All they have to do is to obey the laws like other people and there will be no trouble. My chief desire now is that God will let me live long enough to demonstrate the fact that the rich and powerful must obey the law as well as the poor and feeble—not any better nor any worse, but *just the same.*" The President said "just the same" with great emphasis.

I told him that the people of the country, irrespective of religious creed or political opinion, were behind him in the great warfare he had undertaken.

It was about a mile from the church to the White House and the walk was a very happy one for me. What the President said was so full of wisdom, of exhilaration and inspiration. I admired his strong

body, of which he took such splendid care, which had served him so well in the enforcement of his intellectual plans. The flash of his eye indicated intellectual genius of the highest type and his tender words to me, personally, made me realize that his heart was wide and deep as the sea. But the thing that most impressed me was his moral heroism, his simplicity, his honesty, his justice and his intense devotion to the right. I felt that his promotion was the tribute a mighty nation had paid to the man the crown of whose greatness was his goodness, and I felt that there was a most intimate relation between Theodore Roosevelt, the ruler and favorite of a nation, and the church and the God of his fathers.

Recently Colonel Roosevelt said to me: "You remember the walk we had from the church to the White House, a dozen years ago, when I turned my heart inside out to you, and told you I believed God had raised me up to lead the nation in its desperate fight for its life against the illegal despotism of combined wealth in collusion with corrupt municipal, state and federal office holders, and that my daily prayer was that God would spare my life long enough to see that menace to the republic removed? He did spare me, and I thank Him. But I thank Him most for sparing me to take a part in the settlement of the great world war. No Hebrew prophet was ever called up to cry out against the danger confronting his nation, or the moral evils that curse the world, more truly than I have been called up to plead for an ideal Americanism, strong, brave, just and pure, 100 per cent. loyal American, and also to fight to the death absolute despotism in its oppressions and crimes, which in its demoniacal rage for world rule has killed off the flower of the world, its young men, and

caused more agony than has ever been suffered since the world began. I thank God that I have lived to see the victory which places the United States in the forefront of the free peoples of the world and which means universal democracy with its liberty, happiness, thrift and love to the millions of the oppressed children of earth, which will hasten the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ in the world, with its universal peace, righteousness, and love."

I know that Theodore Roosevelt took the Bible as the standard of individual character and national virtue, for he told me so, and I believe that God was in him and back of him in his miraculously great personality and service for his country and the world.

INTERVIEWED PRESIDENT ON
GOVERNOR HUGHES' RENOMINATION

CHAPTER XV

INTERVIEWED PRESIDENT ON GOVERNOR HUGHES' RENOMINATION

I WAS informed by one who knew that influential leaders of the Republican party intended to fight the renomination of Charles E. Hughes for the governorship of New York. The convention was to be held in the near future, and I felt that the situation was serious and that some extra effort should be put forth to defeat such plans. I knew that Governor Hughes' savage attack upon race-track gambling had stirred the bitter hostility of the sporting gentry and both Democratic and Republican politicians who were in sympathy with them. I knew also that some of Colonel Roosevelt's friends who were candidates when Mr. Hughes was nominated had renewed their plans for the nomination of somebody else. Fearing that there might be a hitch in renominating Governor Hughes, I instinctively turned toward Theodore Roosevelt, to whom I had always gone for so many years when a moral issue was at stake, with my concern and alarm for the decision of the Convention.

And so I fired a long telegram to President Roosevelt, at Oyster Bay, saying that it would not do to nominate any one else but Hughes; that he represented, in personal character and public administration, the highest ability and the strongest virtue; that the church people were, as a body, behind him, and that they would resent his defeat at the conven-

tion with anger and rebellion. I said in my message that such a failure would defeat Taft by more than one hundred thousand votes, when he ought easily to carry New York, and that it would be in the interest of righteousness for him to use his utmost influence in securing the nomination of Mr. Hughes. I knew how he loved the best things, and I knew also how anxious he was that Taft should have the solid church vote for the presidency. I received on the same day a telegram from the President, asking me to come out to Oyster Bay on the first train in the morning, indicating the time of the train.

On reaching Oyster Bay station, a chauffeur came up to me and asked me if I were Dr. Iglehart, and said the President had sent his car down to bring me out to Sagamore Hill. And in a few minutes we were at his home. There were perhaps a dozen persons in the reception-room, and Mr. Roosevelt came to me and said: "I have men here from half-a-dozen States with important interests, but I consider that matter about which you wired me yesterday of supreme importance." He said, "Come back with me, and we will sit on the porch and have a talk and nice visit together." He pulled two large cane armchairs close together, and we rocked and talked and laughed and visited; and then he said, "Now, tell me just exactly how you feel about the renomination of Hughes, and the reason why it ought to be done."

"Governor Hughes, I believe, is one of the ablest men, intellectually, in this country," I said. "His mind is clear, keen and discriminating; his will is all-daring, and his conscientious convictions are as deep as his life. Primarily, there is no use trying to look for an abler man if he were in sight, and he is not." Mr. Roosevelt said, "You are right in your

estimate of him; I consider him one of the most brilliant men, intellectually, in the United States. It would be hard to match him anywhere, and I believe that his moral uprighteousness is as strongly marked as is his intellectuality." Then I said to him, "He has fairly earned a renomination by his wise and fearless administration, and especially for the relentless warfare he has made on race-track gambling and on other evils. It would be nothing short of a calamity to let a man be turned down as the penalty of his moral heroism, and I cannot think of anything that would so deeply offend and enrage the best people of our State, irrespective of political opinion. I have named as the first reason for his renomination, his great ability and peculiar fitness for the office; the second, the valuable service of his honest and fearless administration; the third reason I would give is one of political expediency. I have always loved you, and supported you, because you put moral principle ahead of everything else and always appealed to the moral convictions of the people to support you. They have always responded to your appeal because they were loyal to the right. And thus you have demonstrated that which the nation had never before learned—that the wisest political expediency is in the espousel of the highest moral principle, that right is the most popular thing that can be injected into a political campaign.

"If Governor Hughes should be turned down at that convention, because he fought moral evil so valiantly, the good people of the State would bolt the Republican ticket in droves and would take great pleasure in defeating the party that, with its eyes wide open, chose the wrong side of a moral question. Your friend Taft, whom you are championing for the

presidency, would be buried in New York State by an avalanche of votes.'' Mr. Roosevelt said to me: ''Everything you have said of Governor Hughes' ability, character and service is true; I consider that he is incorruptible in his character, and that the public interests would be safe in his hand. While in most states I have kept my hands off the local contests and factional differences, and while I have not felt like obtruding myself upon the differences of our political leaders in this State, if I can see clearly that the action you urge will be for the best interest of the people and of the highest public morals, I will break the rule which I have usually kept and see if I can bring about his nomination.'' He said, ''We will begin just now.''

He did not at that time call in any stenographer nor make any notes, nor did I take any. He said, ''You may report to the public what the President says.'' He went on for some little time. I remembered every word that he said to me. With a warm, hearty handshake and a heartier ''God bless you'' from him I went back in the car to the depot. Just as the car approached the depot I saw a train move out of it. As I got out of the motor I was met by a half-dozen or more reporters of the New York City papers, who gathered about me and said: ''The train is gone, and there is no other one until an hour from now; you are marooned, and you may just as well surrender;'' and they continued, ''Well, what did he say about it?'' ''About what?'' I answered. They said, ''Oh, come off; don't seem so innocent. What did the President say about Governor Hughes's nomination?'' I answered, ''Who said I talked with President Roosevelt on that subject?'' And they said, ''A little bird told us.''

The reason why I was not communicative at first was that I wanted to put so important a message to the public in decent literary form, so that it might accomplish its purpose better, and desired a little time for consideration. But the boys were so insistent that I said, "Have you a shorthand man in your number?" And one of them spoke up and said that he was one. "You and I will go to this corner, here in the station, and the rest will leave us alone, and I will see if I can put the substance of what the President said to me in proper form." The next morning all the New York papers and the papers in many cities of the country had the following:

OYSTER BAY, AUGUST 29.—President Roosevelt's attitude in regard to the political situation in New York was reflected to-day in an interview given out by the Rev. Dr. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, after a talk with the President at Sagamore Hill. "The President," said Dr. Iglehart, "told me that he had no disposition to crowd his desire for Governor Hughes' renomination upon the leaders of the Republican party, but he did not hesitate to say that he thought it would be political wisdom to place Governor Hughes at the head of the ticket again this coming election." Dr. Iglehart, who is an intimate friend of the President's, is a member of the New York Conference of the Methodist Church. He was with the President for some time, and the question of the renomination of Governor Hughes was discussed. After the conference Dr. Iglehart said that he was delighted to find that the President's views and his were in perfect harmony on the renomination of Governor Hughes. There was no doubt in his mind about the general desire of church people throughout the State for the renomination of the Governor. "They believe in his ability and integrity," Dr. Iglehart added, "and desire his continuance in office. These church people usually have given the Republican party the majority in the State elections, and it seems to me that it would be a dangerous experiment for the political leaders not to accord him the nomination." Some votes, he thought, might be lost by the

renomination of Governor Hughes, but he believed that where two or three would be lost dozens would be gained.

"The line could not be more plainly drawn," Dr. Iglehart continued, "than it is at the present time, and the right side of a moral issue is a political asset which the Republican party will need, and must have, to succeed in the coming election. There is little doubt that revolt from the Republican ranks will be disastrous, if Governor Hughes shall not be nominated, as the feeling on the question is so deep that the revolt against the ticket would be calamitous. To turn down a man like Governor Hughes, who has not only a State but a national reputation for political integrity, would, in my judgment, be political folly. It seems to me that there is a large stick of dynamite in the political camp, which, without most careful handling, is in imminent danger of exploding. There are splendid men in the Republican party, any one of whom would make a good Governor, but no man, however able or virtuous, would be acceptable as a substitute for Governor Hughes, now that the issue has been drawn so distinctly. Whoever may or may not have been to blame for the difference between the Governor and the leaders of the party, it is evident that the church people of all denominations, and people of high moral instinct who are not members of any church, who summer and winter with the Republican party, desire the continuance of Governor Hughes in office, and desire it intensely. We do not believe the Republican leaders, many of whom are persons of good judgment and high moral ideals, will commit the colossal blunder of turning him down. We are strengthened in these convictions by the interview just had with the President, who as a political leader, and as an exponent of civic virtue, is a sagacious man to follow."

BUSINESS COMMITTEE VISIT TO WHITE HOUSE

Before Mr. Roosevelt had made his name and fame a household word I noticed that he was by far the best informed man I had ever met. Of the hundreds of subjects I have taken up with him, there was not one about which he did not know much more

than I did myself, and some of those subjects were specialties upon which years of study and labor had been spent. And as years advanced I learned that he was not only regarded by those closest to him, but by well-nigh universal consent, as the best informed man in the largest range of subjects of anybody in the nation, if not in the world. Here is an incident which illustrates this fact. While he was President, a company of New York business men came to me and said that they had some little difficulty in making an appointment with the President at Washington and asked if I would aid them in securing a hearing. I wired the President and got a date for the gentlemen, Tuesday morning of the next week. They then asked me to accompany them to Washington and be with them when they laid their proposition before President Roosevelt. On Monday evening at the hotel the delegation met to plan the approach to the President the next morning. The leader explained how it was that he would use certain arguments and occupy certain time in presenting the matter. He supposed that it would be like a hearing before a judge or a legislative committee and that fifteen or twenty minutes' time would be allowed him for the presentation of his subject. "You do not understand Mr. Roosevelt at all," I told him. "If you were to undertake in a dignified manner to make the speech you contemplate before him, he would get up from his seat, without any ceremony, and instruct the clerk to call somebody else into the room and we would consider ourselves dismissed. He is so supremely busy that a minute with him is an hour. What you want to do is to take a card about as long as your thumb, put a heading of the things you intend to say in your speech and say them without any amplification and say them quickly,

if you want his attention or his favor." I then told him that when he had read or recited the abstract on the little card, he would find that the President would instantly tell him ever so much more about the business he represented than he knew himself, though he had spent a lifetime in it.

The President had gathered our little company in chairs about him and the leader did as he was advised to do. When he had gotten through with his presentation, which took about two minutes, the President instantly said, "Gentlemen, I understand that you want so and so; these are the facts in the case," telling them things that they themselves did not know about their own business. I reached my foot over and put it down on the toes of the leader, reminding him that Mr. Roosevelt knew more about what he was talking about than he himself did. Then the President continued, "Then you want me to do so and so." He did not wait for a word from the members of the committee, but said, "My mind is clear upon the subject, but I prefer that you should meet two members of my Cabinet, who have the responsibility in such matters; they will meet your committee this afternoon at three o'clock and you will know in time to go home to-night whether we shall be able to grant your request."

This incident not only illustrates his almost infinite knowledge of facts, but also the rapidity with which he dispatched business at his office in the White House. The matters that had engaged the attention of these business men for years, some of them for lifetime, with a matter over which they had talked and slept and dreamed, were attended to, as far as he himself was concerned, in about three minutes.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT A HERCULES—
BIG STICK—NATURALIST—AUTHOR

CHAPTER XVI

THEODORE ROOSEVELT A HERCULES—BIG STICK—NATURALIST—AUTHOR

IN Theodore Roosevelt we have so many great men combined in one that ordinary words and measurements do not justly describe him. Looking backward to find a parallel for him, we must go to the earliest history of Greece, to the mythical man called Hercules, son of the gods, powerful alike in body, mind and soul, the mightiest that Greece or the world could produce. Their classic poets pictured him as the symbol of power, wisdom and virtue.

The similarity between the Hercules of classic story and Roosevelt, our modern Hercules, is thus seen. The ancient hero was a noted pugilist; he was taught fighting by Castor; he was the best shot of the nation, and defeated in archery his teacher, Eurytus, and his three sons, who held the record up to that time. He was taught driving by Autolycus and surpassed all other charioteers. A fine scholar, he learned wisdom from Minerva. He was the most famous of hunters and was happiest when he was killing lions and other man-eating beasts. He was a great patriot, slaying a hostile king and delivering the nation from a heavy annual tribute. He was a benevolent man and busied himself in protecting the people of his country from wild beasts and other dangers. He carried a big stick, sometimes of brass, but usually a

large wooden stick, with a big knot on the upper end of it, which he himself cut out of the forest.

In most of the figures which we have preserved to this day Hercules holds that big stick in his hand. He was the symbol of the Greeks' most powerful man. His weapon was strong enough and ever ready to hammer down the wrong and to protect the right. The parallel is not only in the equipment, but also in the marvelous deeds of the hero.

The king of Argus and Mycenæ was so jealous of the rising popularity of this great hero that he imposed upon him twelve tasks, each of which was supposed to be impossible. These are celebrated in mythology as the Twelve Labors of Hercules. The gods compelled him to undertake these twelve tasks, impossible to mortals, but equipped him for the performance of the miraculous deeds. He received from Minerva a coat of arms and helmet, from Mercury a sword, from Neptune a horse, from Jupiter a shield, from Apollo a bow and arrows, and the big stick.

The following are the twelve labors imposed upon Hercules: 1, He killed the lion of Nemæa. 2, He killed the Hydra. 3, He caught the swift stag with golden horns and brazen feet that haunted the neighborhood of Oenoe. 4, He brought alive to the king the wild boar which ravaged his realm, and destroyed the Centauri. 5, He cleaned the Augean stables. 6, He killed the carnivorous birds of Lake Stymphalus. 7, He captured the wild bull that laid waste Crete. 8, He captured the man-eating mares of Diomedes. 9, He obtained the girdle of Queen Hippolyte. 10, He killed the monster Geryon and set up the Pillars of Hercules at Gibraltar. 11, He secured the golden apples of the Hesperides. 12, He dragged on earth from Hades the three-headed dog Cerberus.

There are more than twelve miraculous labors of our modern Hercules, but twelve stand out most prominently.

First—Our Hercules became the head of the nation. The ancient hero never did so great a thing as to become the ruler of the greatest nation of the world. With all his power, it is not recorded that he had any political favor or that he ruled any kingdom.

Second—He killed the spoils system, which threatened to overthrow the nation. The ancient hero turned the river into the Augean stables and cleaned them, but that was not as great a wonder as the cleansing of American politics by Theodore Roosevelt.

Third—He used the big stick in crushing the illegal combinations of wealth which menaced the republic.

Fourth—He dug the Panama Canal—a greater wonder than all the twelve labors of Hercules, and equal to the seven wonders of the world.

Fifth—He settled the coal miners' strike. The miners in the anthracite district of Pennsylvania went on a strike which threatened to tie up the industries of the nation. Grievances on the part of employees and employers were deeply cherished and apparently irreconcilable. Passions were stirred to the highest degree and bloodshed was feared. President Roosevelt had no governmental commissions that he could use in the settlement. He had to take the matter up personally with the workmen, the proprietors and everybody concerned, and by his magnetism and powerful will he brought the two factions together, averted a tie-up in the nation and gave peace to the coal industry for years.

Sixth—He secured the settlement of the war between Russia and Japan. While the desperate war

was raging between Russia and Japan in 1905, President Roosevelt addressed through John Hay, his Secretary of State, a letter to the Emperor of Japan, and another to the Czar of Russia, suggesting that their interests as individual nations and the good of the world could be best served by closing the war, and suggested that peace commissions be appointed by each country, and that he himself would lend his kind offices in bringing about an amicable settlement.

That peace commission began its conference at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on August 10th. After about a week's conference the commission came to a dead-lock and President Roosevelt used his great personal influence on the home governments and broke it. For this service in securing peace, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, which was $40,000 in cash, which he gave to a society for aiding our American soldiers.

At a dinner given by the Japanese Club to Baron Makino, Ambassador with the Japanese Peace Mission, just after Mr. Roosevelt's death, the Baron said: "Mr. Roosevelt materially aided in the settlement of the issues raised by the Russo-Japanese War and in the amicable adjustment of international difficulties growing out of California's action regarding Japanese residents. When Japan had proved herself and the prowess of her soldiers and her navy," said the Baron, in reference to the conflict with Russia, "the convention was called and the conclusion of the terms which brought about an honorable peace was due greatly to the broad, straightforward, generous and even noble attitude taken by President Roosevelt. The death of Colonel Roosevelt leaves a gap in the ranks of men who have made the history of the world. As the friend of Japan he had been consistent in ren-

dering our country valuable service which will always be appreciated."

None of the twelve labors of Hercules can compare with this act of seizing two powerful nations at war with each other, pulling them apart and persuading them to live at peace with one another.

SEVENTH—He wrote thirty-five books. Minerva taught Hercules; Roosevelt's wisdom was God-given. In spite of his supremely busy life, beside many other writings, he produced books which have an important place in the libraries of our country and in those of some other countries. The most important are as follows: Winning of the West, 1889-96; History of the Naval War of 1812, 1882; Hunting Trips of a Ranchman, 1885; Life of Thomas Hart Benton, 1886; Life of Gouveneur Morris, 1887; Ranch Life and Hunting Trail, 1888; History of New York, 1890; The Wilderness Hunter, 1893; American Ideals and Other Essays, 1897; The Rough Riders, 1899; Life of Oliver Cromwell, 1900; The Strenuous Life, 1900; Works (8 vols.), 1902; The Deer Family, 1902; Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter, 1906; American Ideals and Other Essays; Good Hunting, 1907; True Americanism; African and European Addresses, 1910; African Game Trails, 1910; The New Nationalism, 1910; Realizable Ideals (the Earl lectures), 1912; Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood, 1912; History as Literature, and Other Essays, 1913; Theodore Roosevelt, an Autobiography, 1913; Life Histories of African Game Animals (2 vols.), 1914; Through the Brazilian Wilderness, 1914; America and the World War, 1915; A Booklover's Holidays in the Open, 1916; Fear God, and Take Your Own Part, 1916; Foes of Our Own Household, 1917; National Strength and International Duty (Stafford Little lec-

tures, Princeton Univ.), 1917. Of all his writing the Winning of the West is the most ambitious of his efforts and the one that will have the longest life.

While Police Commissioner we asked him to give us a lecture for the reduction of the church debt. He said he was just finishing a book on which he had been working for years, on the winning of the West, a quotation from which he could give as a lecture. He gave the lecture. In it he began with the moral and mental elements in the making of the new civilization and then spent the rest of the hour on the tremendous importance of the moral and religious elements in the Winning of the West. He paid the highest tribute to the pioneer ministers of all denominations. He said that their movement westward kept pace with the movement of the frontier, that they shared all the hardships in the life of the frontiersman, at the same time ministering to that frontiersman's spiritual needs, and seeing that his pressing material cares and the hard and grinding poverty of his life did not wholly extinguish the divine fire within his soul.

Eighth—He achieved wonders in nature study. His knowledge of plant life was miraculous. Theodore Roosevelt knew the name of about every tree in the forest, the kind of bark, stem and leaf that each possessed; the name of every plant and flower, its feature and habit in this country and in others. Almost no hand in the nation spared the woodsman's axe in the destruction of our forests like his. Knowing the value of trees in the preservation of the rivers and fertility of the soil, and protection to wild life; knowing also the value of trees as a source of health companionship and moral training to the people, he set apart one hundred and fifty national forests with

an area of three hundred thousand square miles, five great National Parks, four reservations for big game and twenty-two reservations of American antiquities. The land which during his administration was set apart, to the perpetual happiness and mental and moral benefit of the people, amounted to an area greater than all of Germany. It was but natural that Congress should name one of the greatest National Parks of the world after him. Some of the charming passages in literature are Roosevelt's descriptions of the beauty, the fragrance and the value of flowers.

His knowledge of animal life was just as marvelous as that of the vegetable kingdom. He tells a story himself in his autobiography that when a small boy he saw the head of a seal at the meat market near his house and that he secured it and made it the object of study and basis of the Roosevelt museum, which he and his cousins established with the specimens which they found near at hand. He knew the name, family and habit of nearly all insects, reptiles, fishes, domestic and wild animals, of birds and other creatures in our land and in some other lands. His world-wide travels were largely to increase his knowledge of the plant and animal life that God has created.

From his earliest recollection to the day of his death Theodore Roosevelt was passionately fond of the birds, and for forty years of his life they had no such true and efficient friend as he. President Roosevelt thus paid a tribute to the friendly service rendered by the birds to man: "The cotton boll-weevil, which has recently overspread the cotton belt of Texas and is steadily extending its range, is said to cause an annual loss of about $3,000,000. The Biological Survey has ascertained and given wide publicity to the

fact that at least 43 kinds of birds prey upon this destructive insect. It has discovered that 57 species of birds feed upon scale-insects—dreaded enemies of the fruit grower. It has shown that woodpeckers as a class, by destroying the larvæ of wood-boring insects, are so essential to tree life that it is doubtful if our forests could exist without them. It has shown that cuckoos and orioles are the natural enemies of the leaf-eating caterpillars that destroy our shade and fruit trees; that our quails and sparrows consume annually hundreds of tons of seeds of noxious weeds; that hawks and owls as a class (excepting the few that kill poultry and game birds) are markedly beneficial, spending their lives in catching grasshoppers, mice, and other pests that prey upon the products of husbandry." He secured fifty-one reservations where the wild birds on the wing might find a refuge.

Governor Roosevelt, in a letter to Mr. Frank H. Chapman of the Audubon Society, who had thanked him for signing a bill protecting birds, thus expressed his value of them:

> Half, and more than half, the beauty of the woods and fields is gone when they lose the harmless wild things, while if we could only ever get our people to the point of taking a universal and thoroughly intelligent interest in the preservation of game birds and fish, the result would be an important addition to our food supply. Ultimately, people are sure to realize that to kill off all game birds and net out all fish streams is not much more sensible than it would be to kill off all our milch cows and brood mares.
>
> As for the birds whose preservation is the special object of your Society, we should keep them just as we keep trees. They add indispensably to the wholesome beauty of life. I would like to see all harmless wild things, but especially all birds, protected in every way. I do not understand how any man or woman who really loves nature can fail to try to exert all influence in support of such objects

as those of the Audubon Society. Spring would not be spring without bird songs, any more than it would be spring without buds and flowers, and I only wish that besides protecting the songsters, the birds of the grove, the orchard, the garden and the meadow, we could also protect the birds of the seashore and of the wilderness.

The loon ought to be, and, under wise legislation, could be a feature of every Adirondack lake; ospreys, as every one knows, can be made the tamest of the tame, and terns should be as plentiful along our shores as swallows around our barns. A tanager or a cardinal makes a point of glowing beauty in the green woods and the cardinal among the white snows. When the bluebirds were so nearly destroyed by the severe winter a few seasons ago, it was like the loss of an old friend, or at least like the burning down of a familiar and dearly loved house. How immensely it would add to our forests if only the logcock were still found among them!

The destruction of the wild pigeon and the Carolina paroquet has meant a loss as severe as if the Catskills or the Palisades were taken away. When I hear of the destruction of a species I feel just as if all the works of some great writer had perished; as if we had lost all instead of only part of Polybius or Livy.

At my request, Mr. John M. Parker, a manufacturer of New Orleans, himself a passionate lover of birds, wrote for me the following:

It has been my privilege to know Colonel Theodore Roosevelt intimately for a great many years, not only in Washington, at his home at Sagamore Hill, but on hunting trips in Louisiana and Mississippi, and on investigation trips of the bird islands in the Gulf of Mexico. No more versatile man ever lived. There was hardly a subject of discussion on which he was not well posted, and on the numerous railroad and other trips made with him, his tireless energy and activity were shown by the fact that he was never idle and that when he read he remembered with that wonderful mind of his which seemed instantly to grasp essentials and never forgot. He was a most omniverous reader.

As a naturalist and lover of animals, his intimate knowl-

edge was a surprise to all of those who were thrown in close contact with him. Time after time have I seen this illustrated, and never more strikingly than at my home at Pass Christian, where we found twenty-seven different varieties of bird nests in the yard, among which was that of a crested flycatcher. This bird had already hatched and with its young was in the yard. The Colonel asked whether I had ever made a careful examination of the nest of this bird, as he had never failed to find a snake skin in the hollow which they invariably select for their nest. My reply was, "No, but let's look at this one and see what's in it," and to his great delight when I pulled out the straws and feather, there were two snake skins.

When he made his trip around the various bird islands, men who were naturalists and who had known bird life for years were amazed at his intimate knowledge, not only of every species of birds which we found, but as to their nests, their habits, and even the number of eggs they laid.

He was a splendid woodsman, had an excellent knowledge of direction and was at his best in camp. There was not a single trip on which he did not endear himself to every one, and his thoroughly democratic manner made these trips a pleasure to him and a delight to those who had the privilege of being a member of the party.

In every sense of the word he was one of the cleanest men I ever knew. He was utterly incapable of a dishonest thought; he was an American to the core, and his splendid patriotic life should be an inspiration for generations to come.

HERCULES CONTINUED—HUNTER—EXPLORER—PROGRESSIVE

CHAPTER XVII

HERCULES CONTINUED—HUNTER EXPLORER—PROGRESSIVE

THE ninth miracle of Theodore Roosevelt was his record as a mighty hunter. Hercules excelled in the chase; he put an arrow through the heart of a deer, and killed a lion with his club now and then; but as a hunter of big game he was an amateur when compared with Roosevelt. It is a rule of human nature and of history that the greatest workers have also been the most enthusiastic at play. Roosevelt's hunting trips were both a rest and a tonic to him in his great achievements.

The magnitude of the hunting spirit in him can be seen in the fact that eight books, or almost one-fourth of all that he wrote, are devoted to hunting or game. How proud he was as a boy at Harvard when he killed his first deer in the Adirondacks, and of its head which he put up in his room as a trophy. He tells this story of the killing of his first grizzly as recorded by Halstead in his life of Roosevelt:

> When in the middle of the thicket we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, passed by the upright stem of a great pine. As soon as he was by it, he sank suddenly on one knee, turning half-round, his face fairly aflame with excitement;

and as I strode past him, with my rifle at the ready, there, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the great spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew exactly where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches sideways to us. Then he saw us and dropped down again on all fours, the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders seemed to bristle as he turned toward us. As he sank down on his forefeet I had raised the rifle; his head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white head fairly between his small glittering evil eyes I pulled the trigger.

Half rising up, the huge beast fell over on his side in the death throes, the ball having gone into his brain, striking fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule. The whole thing was over in twenty seconds from the time I caught sight of the game; indeed, it was over so quickly that the grizzly did not have time to show fight at all or come a step toward us. It was the first I had ever seen, and I felt not a little proud, as I stood over the great brindled bulk, which lay stretched out at length in the cool shade of the evergreens. He was a monstrous fellow, much larger than any I have seen since, whether alive or brought in dead by the hunters. As near as we could estimate (for of course we had nothing with which to weigh more than very small portions) he must have weighed about twelve hundred pounds.

After this he had more tragical experiences and narrow escapes, in one of which an angry beast rushed upon him so suddenly that, catching the limb of a tree, he swung over the back of the grizzly and thus saved his life. In his African Game Trails he gives this account of his killing of the first and second lions in one day:

Right in front of me, thirty yards off, there appeared from behind the bushes which had first screened him from my eyes, the tawny, galloping form of a big maneless lion. Crack! the Winchester spoke; and as the soft-nosed bullet ploughed forward through his flank the lion swerved so that I missed him with the second shot; but my third bullet

went through the spine and forward into his chest. Down he came, sixty yards off, his hind quarters dragging, his head up, his ears back, his jaws open and lips drawn up in a prodigious snarl, as he endeavored to turn to face us. His back was broken; but of this we could not at the moment be sure, and if it had merely been grazed, he might have recovered, and then, even though dying, his charge might have done mischief. So Kermit, Sir Alfred Pease, and I fired, almost together, into his chest. His head sank, and he died.

He makes this mention also of the killing of the second lion that same day:

I was still unable to see the lion when I knelt, but he was now standing up, looking first at one group of horses and then at the other, his tail lashing to and fro, his head held low, and his lips dropped over his mouth in peculiar fashion, while his harsh and savage growling rolled thunderously over the plain. Seeing Simba and me on foot, he turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker. Resting my elbow on Simba's bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger; the bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one foreleg in the air. He recovered in a moment and stood up, evidently very sick, and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I think he was on the eve of charging. I fired again at once, and this bullet broke his back just behind the shoulders; and with the next I killed him outright, after we had gathered round him.

R. J. Cunningham, Colonel Roosevelt's hunting companion in East Africa, tells this story of the killing of a huge elephant:

The Colonel was determined to get an elephant, and a tusker at that. I told him what that meant, and how much risk there was, but he said he was willing to face it. Well, we found an elephant in a forest on Genia Mountain. We had been hunting for three days, and it was really hard work for a man of the Colonel's bulk in that heat and at that altitude, 11,000 feet. At last I caught sight through a thick bush of an elephant hide and tusk, about thirty-five

feet away, just enough to tell me it was a fine specimen. I pointed it out to the Colonel, and he fired with complete coolness and got the elephant in the ear and dropped him. As the shot went off the forest all around roared with trumpetings. We were in the midst of a herd of cows and young bulls, and one of the latter thrust his head through the bushes right over the Colonel's head. I was right behind him and fired at once and bowled it over. Then I rushed up to the Colonel and said: "Are you all right, sir?" But I could see he was before I spoke. He hadn't turned a hair. At any moment the cows might have blundered through the bush over us, but he never thought of that. He went up to the old chap he had killed and gave it the *coup-de-grâce*, and then let himself loose. I never saw a man so boyishly jubilant.

With the utmost courage, with his companions he hunted and slew the most dangerous wild beasts known to man, such as lions, rhinos, buffalos, elephants, and leopards. Some of his experiences were thrilling and the escapes narrow. We have in our family a trophy of this African hunting trip, a paper-knife made out of the skin of one of the rhinos Mr. Roosevelt killed himself, which he sent as a wedding present to our daughter with a beautiful letter of congratulation written in his own tiny handwriting. The knife looks exactly as though it were made of yellow celluloid.

Colonel Roosevelt went to Africa, not only as a hunter of big game, but also as a lover of nature and an explorer, to secure scientific facts for permanent record.

Primarily he went out under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington to secure specimens of fauna and flora of that continent, and our Hercules planned the expedition in great magnitude, taking with him as companions scientific men to collect, secure, prepare and transport these specimens.

Besides he had an army of between three and four hundred savages. The nature and extent of the expedition of this modern Hercules can be seen by the following official report to the government:

KHARTUM, March 15, 1910.

To the Hon. Charles Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian:

SIR: I have the honor to report that the Smithsonian African expedition which was entrusted to my charge has now completed its work. Full reports will be made later by the three naturalists, Messrs. Mearns, Heller and Loring. I send this preliminary statement to summarize what has been done; the figures given are substantially accurate, but may have to be changed slightly in the final reports.

We landed at Mombasa on April 21, 1909, and reached Khartum on March 21, 1910. On landing we were joined by Messrs. R. J. Cunningham and Leslie J. Tarlton; the former was with us throughout our entire trip, the latter until we left East Africa, and both worked as zealously and efficiently for the success of the expedition as any other member thereof.

We spent eight months in British East Africa. We collected carefully in various portions of the Athi and Kapiti plains, in the Sotik and round Lake Naivasha. Messrs. Mearns and Loring made a thorough biological survey of Mt. Kenia while the rest of the party skirted its western base, went to and up the Guaso Nyero, and later visited the Guas Ngishu region and both sides of the Rift valley. Messrs. Kermit Roosevelt and Tarlton went to the Laikipia Plateau and Lake Hamington, and Dr. Mearns and Mr. Kermit Roosevelt made separate trips to the coast region near Mombasa. On December 19th the expedition left East Africa, crossed Uganda and went down the White Nile.

North of Wadelai we stopped and spent over three weeks in Lado, and from Gondokoro Mr. Kermit Roosevelt and I again crossed into the Lado, spending eight or ten days in the neighborhood of Rejaf. At Gondokoro we were met by the steamer which the Sirdar, with great courtesy, had put at our disposal. On the way to Khartum we made collections at Lake No and on the Bahr-el-Ghazel and Bar-el-Zeraf. We owe our warmest thanks for the generous courtesy shown us and the aid freely given us not only

by the Sirdar, but by all the British officials in East Africa, Uganda and the Sudan and by the Belgian officials in the Lado, and this, of course, means we are also indebted to the home governments of England and Belgium.

On the trip Mr. Heller has prepared 1,020 specimens of mammals, the majority of large size; Mr. Loring has prepared 3,163 and Dr. Mearns 714, a total of 4,897 mammals. Of birds, Dr. Mearns has prepared nearly 3,100, Mr. Loring 899 and Mr. Heller about 50, a total of about 4,000 birds. Of reptiles and batrachians, Messrs. Mearns, Loring and Heller collected about 2,000. Of fishes, about 500 were collected. Dr. Mearns collected marine fishes near Mombasa and fresh water fishes elsewhere in British East Africa, and he and Cunningham collected fishes in the White Nile. This makes in all of vertebrates: Mammals, 4,897; birds, about 4,000; reptiles and batrachians, about 2,000; fishes, about 500; total, 11,397.

The invertebrates were collected carefully by Dr. Mearns, with some assistance from Messrs. Cunningham and Kermit Roosevelt.

A few marine shells were collected near Mombasa and land and freshwater shells throughout the regions visited, as well as crabs, beetles, millipeda and other invertebrates. Several thousand plants were collected throughout the regions visited by Dr. Mearns, who employed and trained for the work a Wunyamuezi named Makangarri, who soon learned how to make very good specimens and turned out an excellent man in every way.

Anthropological materials were gathered by Dr. Mearns with some assistance from others; a collection was contributed by Major Ross, an American in the government service at Nairobi.

I have the honor to be,

Very truly yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In 1913 Mr. Roosevelt made a tour of South America in the interest of literature and political science. And in 1914 he went back to South America to deliver some lectures and make a tour of explorations which he had had in mind for years seeking the undiscovered

portion of the River of Doubt. He explored the River of Doubt for six hundred miles, placing it distinctly upon the map of the world for the first time, for the jungles were so thick that often the exploring party had to cut their path through with axes and the region was so deadly that it is said no white man can live in it. The hero feared nothing, dared every danger, in his determination to find the great geographical fact. In recognition of this discovery the Brazilian government renamed the river, "Rio Teodore" (Theodore River).

TENTH—Mr. Roosevelt after his African hunting trip addressed some of the greatest universities of the world, including those of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Berlin, and received honorary dégrees from Cairo, Christiana, Oxford, Cambridge and Berlin. One of the greatest wonders of the world was the manner in which the audiences, composed of the most distinguished men of the nations, listened to his messages and the credit they gave him for reliable scientific information on the subjects which he treated. His courage led him to say many things at right angles to the sentiment felt by the hosts—as when he rebuked race suicide in his address at the University at Paris. It was while on this trip that he made his celebrated address severely criticizing England's policy in Egypt.

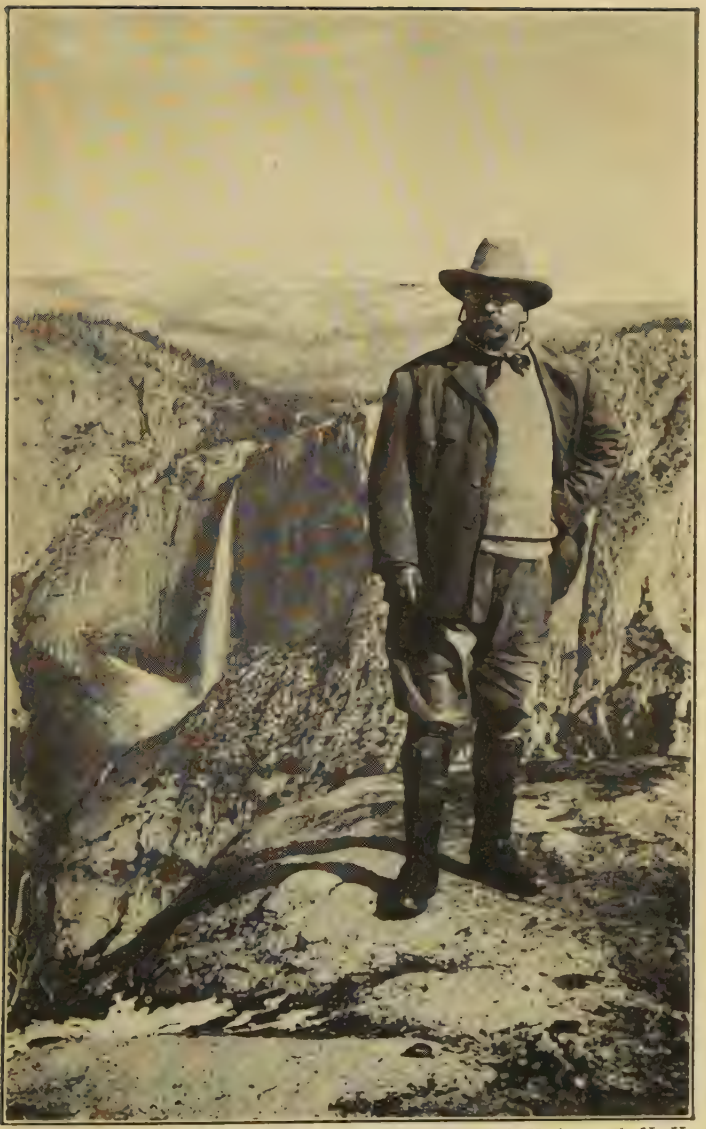
ELEVENTH—He performed the miracle of the progressive campaign. After serving out three years and one-half of President McKinley's unexpired term, Mr. Roosevelt was re-elected President of the United States in 1904 by the largest popular majority which had ever been given a candidate for that office. And retiring from his seven and one-half years of service he announced that he would make a hunting trip to

Africa and collect specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. In response to a letter protesting that such a trip had in it so many perils that I hoped he would not make it, and insisting that a life so valuable as his to his country should not be subjected to such extraordinary perils, he wrote me that there were several reasons for his trip. He had long desired such a hunting trip for big game; and he was also anxious to gather scientific data with reference to the animal and plant life of that continent.

He said that he had been instrumental in the nomination and election of Mr. Taft and that he thought it would be a fair thing to the new administration, and to the people who had elected it, to get out of the country and a long way from it and leave no grounds for believing that he had anything whatever to do with the administration.

On his return from the hunting trip in Africa the reception accorded him was one of the most stupendous and glorious ever given to any man. But he found that the Republican party was getting into a snarl, that the insurgents were increasing in number and influence. He refused to take sides openly for quite a while, but at last sided with the insurgents and became the candidate of that faction for the nomination for the Presidency in 1912 against President Taft, making his famous statement, "My hat is in the ring."

The party machinery, however, was in the hands of the regular faction, and in the seating of contesting delegations, the Republican National Committee created a majority for Mr. Taft. The insurgents left the convention hall in Chicago in a body and went over to the Orchestra Hall, where the Progressive party was officially organized as a protest against the



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ROOSEVELT, THE AMERICAN, AMID AMERICA'S RUGGED GRANDEUR,
YOSEMITE, SPRING OF 1903.

action of the Republican committee. This was in June.

The fifth day of August was set as the time for a national Progressive convention, and at that convention Theodore Roosevelt was named for the Presidency, to run against Mr. Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, leading the Democrats, and Taft, running to succeed himself.

Toward the close of Mr. Roosevelt's administration I said to the President, "Hosts of friends over the country want you to run again; your hold upon the leadership of the Republican party is absolute. Your closest friends want to know whether you desire to run again." He replied, "I meant exactly what I said the night I was elected, that I would not be a candidate to succeed myself. I have had all the honor there is in the office, I have accomplished much of what I undertook to do, and the people have treated me with such consideration and affection that I am willing now to yield my office to some one else." He continued, "Besides, I am very, very fond of nature, and would like to pursue extensively my nature study. I am very, very fond of reading and of writing books. I should like to spend some solid years in the field of literature. I am very fond of hunting and would like to have longer periods of rest and recreation in that way. No, I shall not run again. I am positive on that subject, and you are welcome to say to all the boys that are closest to you that I am in earnest and will not take the nomination."

Then he paused, and with a voice somewhat softened he said, "I will tell you this in strictest confidence. There is only one condition under which I could ever be induced to enter the race for the Presidency again." Deeply anxious, I inquired, "And what is

that?'' He answered, ''Frankly this. If the Republican party were ever to go back on the progressive policies which are so necessary to the highest prosperity of the country, and to which I have devoted my life, if it should become necessary I might be compelled to take the field again and try to keep the party in the right track. I do not expect any such condition to arise. I have every reason to believe that the leaders of the party recognize the wisdom and the virtue of the policies for which the party now stands; that they will not reverse it and invite party defeat and national injury. I do not want it to occur. If things go well, as I fully expect them to do, I shall give the rest of my life up to the pursuits and joys of civil life, at the same time doing everything in my power for the happiness and prosperity of my fellow-countrymen.''

Seated on the porch at Sagamore Hill after the Progressive convention had been held in Chicago in August, 1912, he called my attention to what he had said to me in the White House, and said, ''Precisely the thing I had hoped would not occur has occurred, and I feel compelled under the circumstances to enter the field again.'' I said to him, ''I am so sorry you did not get the nomination of the Republican convention. You no doubt felt justified in running independently as a protest against what you counted a wrong, but to me the chances for your success seem slim. The Republican party that has ruled the country for fifty years is split in two. The Democrats are strong. You have no press, no party organization, no party history, no party loyalty to begin with, where millions of votes are required. But I intend to follow you in this new movement. It breaks my heart to sever party ties, but I have found you right and

safe as a leader and I am going in the boat with you. I do not know where I am going, but I know I am going somewhere, and I am going somewhere mighty fast."

At this he broke out into a loud, hearty laugh and said, "Right you are, my friend, we are all going somewhere, and we are going there mighty fast."

"Now tell me," I continued, "for you can see so much further than the rest, is there a ghost of a chance of winning out?"

"It is so early in the contest," he replied, "that it is impossible to foretell with any certainty, but I consider we have a fighting chance."

"Will you get a single electoral vote?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, "a good many of them." He continued, "The race is between Wilson and myself; if Wilson shall lead me I will be a very decent second." And so he was with his four million, one hundred and twenty-six thousand and twenty, to Mr. Wilson's six million, two hundred and eighty-six thousand, two hundred and fourteen votes, which was one of the most monumental personal victories any man ever had.

During this campaign perhaps the most heroic act of his life was performed. It was when he made a speech of half-an-hour's length just after he had been shot by an assassin in Milwaukee, October 14, 1912. John Schrank, who had followed him from city to city with the intention of killing him, waited for the Colonel's car at the depot in Milwaukee, and as he was about to enter an automobile to go to the meeting, pointed a pistol at his heart. Just then the crowd commenced to yell, "Hello, Teddy!" and the Colonel threw up his hand in recognition, as was his custom, raising the gun out of its course, which sent

the bullet through his spectacle case in his breast-pocket, through the manuscripts of several speeches which he had in his pocket, the web of his suspenders, and was deflected from his heart, which would certainly have been pierced had it not been for the wave of the Colonel's hand.

Of course the friends insisted on driving the Colonel to a hospital and calling the meeting off. He would not listen to the proposition, but ordered the chauffeur to drive to the hall at once. When he came upon the platform of the hall his friends fairly fought him to keep him from making his speech, but he waved them back with his strong arms and said he would make the speech and that the wound could be looked after later. He would not even allow a surgeon to examine the wound. He began his speech by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will pardon me if I cut my remarks somewhat short, as the fact is I have been shot." Some people laughed and some jeered, and most of them were startled beyond measure at the announcement. In the part of the speech referring to himself he said:

"I do not care a rap about being shot, not a rap. The bullet is in me now, so that I cannot make a very long speech. But I will try my best. First of all I want to say this about myself. I have altogether too many important things to think of to pay any heed or feel any concern over my own death. Now I would not speak to you insincerely within five minutes of being shot. I am telling you the literal truth when I say that my concern is for many other things.

"I want you to understand that I am ahead of the game anyway. No man has had a happier life than I have had—a happy life in every way. I have been able to do certain things that I greatly wished

to do, and I am interested in doing other things." His voice became somewhat weak at the last, but he finished the speech as he had intended to make it. The annals of human heroism scarcely furnished a parallel to this, standing in his shoes full of blood and delivering a speech to the living which in all possibility or probability would be his death message. This one act of heroism equals all of the labors of the ancient Hercules put together.

When the World War came into view, feeling the necessity of dropping all partisan considerations, he returned to the Republican party, rolling up his sleeves and working vigorously for Mr. Hughes for the Presidency. He said to me that he never allowed any personal grievance to interfere with his actions for the public good, and that as the life of the nation was at stake he buried all grievances and was willing to take the hand of fellowship of those who had prevented his nomination. And the very men who had "steam-rollered" him joined with the progressive faction of the party in entrusting to his hands the national leadership of the Republican party. It is a question which is the greater victory, to have made such a record as a progressive candidate or to have manifested the magnanimity which he did toward those in his party who had opposed him so bitterly.

Mr. Roosevelt, while a strict partisan, was above all a patriot. When he headed the Progressive ticket many Democrats voted for him. As a rule the rank and file of the Democrats of this country always had the highest respect for Mr. Roosevelt and large numbers of them loved him. At the time of his death the Democrats of the nation seemed to have suffered as deep sorrow as the Republicans.

TWELVE—He was a giant in the World's War. Theodore Roosevelt was responsible for stirring up the national spirit in the only wars we have had since Lincoln's time, the Spanish-American and the present World War. More than any other man, he realized that the devastation of Belgium and the sinking of the *Lusitania* were crimes against humanity and our own government and demanded that they be avenged at whatever cost. His tremendous intellect caused the nation, which desired peace and was determined to have it, to realize that there was a just cause for war for the preservation of the honor and life of our own nation and the liberty and peace of the world. He showed his patriotic faith by his work in giving all he had to the success of this conflict, and in one of his last messages to the public he said, "There is room in this country for but one flag."

The Hercules of mythology had his faults, but the world has not time or disposition to look or dwell upon them. It only remembers his mighty power, his rugged virtue and his love and service for his country.

Theodore Roosevelt had his faults, certainly he did, for he was human; only one man ever lived who was without fault, and He was God. It was the singularly human element, that was liable to err, that made him so immensely popular. A faultless angel could never have gotten elected to any office which Colonel Roosevelt ever filled. The people want some one like themselves, capable of getting mad once in a while when it is necessary, and of fighting desperately when a just cause arises.

It must be remembered, however, that the things that were most severely criticized in him, and which his closest friends regretted at the time, proved to

be the strongest points in his plans and administration. When he fought the encroachments of the money power two-thirds of the people thought he was driving the nation into bankruptcy. But the people soon learned that he was right, and the rich men themselves said he must go to the front again to save the nation from financial collapse. When everybody was for peace he was for war. After a while the nation found that he was right and it was wrong and followed his advice. Most men saw only one little section of the truth, but he had eyes with which he saw around the whole sphere of truth.

He had faults to be sure, but I was so close to him that I did not see them. He had such a superb personality that I did not stop to see whether he had a twisted little finger nail on his left hand or a mole on his neck. I have not dwelt on his faults; others will likely do that. Some critics may not have their intellect colored with love as mine is; some biographers may have a muck rake in their hand; some may be so prejudiced that they will underestimate him; some will be brutally frank, like Froude in writing of Carlyle, and become his slanderers rather than biographers, but the Theodore Roosevelt I knew had so many strong points and so many virtues that I only have space for these in this record.

Hercules was a very devout man. He was poisoned to death by accident in the very act of worship. Realizing that he had to die he called upon Jupiter for protection. He then coolly prepared for his exit from the world. He erected a large funeral pile on Mount Oeta, and calmly directed Philoctetes to set it on fire when he had ascended it. Jupiter, with the approbation of the gods, suddenly surrounded the pile with smoke, and Hercules, after his mortal parts were

totally consumed, was carried up to heaven in a chariot drawn by four horses, amidst peals of thunder, and his friends raised an altar where the burning pile had stood. His worship became general, and his temples, which were scattered everywhere, were the most magnificent that could be found in the world.

Colonel Roosevelt, quite a while ago, picked out the place in the little cemetery near Sagamore Hill where his mortal remains should lie. I went out to visit the grave of my friend the other day. Close by the grave was a little tent used by the returned soldier boys of Oyster Bay, who guarded this precious dust. The young men told me that on one occasion 5,000 had visited the grave in one day, and that John Burroughs, the celebrated naturalist, and Bill Sewall, Mr. Roosevelt's guide and life-long hunting companion, had visited the grave with deep emotion; and that a representative of the Japanese government had a few days before gone through some ceremony of religious worship and had craved the privilege of carrying a handful of dust, as a sacred relic, back to his home in Japan. The flowers were all faded, the frames that held them were exposed, but their story was there; there was the wreath of the Rough Riders of the West, one of a colored church in the South, one from a French general tied with a French flag, one from his brother Masons, one from the President of the United States, and just under it was a bunch of pussy willows picked by the little children of the Cove School. The faded flowers and leaves were symbols only of the mortal part that rested in the tomb. The spirit of Theodore Roosevelt was taken to heaven in the chariot of righteousness. The evergreens in the cemetery lot, untouched by the frost and snow, were but the symbol of his immortality. While stand-

ing there some voices were heard. This one from the great hero who gave the Christian civilization to Europe and America, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." And then came these words of his Master for whom he suffered martyrdom, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

SAGAMORE HILL

CHAPTER XVIII

SAGAMORE HILL

THE other day I motored out to Sagamore Hill; the visit was very different from earlier ones. The house was closed, the children had gone out into life, the wife who had so much to do with the character, happiness and success of her husband had gone to France to visit the grave of Quentin. As I came up the hill a feeling of insufferable sadness came over me. As I looked at the vacant house from which the strong man had gone and the stillness of the house, once the home of about the happiest and liveliest family in America, my eyes moistened. I felt that I should never see the face of my friend again, or enjoy his sweet companionship in that house and on that porch. But suddenly the spirit of Roosevelt came to me—that of courage and hope. And a light shown about me and I felt that the ground on which I stood was holy ground, because it had been sanctified by his footsteps. I did not feel so much like crying as I did like singing a psalm of thanksgiving that he had ever come into my life and that the world had been so blessed by him. I stopped at the old elm tree at the corner of the porch which the Colonel loved almost as a person, and through whose

beauty and refreshment he so often communed with his Maker. He loved it so dearly, and was so afraid that the storms might hurt it, that he had the great lower branches fastened with iron stays. He called it his weeping elm.

I went around to the other side of the house and looked down into the thick woods where he went so often to chop. And I seemed to hear the strokes of his axe and the crash of the tall tree as it fell. I looked down into the field in which he worked at harvest time as vigorously as any of his farmhands and thought of how he used to toss the hay with his strong arms up to the man on the top of the wagon. I saw the cows in the pasture of which he was so fond. I breathed the perfume of the flowers that were so delicious to him, and listened to the song of the birds that knew him and gave him a continuous serenade. I went down to the stable and there met a very remarkable character, the Colonel's chauffeur, Charles Lee. I knew how much Colonel Roosevelt trusted and loved him and I said to him, "I know a good many things about Mr. Roosevelt, but you were with him so much that I thought you might tell me some things about him I had never heard."

He said to me, "You need not introduce yourself to me, for I have seen you and the Colonel together so often and I will gladly tell you something about him." "Come indoors," he said, "and sit down and I will talk to you." I said to him, "This piece of board that comes out from the wall on the porch is about the right width and height for a writing table, and so if you will give me a chair I will sit down here and make notes on this writing tablet, which I desire to put into the book I am writing on the Colonel."

He went into the garage and came out with a chair

in his hand and set it down by this improvised writing-desk, and as he did so said, "We will begin with the chair in which you are seated. That was the Colonel's favorite study chair. In it he did much of his reading and writing; I think it was the last chair in which he sat downstairs. He said a little while before his death, 'Lee, you have been with me a long time and a true friend; I am going to give you my chair that I love so well, to remember me by.' And that is the chair. It is precious to me. There is not money enough in the Oyster Bay bank to buy it." "Lee, how long were you with the Colonel?" I asked. "Seventeen years," he replied. Then I said, "You were a lucky man and a rich man to have been so close to so great and good a man for such a length of time."

He answered, "I certainly appreciate my opportunities and blessings in my relation to him. My employment with him began while he was in the White House. I was counted quite a driver of horses, and he selected me as his coachman, for they used horses more than cars at that time. I drove a carriage and two horses, except once a year when I drove four horses—on Inauguration Day." I said, "Do you mean to say that you drove him in his carriage on Inauguration Day?" "I certainly did," he replied, "I had four fine black horses and I was the proudest man in Washington as I drove the President that day." "Well, then," I said, "you know something about horses." "Let's go back into the stable here and look at some of the horses." He took me out and showed me a line of empty stalls, saying with a sad voice, "The man that rode them is gone, and it made Mrs. Roosevelt so sad as she looked at the horses the Colonel loved so well that we sold them all.

"Mr. Roosevelt was devoted to his horses; he was a splendid rider—sat to the saddle perfectly—had easy control of his horse and enjoyed riding, as a sport and exercise, amazingly. It was his custom to go riding about every morning at ten o'clock and the madam rode with him. He never seemed so happy as when he was with Mrs. Roosevelt, and never happier than when they went out together on these morning rides which lasted usually a couple of hours. While at Washington, the President did a large amount of cross-country riding; in fact, he went regularly in the mornings. The landowners had given him the right of way to cross their fields and woods at will, and so he started out and jumped the fences and the little streams and galloped over every obstacle. He had three fine jumpers down there, their names were Blinestine, Rusty and Ordgy. Blinestine was one of the finest jumpers in America. He had as much fun in getting over the high fences as the rider did—and that was a good deal. All the horses loved their owner, but this greatest jumper loved the very ground he walked on, and would not let him get out of his sight if he could help it. The President would get off of Blinestine and the horse would follow him everywhere. He would not even stop to nip grass if he could have a chance to be with the Colonel."

"You said you sold all these horses and these stalls are empty?" I said. "How about this little pony in the stall?" "Oh," said he, "that is the pony the boys rode and loved. He seems like a member of the family. Mrs. Roosevelt will keep him as long as he lives in memory of the children and the good times he gave them. While all the boys rode him he belonged to Archie. There is this funny story about him. Archie was quite sick at the White House. His

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THE COLONEL'S TRIP TO WYOMING.

younger brother Quentin thought that a look at Algonquin, which was the name of the pony, would do him good. And so he got him on the dumbwaiter, hoisted him up to the story where Archie was, and walked the pony into the room. It is said that the visit of the pony did the sick boy as much good as a doctor or medicine. The pony is a perfect little beauty, covered with white spots. His long mane is as white as snow and soft as silk. He seemed to me to look sad, as thought he were half-acquainted with the tragedies that had befallen the boys since the days in which he had given them so much fun. It is said that after Quentin's death the Colonel was found in this stall one day with his arms around the pony's neck crying like a child at the sad, sweet memories.

"Where are those dogs that I used to read about and the Colonel used to talk so much about?" I asked. "The Colonel had five of them," he replied, "and every day, when he went out on his walk or to his chopping, he would call at the door and they all would come rushing gladly to him. They got to fussing so much among themselves that the Colonel let them all go, but one black-and-tan terrier." "Is he around?" I asked. And he called, "Shady! Shady! Come here, Shady!" And the little fellow, looking every inch a thoroughbred, came close to my chair and treated me just as though he knew I were a friend of his master's.

The chauffeur said, "That little fellow followed the Colonel everywhere that he went. He never went to the woods, or for a walk, or for a bath that he did not go with him and stay with him till he returned. He was his bodyguard. It may be that he was afraid somebody would hurt him, and he would be there to defend him, but it is most likely that he just loved

him as every creature did." "Let's look around the place a little," I suggested. And he pointed to the boxes on the trees and said, "The Colonel put them up as houses for the birds. You notice there a small one with a little hole in it for tiny birds. There is one there with the door for larger ones, and the one yonder you see is for birds that are still larger. You never saw a man in the world so fond of birds as he was. He fed them and talked with them and petted them just as though they were people."

As we walked around to the front of the house at the corner opposite the elm tree, there was a large box with glass windows which was a shelter for many birds especially in winter. Mr. Roosevelt came out every day to that house and fed the birds. They seemed so happy as they flew in out of the cold, and stood on perches where they could lean against the glass and warm themselves in the sun. I stopped on the porch and looked down the grassy slope of the woods that skirted it and saw some of the same birds that he knew. I heard them sing the songs that made him so happy, and I thought of what he said in his autobiography about them.

He had just returned from England where Sir Edward Grey, the noted naturalist, had taken him on a long journey to a deep forest, where they had counted over forty different species of birds and heard at least two-thirds of them sing. This is what he says "On the evening of the first day I sat in my rocking-chair on the broad veranda, looking across the sound toward the glory of the sunset. The thickly grassed hillside sloped down in front of me to a belt of forest from which rose the golden, leisurely chiming of the wood thrushes, chanting their vespers; through the still air came the warble of vireo and tanager; and

after nightfall we heard the flight song of an ovenbird from the same belt of timber. Overhead an oriole sang in the weeping elm, now and then breaking his song to scold like an overgrown wren. Song-sparrows and catbirds sang in the shrubbery; one robin had built its nest over the front and one over the back door, and there was a chippy's nest in the wistaria vine by the stoop. During the next twenty-four hours I saw and heard, either right around the house or while walking down to bathe, through the woods, forty-two birds." And then he gave the names of them.

I saw some children around the place who belonged to the home of the faithful gardener, Mr. Gillespie. They were very fond of the Colonel and had reason to be. They used to follow him down into the woods when he cut the big trees down. One day they were where he was at work and he said to them, "Children, gather up these chips and get some dry sticks and start a fire, then go get some potatoes and corn and roast them. That's the way my children did, and they had piles of fun." So they picked up the chips, started a fire, had their camp cooking, and enjoyed their meal. And when they had finished it, they said, "Mr. Roosevelt, we never had so much fun in our lives." At every Christmas time he called the Gillespie children to him and gave them a Christmas present, and he always asked their mother to find out what they wanted, and he got just exactly what they asked for. I was told this incident the day I was out at Sagamore Hill by one to whom the Colonel related it.

One Christmas, the gardener's daughter, Isabel, six years old, sent in her request for a bowl of goldfish. The Colonel was afraid he would have difficulty in

getting the fish out to Sagamore Hill in the winter time, and in time for Christmas, but he said that Isabel wanted it and she should have it if it was possible for him to get it. So he went to the store, bought the fish, selected the globe in which they were to swim, drew out his money to pay for them and said, "Just send them out to Sagamore Hill."

The man gasped, "Why, Colonel, we can't. The water will freeze on the way out and kill them." The Colonel did not know what to do and said that in all of his perplexing problems that was one of the toughest to solve. But he made up his mind that that little girl wanted the goldfish, and that his specialty in life had been to overcome obstacles. And so he had the man put the fish in the bowl, packed it around with him as he did the rest of his shopping and under difficulties at every step he managed to get Isabel's goldfish out home for Christmas.

Colonel Roosevelt did not want to stay in the hospital this last Christmas, and so Lee took his car down and brought him home, and he said, "Oh, my! How good it is to get home." And that very afternoon he sent for the four Gillespie children and gave them each a present with some kind words of greeting and advice, and the very presents they had asked.

I saw some little troughs on the edge of the lawn in which water was put for the birds to drink. The Colonel made it a task of the Gillespie boy to fill these troughs with water each day. The little fellow did so, and on Sunday morning he saw a bright silver dime at the bottom of the water. He thought somebody had lost it and carried it to his mother. The next Sunday there was another dime in the trough. He wondered where it came from. And every Sunday he found his dime. It may be that a little bird

carried it there, or more likely an angel brought the silver piece from heaven and put it in the pool for the boy. Yes. It was an angel that did it, that lover and guardian of American childhood.

The house was closed, but I knew what was inside of it, having felt the summer breezes that swept through it and having been cheered by the blazing logs in the fireplace in winter. I knew what wealth there was in the trophies, what numberless books adorned it, and what precious memories clustered about it. I thought of what the father of the house had said about children in his autobiography in these words: "Books are all very well in their way, and we have them at Sagamore Hill, but children are better than the books. There are many kinds of success in life worth having. It is exceedingly interesting and attractive to be a successful business man, or railroad man, or farmer, or a successful lawyer or doctor, or a writer, or a President, or a ranchman, or the colonel of a fighting regiment, or to kill grizzly bears and lions. But for unflagging interest and enjoyment, a household of children, if things go reasonably well, certainly makes all other forms of success and achievement lose their importance by comparison."

The story of the " 'spress" wagon came to mind, which is thus told in his autobiography: "In my rambles with the children, and when the very smallest pairs of feet grew tired of trudging bravely after us, or of racing on rapturous side trips after flowers and other treasures, the owners would clamber into the wagon. One of these wagons, by the way, a gorgeous red one, had 'Express' painted on it in gilt letters, and was known to the younger children as the ''spress' wagon. They evidently associated the color with the term. Once while we were at Sagamore

something happened to the cherished ''spress' wagon to the distress of the children, and especially of the child who owned it. Their mother and I were just starting for a drive in the buggy, and we promised the bereaved owner that we would visit a store we knew in East Norwich, a village a few miles away, and bring back another ''spress' wagon. When we reached the store, we found to our dismay that the wagon which we had seen had been sold. We could not bear to return without the promised gift, for we knew that the brains of small persons are much puzzled when their elders seem to break promises. Fortunately, we saw in the store a delightful little bright-red chair and bright-red table, and these we brought home and handed solemnly over to the expectant recipient, explaining that as there unfortunately was not a ''spress' wagon we had brought him back a ''spress' chair and ''spress' table. It worked beautifully! The ''spress' chair and table were received with such rapture that we had to get duplicates for the other small members of the family.''

As I stood under the weeping elm, I looked at the building, ample, comfortable, but not stately nor extravagant, and as I did so it seemed to turn into a castle of precious stones, reflecting their dazzling lustre and beauty. It was the love that founded it and lived in it that transformed it into the structure of unspeakable beauty. I thought of the young ranchman and statesman who thirty-three years before married Miss Edith Kermit Carow in St. George's church, London, and brought her to this house and founded this home. The love that established and maintained this home was responsible for fully one-half of Theodore Roosevelt's greatness. In eight cases out of ten a true wife is half of a man's success in any call-

ing in life. I felt that it was this home life with wife and children at Sagamore Hill, as much as anything else, which appealed to the American heart and made him the idol of the homes of the world. This castle of Sagamore Hill sparkled as jewels from the love within it, and also reflected the splendors of an upper world. I am sure he counted Sagamore Hill as the place where heaven and earth came closest together, where they actually touched. This home was a heaven on earth to the master of this house. It is a splendid compliment to the virtue and conscience of the nation that the home on Sagamore Hill should ever be cherished as a sacred shrine.

I looked up to the room where our dear friend died and the window out of which he flew away that cold winter morning, and I wondered whether Quentin did not come with his aeroplane for him to take him home.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S SONS

CHAPTER XIX

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S SONS

WITH the precept and example of such a father and mother it would naturally be expected that Sagamore Hill would give an ideal family to the nation. So deeply did the great patriotic spirit of Theodore Roosevelt sink into the souls of the children, that all four of his sons, one of his sons-in-law and one of his daughters-in-law volunteered in the service of their country in the world war, and the other son-in-law served his country as a member of Congress. The four sons—all that he had —went to the front at the earliest possible moment. All are Harvard men—kindly in spirit, game sports, good riders and sure shots, with splendid characters, intelligent Christian gentlemen; and fighters from way back. There would have been no rope strong enough to have kept those boys, raised on Sagamore Hill, out of the army. In each one was a love for his country stronger than his life.

LIEUT.-COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

Theodore, Jr., not only carries his father's name, but presents many of his father's characteristics. He is not as large as his father was toward the last, and wears no mustache, but in his facial expression, his movements, his warm hand-shake, his polite demeanor and mental virility he reminds one very much of his father. He was born in 1887. He went to Groton

Preparatory School and graduated at Harvard in 1909. He is fond of sport, and accompanied his father on a number of hunting trips in the United States and in Canada.

He married Miss Eleanor Alexander in June, 1910. They have three children—Grace Green, Theodore, Jr., and Cornelius Schaack.

Like many of his New York City ancestors, Theodore, Jr., selected a business life. He first entered the mills of the Hartford Carpet Company; did successful work there and went out to San Francisco to represent the same company. In 1912 he returned to New York, to join the firm of Bernard, Griscom & Company; after two years with them he became a partner of Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler.

Lieut.-Col. Theodore Roosevelt went to France as a Major, in command of the First Battalion, Twenty-sixth Infantry, with the first expeditionary forces in the summer of 1917. Later he was placed in command of the regiment with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was dangerously gassed, but fortunately was brought back to life. He was with his famous regiment in every battle until the last days of the war, when he was wounded by a machine-gun bullet in the leg in the fierce fight in the Argonne Forest. He refused to be taken from the field, however, until his boys had cleaned out the enemy's machine-gun nest that was doing such murderous work.

Then he was taken to the hospital, and at the earliest moment of convalescence he insisted upon going back to the front with his regiment and remained with it until the signing of the armistice.

He returned with his regiment from France early in March. He gave this unstinted praise to the New York and all the American troops: "No young man

can go through the military work that all the drafted men have gone through and not be benefited by it. I have watched these New York men as I brought my own battalion up, and I have seen their baptism of shells and bullets on July 18 at Soissons, when they went in with the French at the time of Foch's first big offensive. I am delighted with the record the American troops have made and trust that in future we shall bear in mind, as a nation, that much could have been saved had we realized in time the necessity of proper preparedness."

Young Col. Theodore Roosevelt, with the name, ability and heroism of his father, attracted the attention of the nation, which saw in him a possible leader and servant of the people. In answer to an almost universal call on the part of his father's friends, he resolved to give up his business career and devote himself to the service of the State.

At a reception to him and his wife, who also served in France, at the Republican Club in New York City, Col. Roosevelt provoked a laugh and hearty cheer when he opened his remarks by saying, "It's bully to be home." He said it was the first time he had spoken in public since he returned from France, and he was proud to speak before a body representing the party around which all the traditions of his family had been woven. He declared he was "delighted" to see so many ladies present.

He told many amusing and serious incidents of the soldiers of his division in and out of the trenches. "While we experienced hard fighting in the Argonne," he said, "most of our time was spent in the small villages back of the lines. Here the men slept in the barns on the hay lofts, with the pigs, cows and rabbits on the first floor. As the commander of the

men I was supposed to get the best accommodation, but I slept in a room with a kindly-faced old cow tied to the thin partition between my billet and the adjoining apartment When the cow slept, I slept, and when she was wakeful, I was wakeful, too. The old French woman at whose house we were quartered complained that the men in the barn made so much noise at night that the pigs and rabbits could not sleep." "Rabbits are good to eat, and they would disappear," he said; "but I know it was impossible for the men to have eaten as many rabbits as the old lady said."

In the closing words of this address he spoke of the two years of clean living upon the part of the boys, and of their return to this country with characters unspoiled. He urged upon the people at home the necessities of aiding in every way the permanent employment of the men, and called upon all good citizens to throw around our former soldiers every moral safeguard to help them to lives of usefulness, happiness and honor.

How like the father the young Colonel was, at the close of his address, drawing a practical moral lesson for the living. Scarcely a letter, magazine article or chapter in a book or message can be found in which his father did not either wind up with a splendid moral lesson for the living or carry it straight through from beginning to end.

Col. Roosevelt's wife had the honor of being the first American woman sent out to war service by the Young Men's Christian Association. She began her work in the canteen in Paris and then was placed in charge of the leave-areas at Aix-le-Bain for our soldier boys.

Speaking of the work among the American soldiers on leave in France, Mrs. Roosevelt said, "The first

thing the workers did was to induce some of the hotel proprietors to open their hotels in the winter, four months ahead of time. They rented the Casino, one of the finest in Europe. We had to take the employees, too," she said, "and among them was a gambling director, perhaps the only employee of that character which the Y. M. C. A. ever had. I cannot say enough for the behavior of our men on leave. Their conduct was extremely good. A more decent, self-respecting body of men cannot be imagined."

Some may have thought that Colonel Roosevelt was too young for any great responsibility, but it must be remembered that he entered public life three years older than his father was when he ran for the mayoralty of New York, and one year older than his father when he took the great task of the Civil Service Commissionership. His heroism and sufferings for the flag, his executive ability in the organization of the American Legion, composed of our soldiers of the world war, and his magnificent spirit in declining the presidency of the organization, which the members insisted upon forcing on him, saying that he would rather stay and be a booster than be the head of it, would have marked him as a natural leader of men if his name had been other than Roosevelt. Democrats as well as Republicans recognized his evident leadership, and he was received in New York as one to be admitted to the councils of the nation and worthy of any office he should himself be willing to accept.

CAPT. ARCHIBALD BULLOCK ROOSEVELT

Capt. Archie Roosevelt is taller and slimmer than the other boys. He has many of his father's endowments and peculiarities, a bright eye, a strong grip

and a kindly spirit. He was born in 1894, had his preliminary education at Groton and Andover and graduated at Harvard in 1917. Previous to his graduation he had gone into the factory of the Hartford Carpet Company, the one in which his older brother had been employed.

In 1917 he was married to Miss Grace Lockwood of Boston. They have one son, Archibald, Jr. Captain Archie attended the Plattsburg Training School, was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Infantry, sailed for France in June, 1917, was commissioned in the Twenty-sixth Infantry, the one in which his brother, Theodore, was the Lieutenant-Colonel, was promoted to Captaincy and was severely wounded in the arm and knee in the Cantigny fighting.

Captain Archie Roosevelt in a foreword to an article in *Everybody's Magazine* for May, 1918, had this to say of his brothers and himself in the war: "All my brothers were in the thickest of the fighting, yet two will safely come back. And while one sleeps in France, he met a soldier's death in battle and died fighting for the principles in which we believe—that is all we can ask. For my own part, I went in as Second Lieutenant of Infantry, was promoted to Captain while in France, had the great good fortune of being cited and decorated, and still have a useful right arm and leg and a fairly useful left arm and leg. All of which is more good luck than I deserve."

Capt. Archie Roosevelt has followed his father's example in his early devotion to literary work. His articles have some of the characteristics of his father. There is that directness of expression which Harvard teaches her sons, there is a clearness of thought which is unmistakable, and there is a vigorous rebuking of what he counts errors and evils and absolute fearless-

ness in doing so, which his father manifested from the beginning to the end of his life. A man who has served and suffered as the Captain has done will make a mighty good citizen.

Captain Roosevelt's misfortune gave him the sad sweet privilege of being with his father and comforting and being comforted by him during the last days of his life, the delicacy of that relation was too sacred for description. A double sorrow fell upon the Captain in the death of his wife's father, whose funeral he had gone to Boston to attend when advised of the death of his own father. The brave boy beat back the sorrow that broke his heart, and lovingly acted as an usher at his father's funeral. The precious memories which he will have of the last services he was permitted to render to his father for himself and the other brave boys that were in the field will be a precious memory to him as long as he shall live.

CAPT. KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Capt. Kermit Roosevelt looks so much like his father did when I first met him twenty-four years ago, that when I saw him, after his return from France, the resemblance was so striking as to soften my heart, and to fill it with holy memories and precious sentiments. As I remember it he is somewhat smaller than his father was then, but the shape of his face, and color of his mustache, worn like his father's, his quick firm step, his keenness to apprehend propositions, to interpret thoughts of others and his swift conclusions, took me back to the man I knew a quarter of a century before.

He was born in 1889. He prepared for college at Groton and graduated at Harvard.

In June, 1914, he married Miss Belle Wyatt Wil-

lard, of Richmond, Va. Their two children are Kermit, Jr., and Joseph Willard. He went to work in Brazil in 1912, spending three years there. He spent two other years in Argentina and Chile, returning to this country about the time the war broke out. He went immediately to the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg.

We were so slow in getting into the war, and he was so anxious to enter it, that he sailed from England in July, 1917, to go with the British Army's Expeditionary Forces in Mesopotamia. Being a student officer at the camp at Plattsburg he would not have been taken amongst the first to go abroad, but with rare initiative he became enrolled as a British soldier and was cited in British dispatches for his service as an English Captain and received the British military cross for bravery in action. But when our own boys got over into France he longed to be with them and under his own flag, and so in July, 1918, he returned to France and was commissioned in the Seventh Field Artillery (75's) Regiment which formed a part of the First Division. He remained with them until January, 1919, at which time they formed a part of the Army of Occupation.

Kermit was like his father, a mighty hunter. He was his father's right hand man in the great African hunting trip in 1909-1910. In his African Game Trails his father thus speaks of his singular history as a hunter: "On this trip Kermit passed his twentieth birthday. While still nineteen he had killed all the kinds of dangerous African game—lion, leopard, elephant, buffalo and rhino." The father gives this description of a rhino hunt which was a wonderful piece of sportsmanship: "Kermit stole down one of the rhino paths, save for which the scrub would have been

practically impenetrable; it was alive with rhinos; Kermit heard several, and Juma, who followed some distance behind, saw three. The stalk took time; and the sun was on the horizon and the light fading when, at over two hundred yards, Kermit took his shot. The first bullet missed, but as for a moment the bull paused and wheeled, Kermit fired again and the second bullet went home. The wounded beast ran, Kermit, with Juma, hard on the trail; and he overtook and killed it just as darkness fell. Then back to camp they stumbled and plunged through the darkness."

In the same book the father describes a tragical fight which Kermit had with a savage leopard which surprised and charged him while he was on a lion hunt. After having shot the beast, which angry from his wound had run down and bitten one of his helpers he found himself charged again and shot the animal when it was almost upon him. It fell dead at his feet. The father was very proud of a huge heavy-mane lion which Kermit had killed and gave a picture of the mammoth man-eater as an illustration in his book.

Kermit Roosevelt in that one year made famous progress in nature study and placed himself among the world's greatest big-game hunters. His courage was not only manifested in the use of the rifle, but also in the use of the camera in the interest of science. His pictures of the dangerous big game in their native haunts, taken at close range, will be appreciated and studied by the students of natural history everywhere.

It was a fortunate thing that Kermit Roosevelt, who was such a delightful and efficient companion to his father on his African tour, should have gone with him on his trip of exploration to the Brazilian wilderness. It was a singularly dangerous, if not a fatal,

trip, and the son had an opportunity amidst all the dangers and sufferings and sickness of the trip to support that strong man, who had held up a nation in his mighty arm. It would be surprising if these years of companionship, of heroism and mutual helpfulness, as well as filial and paternal devotion, had not cemented the hearts of father and son in an unusual manner. The last night of his life as he sat in front of the open fire with Mrs. Roosevelt by his side, after having corrected the proofs of his last editorial, he put a set of proofs in an envelope and adressed them to his son, Captain Kermit, who was in the army abroad.

Capt. Kermit Roosevelt may become a naturalist of note, a politician of sagacity, but he will be a patriotic citizen with an equipment for any responsibility or honor the people may have in store for him.

LIEUT. QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest of the children, was born in 1897. He was prepared for college at Groton, and had the war not intervened he would have graduated at Harvard in the class of 1919. Those who knew him best say that he was very much like his father in action and endowment; that he possessed evidences of the highest genius. Charley Lee, the family chauffeur, told me that he never knew a brighter lad. He said that, when a mere boy, Quentin could see through an automobile almost as well as he could himself; that he understood its parts and their workings. He also told me of a physical and mental feat which he performed at Groton in managing two printing presses at the same time—an act which had never been performed by any other one in the history of the school. He was as rugged in his bravery as he was strong in his mental faculties.

He was only a sophomore in college when the war broke out, but he determined to leave college and enlist, and he could talk or think of nothing else. Sagamore Hill was not far from Mineola, the Government aviation camp, and the bird-men were flying every day in practice over their home. His soul, which had great wings, longed to soar into the air, and to fight for his flag in the most dangerous department of war service.

His father, before giving his consent to his entering this branch of the service, went down to the camp at Mineola, took a place in an aeroplane to make a trip with the pilot and flew over Long Island Sound and its shores for about three-quarters of an hour. He then talked the matter over with Quentin, who was so anxious to go; and he and Mrs. Roosevelt gave their consent. They gave him up to be a bird-man, to fight for his country, knowing that danger would stare him in the face every moment of his active service. Loving him better than they did their own lives, like thousands of other American mothers and fathers, they loved their country still better and gave him up. The supreme sacrifice was theirs as well as his. He went to Mineola for training as an aviator.

Mr. Will H. Hays in an address at Indianapolis said:

"The president of a college the other day told me that he had met Quentin Roosevelt in France a short time before Quentin was killed, that he talked with him about the fact that the four sons of Theodore Roosevelt were all fighting in France, and said, "You have done about your part, Quentin." "Well," this young Roosevelt replied, "we boys thought that it was up to us to practice what father preached."

At a social function, given at Sagamore Hill, where

about one thousand guests were gathered, a daring aviator flew around and around the house and Colonel Roosevelt watched the skillful manner in which the airship was navigated, but never knew, until several days after, that the birdman was his son, Quentin, who, out of love for his father, was recognizing the function. He left for Europe in July, 1917, with the first American flying unit. In a desperate air battle he was killed on the 14th of July, 1918, his plane and body falling over the enemy's lines near the little village of Chambry. The Germans buried him with honor and marked his resting-place

The death of Quentin, the bitterest blow of his life, did not come to his father without warning, for in a dispatch the correspondent of a New York publication advised his office to watch Oyster Bay "for news of ————." The censor cut the dispatch at that point. This was submitted to Mr. Roosevelt, and by a process of elimination Quentin was decided to have been at least injured. "It can't be Ted, and it can't be Archie," said he, "for both are recovering from wounds; it's not Kermit, for he is not in the danger zone at just this moment. So it must be Quentin. However, we must say nothing of this to his mother to-night."

Early the next morning a newspaper reporter of Oyster Bay went out to Sagamore Hill to carry the sad news of Quentin's death. He rang the bell; the Colonel himself came to the door, and, going out on the porch together the awful news was broken. The Colonel walked the porch in silence for a while and then said to the visitor, "But—Mrs. Roosevelt! How am I going to break it to her?" He then turned about and started into the house to perform one of the bravest acts of his life—to tell Mrs. Roosevelt that

Quentin had been killed. And she, with a soul as brave as that of her husband, received the news with supreme heroism. They sent out this joint letter to the world which will be read centuries from now as a specimen of the highest heroism:

Quentin's mother and I are very glad that he got to the front and had a chance to render some service to his country and to show the stuff that was in him before his fate befell him.

In accordance with a plan of the War Department to bring back to their relatives at the close of the war the dead bodies of those who died over the sea, General Pershing cabled Colonel Roosevelt that, if they desired the body of Quentin, it would be removed to America. France meanwhile had paid the fullest honors to the dead aviator. In a letter to General March, Chief of Staff at Washington, Colonel Roosevelt wrote:

Mrs. Roosevelt and I wish to enter a most respectful but most emphatic protest against the proposed course as far as our son Quentin is concerned. We have always believed that

"Where the tree falls,
There let it lie."

We know that many good persons feel entirely different, but to us it is painful and harrowing long after death to move the poor body from which the soul has fled. We greatly prefer that Quentin shall continue to lie on the spot where he fell in battle and where the foeman buried him.

After the war is over Mrs. Roosevelt and I intend to visit the grave and then to have a small stone put up by us, but not disturbing what has already been erected to his memory by his friends and American comrades-in-arms.

With apologies for troubling you,

Very faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

And early in the spring Mrs. Roosevelt carried out the plan which her husband and she had laid, that of visiting Quentin's grave, and receiving every courtesy of the American officers and the French Government, she performed that sacred service in the most quiet and modest manner; and there marked the grave for the attention and inspiration of generations to come. The mother, when she put the flowers on the grave knew that it was not her boy who rested there, but the material body which he wore. Quentin Roosevelt did not come down with his aeroplane, it was only his raiment that he dropped. He continued to fly. He flew like an eagle, fought like an eagle, conquered like an eagle and then flew away above the clouds and to the mountain top beyond the river.

MRS. ETHEL CAROW ROOSEVELT DERBY

Ethel Carow Roosevelt was born in 1891. She received a thorough education in the city of Washington. In one corner of the barn at Sagamore Hill, I saw a trap which was cherished as a precious relic. In it Miss Ethel, when in Washington, drove to and from one of the most important girl's schools in the country. She possessed the attractive qualities of both sides of the house and the training which such a home furnishes, and was the apple of her father's eye, his companion as a romping girl and his help as a mature woman.

She was married in 1913 to Dr. Richard Derby of New York City Two children have been given to them, Richard, Jr., and Edith Carow. When the Colonel came home from the hospital on his last Christmas Day, little Edith ran out to meet him and said, "Oh, grandpa, come in the house and see what Santa Claus has brought!"

Among many of the pictures of the Colonel none seemed more beautiful or eloquent than those in which he appears with his grandchildren. His greatness seems to reach its climax in the tenderness of his expression, as he holds them in his lap or looks into their faces. None is more beautiful than the one in which he holds Archie's baby in his lap, Richard Derby, Jr., and Edith Carow standing by him with the proud mothers in the group. The supreme joy, which he and Mrs. Roosevelt had in their children, was continued in their grandchildren, which they counted as their own.

Lieut.-Col. Richard Derby was one of the most able and successful physicians and surgeons in New York City. He entered the Medical Corps of the army, was commissioned as major, fought throughout the war in the Second Division in France and was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy.

One of the most beautiful of romances is the love, courtship and marriage of Miss Ethel Roosevelt to Dr. Derby. I have the story from a gentleman who knew the facts. He told me that there was a very poor mother at Oyster Bay, who had a son with a deformed foot and that in thinking over some plan of relief for the boy he felt sure that if the matter were brought to Colonel Roosevelt's attention, he would see that the boy had some surgical help. He said that the Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt performed scores, even hundreds of acts of charity about which the public knew nothing, and that such a case would appeal to them at once. He met Colonel Roosevelt one day and told him about this boy. He immediately sent his daughter Ethel down to the house to see the child and talk the matter over with the mother. Miss Ethel reported the facts to her father, who told her to

take the child down to the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, to have the foot operated upon, saying he would pay the bill. She did so and it so chanced that one of the surgeons attending the child was Dr. Richard Derby, up to that time unknown to Miss Ethel. The rest of the story speaks for itself, in a fortunate marriage and happy family. The boy was cured and went out into life without a handicap.

ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT

Alice Lee Roosevelt was born in 1885. Her father was very devoted to her and she idolized him. She was brought up with the other Roosevelt children at the home on Sagamore Hill, and was sister to them all. Mrs. Roosevelt treated her with the same affection and care that she did the rest of the children. She had every educational, moral and social equipment for a life of usefulness, happiness and honor. She was married in the White House on February 17, 1906, to Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati.

Nicholas Longworth was a graduate of Harvard, and the Harvard Law School, a lawyer in Cincinnati. With the exception of two years he had been in 1919 a member of Congress from Cincinnati for sixteen years, and had been known through the nation not only as Colonel Roosevelt's son-in-law, but also as a competent, conscientious and patriotic servant of the people.

Colonel Roosevelt said to me one day, "They would not let me go to war, but I sent four of my sons to the front, each one of whom I love better than my own life, and also the husband of my daughter who seems like my own. There is much more of me in the war, now, than though I were there myself, for these boys are my heart of hearts, they are the life of my life."

I never saw him look so serious and it was the first time he ever looked to me as though he wanted to cry; his words were spoken with such deep emotion. "Colonel," I said to him, "we know that the boys will do brave fighting and we will hope and pray that God will send them back to you." "It is my constant prayer to God," he answered, "that, in His mercy, He will spare them, use them in the battle and then let them come home to us again." He paused a moment and said, "It is not likely that all will come back from such a deadly war, but we will have to leave them in the hands of a good God, Who doeth all things well," he continued, "I am mighty proud of my boys," and pausing a moment he said, "I am just as proud of my splendid girls."

The one who for over seven years presided over the White House with such dignity, grace and genuine hospitality, who was the sunshine of Sagamore Hill, was the mother of Colonel Roosevelt's sons; and they were her jewels.

FRIENDS AT OYSTER BAY

CHAPTER XX

FRIENDS AT OYSTER BAY

OUT at Oyster Bay I spent a day with some of Theodore Roosevelt's old friends and talked with them about him. They told a number of incidents that illustrate Colonel Roosevelt's characteristics. Rev. J. J. Blythe went out to Sagamore Hill one day to see Mr. Roosevelt about the son of one of his members who was in the aviation corps and whose father desired that he should have training in flying in this country instead of in Europe. Mr. Roosevelt answered promptly, "I have not asked a single favor for my own boys and shall not do so. And hence I shall not interfere with reference to the sons of any one else. What the nation wants is men on the other side, and men on the other side at once."

Mr. E. F. Cheshire, the cashier of the Oyster Bay bank, was a warm friend of Mr. Roosevelt. He said the Colonel often came into their bank, where he had his account, and that he invariably removed his hat on entering the door; the reason he did so was that two of the bookkeepers were women and he removed his hat out of deference for them. Though often apparently rough he was one of the politest of gentlemen. Pointing up to the wall of the director's office

the cashier said, "Do you see that?" It was a large portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, with the dedication to the bank written and signed in his own handwriting. Mr. Cheshire said, "I often went out to Sagamore Hill as a notary public to acknowledge some paper or transact some business in connection with the bank, and one of the last times I went out there he said to me, 'Cheshire, how old are you?' I told him my age and he said, 'Have you a family?' I replied, 'A wife and children.' He said, 'You ought to be in the war, you splendid, able-bodied man. You ought to be on the other side fighting with my boys at the front.' His whole soul was wrapped up in the war, and he could not think of anything else or talk about anything else."

Mr. W. L. Marsh, the station agent of the Long Island Railroad at Oyster Bay, for many years handled Colonel Roosevelt's private and official telegrams and business of every kind connected with the local station. He told a number of incidents illustrating the admirable traits of the Colonel's character. This was one of them: "Once in the presence of quite a large delegation of big men in national and State affairs I saw him place his hand on the shoulder of a poor, good, honest fellow-citizen and say, 'By George, this man is my friend! Gentlemen, I love to lean on just such men.'" Was there ever a truer illustration of one of the greatest elements of Theodore Roosevelt's success, his absolute faith in the common people and his firm reliance upon them in his public undertakings?

Colonel Roosevelt knew nearly every person in Oyster Bay by name and called very many of them by their first names, but this power of memory he possessed in so remarkable a degree that he remem-

bered the faces and names of tens, of hundreds of thousands. Mr. Marsh recalled an incident illustrating Colonel Roosevelt's willingness to correct a mistake when made. He gave a recommendation to a man who he thought was a person of ability and honor, but he found afterward that the man was untrustworthy. He immediately sent word to the man that he had been mistaken in his estimate of him, that he had evidence that made it impossible for him to commend him and demanded the destruction of the recommendation which he had given him. The incident also illustrates Mr. Roosevelt's absolute integrity.

Rev. Geo. W. Roesch, a former minister of Oyster Bay and a warm personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, said that the Colonel told him that during the previous year, with the help of secretaries, he had answered twenty-five thousand letters, twenty-five hundred of which were invitations to speak in public. This story illustrates Mr. Roosevelt's prodigious capacity for work. History does not furnish his superior. As a tireless worker he wrought more years with more correct methods, with deeper intensity and with larger meaning than any other man of our time. The incident also shows how immensely popular he was and how the people craved his personal presence and service. Rev. Roesch told also this anecdote which, he says Mr. H. M. V. Summers is responsible for. It is this: About seventeen years before the famous African hunting trip the Colonel was having some repairs made at Sagamore Hill. The work done by one of the mechanics was not progressing in the manner he intended and he drew attention to the work. The response was short and sharp, "I take my orders from the boss." Roosevelt, therefore, saw the contractor and the work was soon changed. On his return from

Africa, seventeen years later, citizens of Long Island and New York City attended the mighty hunter's reception at Sagamore Hill. On the long reception line among others, was the before-mentioned mechanic. He shook hands with the Colonel, received a few appropriate words, and passed on. He had gone, however, but a few steps, when Roosevelt reached after him, pulled him back and demanded with his hearty chuckle, "Say, do you still take your orders from the boss."

This anecdote reveals that never-failing memory, and also that kindly forgiving spirit, that were cardinal Roosevelt traits.

Rev. Warren I. Bowman, of Brooklyn, the former pastor of the Methodist Church at Oyster Bay, remembered many incidents which open new windows on some of the beautiful phases of Mr. Roosevelt's character. Some of them I give here in his own language. Reverend Bowman said:

Colonel Roosevelt was very, very fond of the people of Oyster Bay. He showed his regard for them by giving to them an annual reception at Sagamore Hill. The receptions were democratic in the highest degree. He let it be understood that everybody was invited; he also sent special notices of invitation to be read from the various pulpits and asked the pastors to emphasize the notice and urge the people to come out to his house. It was the gala day of all the year to the village. The reception began at four o'clock in the afternoon. After a season of most delightful social entertainment, President Roosevelt made his neighbors an address of some kind—social, moral, economic or sometimes political, but always non-partisan. Then Mrs. Roosevelt would serve refreshments, and the people were happy and grateful beyond all description.

During his term as President the citizens of Oyster Bay gave him a reception as he went to Washington and when he came back. These were usually held at the depot. I shall never forget the one we gave him as he went to Wash-

ington for the last time during his term. He was very fond of music and our male chorus led the singing. He addressed us in tender words and then we sang, "God Be with You till We Meet Again." Tears filled his eyes. I have been with him often, but I never saw him cry before. The tears that filled his eyes, fell down in big drops on his cheeks, and the whole audience was melted with emotion. It certainly seemed that God was there and would be with him till we met him again.

He had an inner circle, a closer brotherhood; he was a loyal member of the Masonic fraternity and the greatest occasions of the year were when he attended the lodge. He always spoke to us on some morally healthful theme. I remember well what he said on one of those occasions: "Brothers, I feel it my greatest privilege and duty, and it gives me supremest joy, to help one who is striving to advance and to live the life that he should live. But," he continued, "where, however, I find one who is given to wrong-doings and professes to be good I strike him with all the power that is in me." After the address I commended what he said, and he replied: "Dr. Bowman, I absolutely have no use for a man who is a counterfeit."

I witnessed a piece of heroism which will match his bear and lion hunts. It was on a hot Fourth of July, when five thousand people had gathered in an open lot to hear him make a speech. He had just started in to make his address and a fearful thunderstorm, with pelting rain, broke upon the company. The water came down in bucketsful. Some had brought umbrellas and raised them; some of the friends undertook to hold an umbrella over the speaker's head, but he waved them away and kept on as though nothing were happening. He continued speaking for about half an hour until he had said what he intended to say. He was drenched to the skin and so were many others, for almost nobody in that five thousand was coward enough to leave with such an example set by the leader of the nation. He did not act as though he had played the hero in any degree, nor did he apologize for giving so many thousands a ducking; he had only done what he thought was his duty, had only delivered a message which he had felt called upon to bring them.

Mr. Roosevelt was very fond of fishing, swimming and boating. One summer I took some boys camping down on

Long Island Sound on the shore near that of Sagamore Hill. Colonel Roosevelt was a diligent, enthusiastic, successful fisherman, and his children took to the water as ducks do. I remember well one fishing trip I had with Quentin, then eight or nine years old, and Archie, who was older. The brightness and the wit of the boys delighted and entertained me.

Colonel Roosevelt was a fine swimmer. His daughter, Ethel, often came down with him to the sound for a swim. One afternoon I saw Mr. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel plunging into the water and making a race for the float some distance out on the sound. It was a close race, each reaching the goal about the same time. Miss Ethel dived from the float and swam about it for fifteen or twenty minutes. Meanwhile the Colonel walked back and forth on the float apparently in a brown study. I suspected he was preparing some great message or speech. When his daughter had finished her swim, he banished his serious thoughts and resumed the sporting spirit, and the two dived together and made a race back to the shore.

He was a fine oarsman; he had powerful arms; they were well skilled, and he made his boat fairly skip through the water. I am pretty strong myself and apt in handling the oars. One day I was out with my boat and, as was his custom, Mrs. Roosevelt and he were out in his boat, and I said to myself, "I will pass him," and so I hurried and got pretty nearly up with him and he looked back and noticed that I was racing him. He stuck his oars into the water, multiplied the stroke at a wonderful rate and the gap between was widened. He looked back at me laughingly, as much as to say, "Young man, you must grow a little older before you can pass me."

He was very deeply interested in the temporal as well as spiritual interest of the churches of Oyster Bay. All the churches of whatever denomination were aided by him financially when any project was at hand.

Rev. George Farrar, a former Methodist pastor of Oyster Bay, told me that, when certain improvements were made, Colonel Roosevelt gave him a check for $50.00, and also gave him a lecture of his hunting trip in Africa which netted the church something like

$100.00. I went out from New York to hear that lecture. I listened to the thrilling incidents of a man killed this way and that, of the stealing of one of his negro helpers one night by a crocodile which slipped up into the camp and went off with him down into the water, and as he was about closing his address I said to him, "Colonel, you did not tell about that close shave you had with that lion?" He answered, "Which one? We had several." I said, "That big man-eating lion that charged you and which you stopped just in time to keep him from getting you." "Oh!" he said, "Yes, a large fierce male lion came toward me. I could not see the beast, but his long tail reached up above the high grass, and at every leap I could see the tail coming closer to me, till at last I found he certainly was wanting to have some business with me, and I was just as anxious to have it with him. And when he got close enough I let him have the bullet, and he fell." Then he paused and his eye twinkled with the humor which was always running over in him. He said, "My old friend here has come out to hear me to-night and you perceive that he knows more about my hunting trip in Africa than I do myself."

Rev. George E. Talmage, rector of the Episcopal church in Oyster Bay and a close personal friend of Colonel Roosevelt, contributed to *The Churchman* an article which contained material he thought I might desire. This is the story:

While Colonel Roosevelt occupied a modest pew near the door, the people of the parish always knew when he was there, which was generally every Sunday morning. If he were not there, they knew it was a case of sickness or absence from Oyster Bay. No guests kept him home from church; if they did not wish to accompany him, they amused themselves alone while he attended church. He might have

got more profit from a book or from his own meditations in the woods, but he felt it his duty to attend church to worship God. Said a man to him one day: "I can worship God just as well in the woods." His reply was to the point: "Doubtless you can; but no one will suspect you of it." During the "gasless" Sundays last fall, when many made the requirements an excuse for staying home, he set the example of loyalty by walking three miles from Sagamore Hill to the village church and back home again. And this, by the way, was shortly after his return from a serious operation which affected his walking not a little.

There were friends who said in warning, "You will find him a hard man to preach to; he is so positive in his convictions." Would that preachers had always so kindly a critic as he—one who could follow what they say, commend utterances that were worth while, and suggest books to read if the views were divergent. This criticism, always in private, might take the form, "I liked that expression; may I use it?" or, "While I did not agree with you, I enjoyed your presentation. But, have you read such-and-such a book? It is very illuminating." When the House of Bishops issued its pastoral on support of the government and refraining from criticism, and a copy of the pastoral was handed him by the rector, how characteristic was the reply: "That is all very well. But how can I keep still when I know?"

There are other parts of church work besides attendance at services and listening to sermons. The great work of the church is missions. One anecdote will suffice. One hot Sunday morning a missionary bishop was preaching. So hot it was that his collar was not visible at the end of the service. An offering was announced for the following Sunday morning. As we were dismissing the choir the door again opened, the bishop was greeted most cordially and a bill was placed in the hand of the rector with the brief words: "I will not be here next Sunday, but I want to do my part."

We have a little missionary group known as St. Hilda's, which meets each week for sewing, to which Mrs. Roosevelt belongs and in which Mr. Roosevelt took a great interest. It was their custom to invite the members to a reception every year. During the Presidential term one of these receptions was on the *Mayflower*, then anchored in

the harbor. It was a highly honored group to be permitted this friendship, for it was a sincere and personal relationship. Never a sorrow entered their homes but sympathy came from Sagamore Hill, and not infrequently a personal visit as well.

Of course the parish has a Sunday school. Looking over the old registers one finds the family represented on the roll. Once each year, on Christmas Eve, the Colonel himself spoke to the school, receiving his orange and box of candy with the other members of the school and joining heartily in the singing of our historic carol, doubly dear to us henceforth, because he loved it. The children and their parents little realized their privilege in listening to those familiar talks. For example, after the South American trip they had the opportunity of hearing informally what many traveled miles to meetings of great geographical societies to hear. They felt he was one of themselves, but they did not know how great he was.

Space fails to tell of his relationship to various guilds. There would be anecdotes connected with them all, and this article might resemble the Analects of Confucius. But a reference may be made to the Boy Scouts. When General Baden-Powell was in this country in the interest of the new movement, there was an informal luncheon at Sagamore Hill, at which the general and some men prominent in the movement were present. The rector, although of little importance to the conference, was invited to meet them. He was introduced as "my pastor," and while the men tried their best to commit the Colonel to their cause they got no further than this—that he pointed out the importance of the individual scout master, and turned the discussion to a consideration of the merits of men in the village who might be fitted for such leadership. Without doubt the invitation to the local pastor was for the very purpose of so turning the discussion. Later on he took a prominent place in the movement, and when the Roosevelt Troop of Boy Scouts was organized in the parish, consented to serve and did serve on the troop committee.

The picture of the Colonel which will be most prized is not that of the Rough Rider, nor the President, nor the orator, but the grandfather, hugging his little grandchild. How he loved the children! What interest he took in their baptism, standing sponsor near the font! How he rejoiced

in their confirmation! Pride they may well have in later years, but reverence and love will be the dominant note of their esteem. The Colonel was a man of family, a man of peace, but how anxious he was to serve his country that his grandchildren might live in peace! He gave his sons when he could not give himself.

One recalls that Sunday morning before Quentin sailed, how he came to church for his last communion. We felt it would be the last. We talked otherwise. Then came the letter from abroad in which was written, "I have just been to service in Notre Dame Cathedral. It was fine. But I would rather have been in Christ Church." And then came the cable message, and early next morning, when so many would have stayed away, the parents drew near to the same altar rail. There were no dry eyes, and the words could scarcely be spoken, but their force was there: "Preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." This time also it was a last communion, but we did not know it.

HIS RELIGION

CHAPTER XXI

HIS RELIGION

IN estimating Theodore Roosevelt's greatness the religious element must not be left out or minimized. From both parents he inherited the deepest religious instincts. He was trained in a home singularly devout. At the age of sixteen he joined the Dutch Reformed Church.

Rev. Dr. James M. Ludlow, under whom the boy Theodore joined the church, lives now in East Orange, N. J. He has had long and successful pastorates in the Dutch Reformed Church, is an author of some note and was pastor of the St. Nicholas Reformed church of New York City at the time when Theodore united with the church. Dr. Ludlow said to me that he had the tenderest, most loving memory "of the boy who sat in that pew." He told of becoming pastor of the church fifty years ago and of how four years later, when the new building was opened, the parents of Theodore Roosevelt came to worship there. "Theodore Roosevelt, the youth, was quick-minded, and he had a marvelous power of observing passing things," Dr. Ludlow continued. "He thought of what he saw. Some one once asked him in what part of the body the mind was located. He replied: 'In Theodore Roosevelt it is right back of the eye-balls!' We all predicted that he would make his mark, but

where that would be was uncertain, he was so versatile. Whether his mark would be on the north pole or in the field of literature, we did not know, but we never dreamed that he would mark it on the walls of the White House or on the locks of the Panama Canal. He was always the great big boy of the people. He was one of a number of sons of wealthy and noble parentage who were especially promising boys.

"Forty-four years ago just now, Theodore, then sixteen years of age, called at my study and said: 'I have come to have a little talk with you upon a personal matter. I would like to become a member of the church. You know how strictly I have been raised religiously in Christian faith and denominational doctrine, and I feel now as if I ought to unite with the church. I feel that one who believes so firmly in the Bible and in Christianity as I do, should say so publicly, and enter openly into the active service of the church; to drill with the troops and fight in the battle-front with the soldiers of the Cross. To join a church now will do me good personally and will be in obedience to the express command of Christ. I want to be a witness for Christ; a doer of the word.'" The doctor then said, "I examined him and felt that he was an excellent candidate for church membership. I handed him over to the Consistory, who were much pleased with him, and he was confirmed in the church, and remained a consistent and honored member of the St. Nicholas church until the day of his death. My opportunities for knowing his boyhood life were not nearly so good as those of Dr. Adams, who was his father's pastor for a long term of years. Soon after Theodore united with the church he was taken by his parents on long journeys, one of them to the Far East; he spent his summers in the

country and then went to college, after which we never saw much of him. Of course, I have a feeling of just pride that he was a member of the Dutch Reformed church and that I had the privilege of opening the doorway of the church to him. The honor I feel is not so much that he was a very brilliant man intellectually, that he occupied high office or commanded the plaudits of the people, as that he was a sincere Christian man and devoted himself to the service of his fellowmen and his Divine Master."

Soon after Theodore joined the church he felt the necessity of putting his profession into practice, showing his faith by his works; and so he became a teacher in a mission Sunday school and taught the poor, neglected little fellows the way to Jesus, to a right life and to heaven, and taught it for two years until he went to Harvard and there continued this class of service till his graduation, and in every department of church activity and church benevolence he was in the forefront until the day of his death.

Theodore Roosevelt was one of the most profoundly religious men this nation or any other nation ever had. He was one of the most powerful believers I ever saw; and one of the most prodigious religious actors I ever beheld. Religion is a science and an art. As a science it is a system of doctrines to be believed, as an art it is a system of duties to be performed. Mr. Roosevelt had the science of religion down to a perfection in the most simple and sincere faith in the cardinal doctrines of our religion, and he practiced it vigorously, as an art, in the multitude of secular acts. He believed firmly in knowing the will of God; but he put the heavy emphasis of his life on doing that will in every day life, for after all religion consists as much or more in doing secular things,

from a religious motive, as in doing the religious things themselves. God has so planned it that we are to spend most of our time in so-called secular service; but the religious motive sanctifies it and makes all of life sacred. That was the theology and practice of Theodore Roosevelt.

A most complete illustration of his devotion to doctrine and duty, to faith and works, is furnished in an address which he made to the men's Bible class in the Methodist church at Oyster Bay.

He had accepted the invitation of Rev. W. I. Bowman, the pastor of the church, to address the brotherhood and the appointment was made for four o'clock. Invitations were sent to other congregations, and the church was crowded, and thousands of people stood on the outside. The President came down from Sagamore Hill, at the appointed hour, with his own little Bible, which bore the evidence of much wear. As his Scripture Lesson he read I. Corinthians, thirteenth chapter, whose first three verses are: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." And whose last verse is: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

No man of our times ever incarnated that chapter more completely than Theodore Roosevelt. His life was one continuous expression of love to God and fel-

lowmen. He believed that love was everything, and he acted out the love which he believed, insistently, from the time he entered the stage of action till the time he left it.

He preached a real sermon to the brotherhood. His subject was that men must practice the religion which they profess, and that, if they do not practice it, they are self-deceived in counting themselves professors. He took as his main text James 1:22: "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." During his sermon he had a slip of paper on which he had jotted down different texts, which he made the basis of the various divisions of his message. Some one in the audience saw that slip and asked Dr. Bowman if he could secure it for him as a souvenir, and the pastor wrote the President and received from him the following answer:

DEAR BROTHER BOWMAN:

I have taken pleasure in autographing the memorandum of those texts.

With all good wishes, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The memorandum of texts was as follows:

Matt. 7:1.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Matt. 7:16.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

Matt. 25:37-40.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

"When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

"Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

James 1:27.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

James 3:17, 18.

"But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

"And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Those texts, that seem to include about all of human living, the preacher practiced to the minutest detail.

His love for the missionary cause and his respect for the ministry are illustrated by this incident:

At the White House one day, and in a confidential chat with the President, I told him one of my sons was going as a missionary to Japan. He instantly said with deep feeling, "Oh, I am so glad. I am so proud of that boy and I feel so proud for you. God bless him and bless you." He said, "I have told you so many times that I consider the Christian ministry as the highest calling in the world, most intimately related to the most exalted life and service here and destiny beyond, and I consider it my greatest joy and glory that, occupying a most exalted position in the nation, I am enabled, simply and sincerely, to preach the practical moralities of the Bible to my fellow-countrymen and to hold up Christ as the hope and savior of the world. I believe down deep in my soul, as you know, my friend, that I have preached the same gospel that you and your boy are called to preach.

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ARMY AIRPLANES DROPPING WREATHS ON ROOSEVELT'S HOME, SAGAMORE HILL, JAN. 6, 1919.

"As high an estimate as I have of the ministry, I consider that the climax of that calling is to go out in missionary service, as your son is doing. It takes mighty good stuff to be a missionary of the right type, the best stuff there is in this world. It takes a deal of courage to break the shell and go twelve thousand miles away to risk an unfriendly climate, to master a foreign language, perhaps the most difficult one on earth to learn; to adopt strange customs, to turn aside from earthly fame and emolument and, most of all, to say good-bye to home and the faces of the loved ones virtually forever.

"And yet your boy does not count this going as a hardship at all, but as an honor, a glory, a joy, and not a sacrifice." He said, not at my suggestion, but out of his loving instincts, "I am going to help that boy all I can; I am going to put myself and Uncle Sam behind him and help him in his introduction to the field and in his work there, as much as possible. Why should we not do so? He is our American boy as well as your son. I will write a letter to Mr. Lloyd Griscom, our United States minister to Japan, which your boy can present on his arrival at Tokio."

He sent me that letter. In it he told Mr. Griscom that the bearer was a Methodist missionary, the son of an old personal friend of his, and asked him to do everything in his power to promote his success in that field. The letter was on state paper in letters like copper plate, signed in the little hand-writing, "Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States." The letter was in a very large, beautiful, official envelope, and I wished so much that I might be enabled to keep it myself as an heirloom in the family, but it went on its beneficent errand and made a fitting doorway of entrance into service in the Capital and

Empire of Japan. That letter was worth years of service in the start. The people thought that he must be some distinguished person to bring such a letter from so great a man, and he had state privileges and permits and opportunities for extended usefulness. The boy wrote us that under one of these permits he was admitted into one of the inner spaces in the public park with its cherry blooms in company with the royalty there assembled; and that the late Mikado, whose face was seldom allowed to be seen by the public because they counted him a god, was so close to him that he could have touched him with a fishing-pole.

The next time I saw the President, I told him how lovely the letter to Mr. Griscom was and how sweet it was in him to send it. I told him I had heard from the boy and that he said in his letter that the happiest moment of his life was when he stepped his feet on the island of Japan. The President said, "You noticed that I sent the letter to Mr. Griscom as an official document, did you not, and asked him as a representative of our government to stand behind your son in his mission? I did not consider that America has any relation to Japan which is higher or more far-reaching than the education, morals, and religion that the missionary carries to that country."

At the White House one day President Roosevelt came into his room, greeted me cordially, as was his custom, and then slipped over to another gentleman and greeted him. He brought that gentleman over to where I was, and said, "Dr. Iglehart, permit me to introduce to you Father ————, who has been doing very important work among the Indians and has come to talk with me about it." And then, placing himself between us, he said, "Here's the great

Catholic church, with its millions represented by this Catholic priest, on one side of me, and here on the other is the great Methodist church, with its millions represented by my old friend, and I am only a poor little Dutch Reform layman between the two." The twinkle in his eye evidenced the fun that was always bubbling over within him. I replied, "No, Mr. President, you are not the poor little Dutch Reform layman between them. You are the great head of the nation and a Christian with a universal heart. You are large enough to belong to all the churches and all of us claim you as such, and we have reason to believe that you consider that all of us belong to you."

He warmed up instantly and answered, "My friend, you are quite right. I have the profoundest respect and warmest affection for all denominations, Protestant, Catholic and Hebrew. In my individual contact with men I have found the most splendid people imaginable holding these various beliefs, and in my public administration on all questions of moral reform, and those questions you know I consider paramount; the Protestant minister, the Catholic priest and the Jewish rabbi, and the millions that they represent, have vied with each other in sustaining me, and my arm has been as strong as the millions that they represent, in smiting evil and in building up the right. You can see how correct you were in saying that I belong to all of you and that all of you belong to me."

Cardinal Gibbons, at my request, sent these words with reference to his dear friend, Colonel Roosevelt:

MY DEAR MR. IGLEHART:

In reply to your esteemed letter, asking for an estimate of Mr. Roosevelt, I wish to say that my relations with him were of a most intimate character from the time he en-

tered the White House up until the day of his death. Besides I had much correspondence with him, all of a nature too sacred to be made public. I ever regarded Mr. Roosevelt as the typical American, the embodiment of the highest patriotism.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) J. Card. Gibbons.

The Rev. Dr. James Malcolm MacLeod, pastor of the St. Nicholas Reformed church of New York, the one which Theodore Roosevelt joined as a boy and of which he remained a member until his death, at a beautiful memorial service in his church emphasized this breadth of undenominational vision and appreciation in these words: "Theodore Roosevelt was bigger than any creed, bigger than any church or denominational harness of any kind. He belonged to what we hope will be the Great American church. He loved all the churches—Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic. His passing away brought sorrow into every religious fellowship in our land. He was a great American and a great Christian."

In confirmation of the statement the President made to me about his belief in all denominations, claiming all denominations as his own, I give here the estimate of Rabbi Henry Pereira Mendes, one of the most eminent Hebrew scholars in America, and who has for forty-two years been in charge of the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue in the fashionable district of Central Park West. He says:

The question of what kind of a man Roosevelt was is of tremendous importance, but more so is the question what kind of men his memory inspires us to be. It is little use saying he awakened conscience, touched the heart, and was a great moral force, unless we feel that he has awakened our conscience, touched our hearts and made us a moral force in our own little world of society, politics and family.

We can imagine such a man in past years of our American-Jewish history, and thereby estimate his worth.

Had he lived in 1665, when the first Jewish settlers arrived and Peter Stuyvesant and an influential minister objected to their presence, objected to their building a synagogue, how he would have thundered at such bigoted narrowness!

When those brave refugees from the cruelty of the Inquisition demanded the right of holding a burial-place for their dead, as they did, how, had he lived then, he would have exclaimed against the inhumanity of the denial of their request! How he would have scorned the intolerance which subjected those early Jews, men of high culture, men of Spanish dignity, men of high integrity, to such injustice! If a few years later he heard Asser Levy, one of the early Jewish settlers, demand the right to serve in the town guard, only to meet with refusal, how he would have boiled with indignation! And when in 1665 instructions came to Stuyvesant from Holland to yield to the request of the Jews, and when in 1666 similar pressure compelled Stuyvesant to yield to the request of the Jews to be allowed to purchase a cemetery, how Roosevelt would have smitten his thigh with glee and satisfaction!

In the Revolutionary War, the Rev. Gershon Mendes Seixes, minister of this congregation, closed the doors of the synagogue during the British occupation of New York rather than continue conducting services under British conditions. Was not that true American patriotism? If Roosevelt had been alive then, how he would have gloried in it!

And if he had heard the story of the Jew Gomez, telling the sergeant who rejected his application for enlistment on the ground of his being too old, "I am not too old to stop a British bullet!" how Roosevelt's heart would have leaped for joy. He would have slapped the old man on the shoulder, endorsing his true patriotism! And if he had been living when Solomon helped to finance the American Revolution, how emphatically he would have proclaimed his satisfaction!

Plain-spoken, outspoken, he always was. He would have spoken plainly then had he lived in those days, and his example inspires us, his admirers of to-day, to speak out and speak plainly when occasion offers!

The trouble is that most of us are un-Rooseveltian; we prefer to be passive; we are passivists. But a passivist Roosevelt certainly was not.

The elements were so combined in him that all the world might say when they saw him, "There goes a man!" He was blessed with a strong virility, a remarkable personality and a capturing geniality.

He had critics. What great man has escaped criticism? Who was more cruelly abused than Washington? Who was more constantly attacked than Lincoln, whose administration was ridiculed, vilified and condemned more than his? "If I were to try to read," Lincoln once said, "much less to answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I can, and I intend to keep doing so to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference!"

Just such a man was Roosevelt. He spoke for the right, he acted for the right and thought for the right as did Lincoln, to the best of his ability. His example will inspire us to act for the right, speak for the right, and think for the right as far as in our power lies.

In the perspective of history Mr. Roosevelt will loom larger yet, for he was the idealization of what an American ought to be and what the word American stands for. The nation is profoundly impressed by his patriotism, his generous life, his fearlessness. As a Jewish minister, I cannot forget that Mr. Roosevelt, when Police Commissioner, with grim humor discharged his duty as Police Commissioner to protect a notorious antisemitic agitator but assigned the duty to Jewish policemen. The agitator was a German, and we wonder whether he saw the humor of the situation; he, himself, lecturing on antisemitism in Cooper Union, protected by Jewish policemen! Commissioner Roosevelt never ceased to praise his Jewish policemen, some of whom were fast friends till the day of his death.

He was always ready to lend a hand, and it was always a very vigorous hand, to promote justice and righteousness. One day he is pledging and giving support and coöperation in a movement to benefit women employees. Another day

we find him, as Chief Magistrate, calling Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State, to give him instructions to draw up and send to the Rumanian government a protest against its reprehensible actions against the Jews. One day he is pleading for an Armenian or a Belgian, just as years before he tried to convert the Czar's government to justice for the Jew. And on yet another day we find him like a statesman, looking forward for his country's benefit, as in the famous Panama transaction. He was a great man. Let us see to it that the memory of his greatness shall help to make us great. He was a good man. We must see that his memory inspire us to live the good clean life that he did. He was a brave man. His courage must move us to be brave enough to stand for the right as he did

This estimate of Rabbi Mendes has special significance from the fact that twenty-four years ago he helped Commissioner Roosevelt to enforce the law closing the saloons on Sunday. I shall never forget his words at a certain public hearing on the question. Some of our Christian ministers had urged the enforcement of the law, but were quite particular to state that they asked for the enforcement not because it was a religious command, but because it was a civil law, thinking that that plea would have the greatest weight with the Mayor. When it was Rabbi Mendes' turn to speak, he said that "while he would ask for the enforcement of the law because it was on the statute books, he asked for it even on stronger ground, and that was that it was a divine command that one day out of seven for rest was necessary for the health of body, mind and soul, and that all civil laws were simply based on that elemental principle." He said, "Let the stores close, let the wheels of industries stop, certainly let the places of dissipation and demoralization be closed and let the people have one day in the week for rest and for the worship of Almighty God."

When Theodore Roosevelt began his political life in New York City, he joined a Republican club. A name was proposed for membership, and some persons determined to blackball the candidate because he was a Jew. Mr. Roosevelt heard of the threat and rebuked those who had made it in the most stinging words and cried out, "Shame on you! Shame on you to allow your prejudice against the man's religion to so blind you to his excellent character! This man proposed I know. I know him to be an honest man and a gentleman, and if he is to be blackballed because he is a Jew I should feel very much like resigning from the club right away." The opposition was ended and the man was elected to membership by a unanimous vote and became a most vigorous, useful and honored member of the circle. That was the Roosevelt of our country and the Roosevelt of the world, who loved all denominations which were trying to do the Lord's work, and was idolized by them all.

Jason, who led the forty-nine most brilliant young men of Greece on the journey to secure the Golden Fleece and his crown, is reputed in the stories of the Greek gods to have accomplished miracles by divine direction. He was ordered by the gods to take the piece of a limb from the oak of Dodona and have it turned into the face of a woman. This he nailed to the bow of his ship. He consulted it continually, and it was said to have told him where to go and what to do.

Theodore Roosevelt, in accomplishing the miracles of his lifetime, had a crucified and risen Savior before his eyes, whom he consulted at every step of life, who told him where to go, what to say, and what to do—to bless his fellowmen and secure his crown.

ROOSEVELT AND THE BIBLE

CHAPTER XXII

ROOSEVELT AND THE BIBLE

IN 1903 I said to President Roosevelt: "I should like to have from you, for a book I am writing, something that expresses your religious faith, which is so strong and which I know from your sayings, actions and sentiments is the basis of your character and contains your ideas of individual and public morality." He said to me: "I will gladly do so. I think the address I delivered before the Long Island Bible Society in the Presbyterian church at Oyster Bay in 1901 is just the thing you want." I found it was exactly the thing I wanted, and this is what he said in the address about the Bible:

"There are certain truths which are so very true that we call them truisms; and yet I think we often half forget them in practice. Every thinking man, when he thinks, realizes what a very large number of people tend to forget, that the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively, I mean literally—impossible for us to figure to ourselves what that life would be if these teachings were removed. We would lose almost all the standards by which we now judge both public

and private morals; all the standards toward which we, with more or less resolution, strive to raise ourselves. Almost every man who has by his life-work added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life-work largely upon the teachings of the Bible. Sometimes it was done unconsciously, more often consciously, and among the very greatest men a disproportionately large number have been diligent and close students of the Bible at first hand. Lincoln, sad, patient, kindly Lincoln, who after bearing upon his weary shoulders for four years a greater burden than that borne by any other man of the nineteenth century, laid down his life for the people whom living he had served as well, built up his entire reading upon his early study of the Bible. He had mastered it absolutely; mastered it as later he mastered only one or two other books, notably Shakespeare; mastered it so that he became almost 'a man of one book,' who knew that book, and who instinctively put into practice what he had been taught therein; and he left his life as part of the crowning work of the century that has just closed.

"In this country we rightly pride ourselves upon our systems of widespread popular education. We most emphatically do right to pride ourselves upon it. It is not merely of inestimable advantage to us; it lies at the root of our power of self-government. But it is not sufficient in itself. We must cultivate the mind; but it is not enough only to cultivate the mind. With education of mind must go the spiritual teaching which will make us turn the trained intellect to good account. A man whose intellect has been educated, while at the same time his moral education has been neglected, is only the more dangerous to the

community because of the exceptional additional power which he has acquired. Surely what I am saying needs no proof; surely the mere statement of it is enough, that education must be education of the heart and conscience no less than of the mind.

"It is an admirable thing, a most necessary thing, to have a sound body. It is an even better thing to have a sound mind. But infinitely better than either is to have that for the lack of which neither a sound mind nor a sound body can atone—character. Character is in the long-run the decisive factor in the life of individuals and of nations alike.

"Sometimes in rightly putting the stress that we do upon intelligence, we forget the fact that there is something that counts more. It is a good thing to be clever, to be able and smart; but it is a better thing to have the qualities that find their expression in the Decalogue and the Golden Rule. It is a good and necessary thing to be intelligent; it is a better thing to be straight and decent and fearless. It was a Yale professor, Mr. Lounsberry, who remarked that his experience in the class-room had taught him 'the infinite capacity of the human mind to withstand the introduction of knowledge.' Some of you preachers must often feel the same way about the ability of mankind to withstand the introduction of elementary decency and morality.

"A man must be honest in the first place; but that by itself is not enough. No matter how good a man is, if he is timid he cannot accomplish much in the world. There is only a very circumscribed sphere of usefulness for the timid good man.

"So, besides being honest, a man has got to have courage, too. And these two together are not enough. No matter how brave and honest he is, if he is a

natural born fool, you can do little with him. Remember the order in which I name them: Honesty, first; then courage; then brains. And all are indispensable; we have no room in a healthy community for either the knave, the fool, the weakling, or the coward.

"You may look through the Bible from cover to cover and nowhere will you find a line that can be construed into an apology for the man of brains who sins against the light. On the contrary, in the Bible, taking that as a guide, you will find that because much has been given to you much will be expected from you; and a heavier condemnation is to be visited upon the able man who goes wrong, than upon his weaker brother who cannot do the harm that the other does, because it is not in him to do it.

"So I plead, not merely for training of the mind, but for the moral and spiritual training of the home and the church; the moral and spiritual training that have always been found in, and that have ever accompanied the study of this book—this book which in almost every civilized tongue can be described as 'The Book,' with the certainty of all understanding you when you so describe it.

"The teaching of the Bible to children is, of course, a matter of especial interest to those of us who have families—and, incidentally, I wish to express my profound belief in large families. Older folks often fail to realize how readily a child will grasp a little askew something they do not take the trouble to explain. We cannot be too careful in seeing that the Biblical learning is not merely an affair of rote, so that the child may understand what it is being taught. And, by the way, I earnestly hope that you will never make your children learn parts of the Bible as punish-

ment. Do you not know families where this is done? For instance: 'You have been a bad child—learn a chapter of Isaiah.' And the child learns it as a disagreeable task, and in his mind that splendid and lofty poem and prophecy is forever afterward associated with an uncomfortable feeling of disgrace. I hope you will not make your children learn the Bible in that way, for you can devise no surer method of making a child revolt against all the wonderful beauty and truth of Holy Writ.

"Probably there is not a mother or a school teacher here who could not, out of her own experience, give instance after instance of the queer twists that the little minds give to what seem to us perfectly simple sentences. Now, I would make a very strong plea for each of us to try and see that the child understands what the words mean. I do not think that it is ordinarily necessary to explain the simple and beautiful stories of the Bible; children understand readily the lessons taught therein; but I do think it necessary to see that they really have a clear idea of what each sentence means, what the words mean.

"Probably some of my hearers remember the old Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York when it was under the ministry of Dr. Adams, and those of you who remember the doctor will, I think, agree with me that he was one of those very rare men with whose name one instinctively tends to couple the adjective 'saintly.' I attended his church when I was a little boy. The good doctor had a small grandson, and it was accidentally discovered that the little fellow felt a great terror of entering the church when it was vacant. After vain attempts to find out exactly what his reasons were, it happened late one afternoon that the doctor went to the church

with him on some errand. When they reached the pulpit he said: 'Grandpa, where is the zeal?' 'The what?'' asked Dr. Adams. 'The zeal,' repeated the little boy. 'Why, don't you know?' the little boy asked, clasping the doctor's hand and gazing anxiously about while they walked down the aisle together, their steps echoing in the vacant building, ''the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.'' You can imagine the doctor's astonishment when he found that this sentence had sunk deep into his little grandson's mind as a description of some terrific monster which haunted the inside of churches.

''The immense moral influence of the Bible, though of course infinitely the most important, is not the only power it has for good. In addition there is the unceasing influence it exerts on the side of good taste, of good literature, of proper sense of proportion, of simple and straightforward writing and thinking.

''This is not a small matter in an age where there is a tendency to read much that even if not actually harmful on moral grounds, is yet injurious, because it represents slipshod, slovenly thought and work; not the kind of serious thought, of serious expression, which we like to see in anything that goes into the fibre of our character.

''The Bible does not teach us to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them. That is a lesson that each one of us who has children is bound in honor to teach these children if he or she expects to see them become fitted to play the part of men and women in our world.

''Again, I want you to think of your neighbors, of the people you know. Don't you, each one of you, know some man (I am sorry to say, perhaps more often, some woman) who gives life an unhealthy turn

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Top	left	hand	side	COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
"	right	"	"	CAPT. KERMIT ROOSEVELT
Bottom	left	"	"	CAPT. ARCHIE ROOSEVELT
"	right	"	"	LIEUT. QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

for children by trying to spare them in the present the very things which would train them to do strong work in the future? Such conduct is not kindness. It is shortsightedness and selfishness; it means merely that the man or woman shrinks from the little inconveniences, to himself or herself, of making the child fit itself to be a good and strong man or woman hereafter. There should be the deepest and truest love for their children in the hearts of all fathers and mothers. Without such love there is nothing but black despair for the family; but the love must respect both itself and the on beloved. It is not true to invite future disaster by weak indulgence for the moment.

"What is true affection for a boy? To bring him up so that nothing rough ever touches him, and at twenty-one turn him out into the world with a moral nature that turns black and blue in great bruises at the least shock from any one of the forces of evil with which he is bound to come in contact? Is that kindness? Indeed, it is not. Bring up your boys with both love and wisdom; and turn them out as men, strong-limbed, clear-eyed, stout-hearted, clean-minded, able to hold their own in this great world of work and strife and ceaseless effort.

"If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord; to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who in the fullest sense of the word is a true Christian, like Great-Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so

that our people may be in fact as well as in theory 'doers of the word and not hearers only.' "

What a splendid specimen of Christian manhood President Roosevelt has proven himself to be! It speaks well for the republic, that our rulers are so pronounced in their faith in the Bible and profession of the Christian religion.

It is not surprising that Mr. Roosevelt's favorite hymn should have been this one:

"How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by My righteous omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"The soul that to Jesus has fled for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes,
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

This immortal hymn is anonymous. It was found in a collection of hymns published in 1787 and signed "K." Some critics said it was Kennedy, others that it was Kirkham, and others that it was Keith, a London publisher, but no one knows who its author was.

It would give him lasting fame if he could be found. As McKinley's affection for the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," gave to it a new melody, so Roosevelt's partiality for "How Firm a Foundation" has sweetened and sanctified it anew.

FAVORS WAR AND CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION

CHAPTER XXIII

FAVORS WAR AND CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION

IN the early struggles of the temperance cause one of the heaviest blows the liquor people received was the abolition of intoxicants from the army canteen. For years and years thousands, even hundreds of thousands of dollars, were spent in newspaper advertising and in specific literature claiming that removing the drink feature of the canteen from the army had injured the soldiers; that they went away from the camp to the vile drinking-places near to it and poisoned themselves with bad liquor and polluted themselves with evil habits. They insisted most that its removal had greatly increased the social evil. The advertising department of the brewers was so persistent, that it not only wrote its own arguments for insertion in the daily and weekly newspapers, but it also prepared articles which appeared as editorials in many of the cosmopolitan papers. The same editorial, word for word, often appeared in eastern, western, northern and southern daily papers bearing about the same date. During President Roosevelt's administration there was a tremendous attempt to restore drink to the canteen in the army. A leading New York City Republican paper, which had usually been on the right side of moral questions, one day printed

an editorial giving in detail the damage that the removal of the canteen had brought and asking for its return to the army. It said, emphatically, that two of the leading members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet were not only in favor of it, but that they intended to use their influence for its restoration. Feeling that it was then time to enter a protest against such a movement I went to the chief to do so.

Knowing Colonel Roosevelt's life-long hostility to the saloon, knowing that his whole life was at right angles to what it represented and with faith in his wisdom on such a subject, I went down to Washington, told the President my alarm and asked him if he would not set his foot down on the movement. He said to me, "Do not be alarmed; give yourself no trouble at all on the subject; the removal of the drink from the army was a most fortunate thing for the men themselves and the nation they represent, and I promise you that so long as I am President, or so long as I shall have any influence whatever in the Republican party or in American politics, intoxicants shall never come back into the canteen. You can take the first train back home and feel certain that the nation will not take a back step on such an economic or moral question." Bidding him good-bye, I suggested that it would be an excellent plan for the two able members of his Cabinet, who like some other good men were mistaken on the subject, to lessen their supposed zeal in advocating the claim of the liquor dealers, and thus save his administration from the just criticism of the church people.

During the last campaign for the repeal of prohibition in Maine, the liquor people started a rumor that Theodore Roosevelt was about to publish an editorial in the *Outlook* on the failure of prohibition in Maine.

The rumor came to the ears of Rev. Dr. P. A. Baker, national superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, who was at that time engaged in the Maine campaign. He came to New York post haste and sought an interview with Mr. Roosevelt. He secured an appointment for the next morning at the *Outlook* office at eleven o'clock. Dr. Baker, Rev. J. A. Patterson and I met Colonel Roosevelt. I told him that I knew that rumor was false, but that Dr. Baker was very anxious to have authority for an official denial of the same as he feared such a rumor, if not instantly and authoritatively denied, might lose the State to prohibition. He snapped out instantly, "Give yourself no concern, gentlemen, I will not touch it! I will not touch it! Dr. Baker and Dr. Iglehart are Methodists, and Dr. Patterson is a Presbyterian. You good Methodists, and you good Presbyterian, and the good people of other denominations are right in such an overwhelming majority of cases that I think it perfectly safe to stay with them as I always have done. I never trained with that crowd in my life (referring to the liquor men), and I never will."

A telegram came from my personal friend, Mr. J. Frank Burke, superintendent of the Oregon State Anti-Saloon League, on March 15, 1912, stating that on the platform and in the press it was charged that Colonel Roosevelt was on his way, rapidly, to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell and asked me as the Colonel's friend to wire a denial of the slanderous statements to be used at a political meeting to be held in Portland that same night. This telegram went back in reply:

"Statement diabolical falsehood. Roosevelt never claimed total abstainer. Drinks almost nothing. No alcohol in eye or muscle. Not a spot on him, body,

mind or soul. The bloom of best American civilization. Idol of people. Christly McKinley suffered same villainous slander from same source. Hell is not far from lying scandalmonger."

Though corresponding with the Colonel regularly, I did not care to irritate him with this slander, but in a letter in May, 1912, I gave him the text of the two telegrams received. His answer was the following:

EN ROUTE, PULLMAN PRIVATE CAR OCEANIC,
MAY 14, 1912.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You are a trump! I am very glad you sent precisely that telegram. You are absolutely correct. I have never claimed to be a total abstainer, but I drink as little as most total abstainers, for I really doubt whether on an average, year in and year out, I drink more than is given for medicinal purposes to many people. I never touch whiskey, and I have never drunk a cocktail or a highball in my life. I doubt whether I have drunk a dozen teaspoonfuls of brandy since I came back from Africa, and as far as I now recollect, in each case it was for medicinal purposes. In Africa during the eleven months I drank exactly seven ounces of brandy; this was under our doctor's direction in my first fever attack, and once when I was completely exhausted. My experience on these two occasions convinced me that tea was better than brandy, and during the last six months in Africa I took no brandy, even when sick, taking tea instead. I drink just about as much as Dr. Lyman Abbott—and I say this with his permission.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Colonel Roosevelt nursed his wrath until he could nail the lie, which he did in his successful suit against an editor, in which he got the complete vindication which he demanded and deserved.

Never since that day has any person of responsibility dared repeat the foul slander, and Theodore Roose-

velt stands as a superb personality against the iniquity of the saloon and its intimate partnership with corrupt politics.

On January 4, 1917, at my request, Colonel Roosevelt gave me in condensed form his views against the saloon as he had so often done in private conversation. He called his stenographer and began:

MY DEAR DOCTOR IGLEHART: It has been my very good fortune to be associated with you ever since the days when I was president of the Police Commission of New York, when I worked hand in hand with you, and with the Ministers' Association that you represented on behalf of temperance, and of doing away with the evil of the saloon power in New York City. At that time, our fight was for a proper observance of the Sunday law. There could have been no more practical illustration of the hideous evil, wrought by the liquor traffic, than was afforded by the results of its stoppage for the few Sundays during which we were able to keep the saloons absolutely closed. During this period, the usual mass of individuals up in the courts on Monday morning, on charges of being drunk and disorderly and committing assaults, diminished by two-thirds or over. The hospitals, such as Bellevue, showed a similar diminution of persons brought to them because of alcoholism and crimes due to drunkenness. On the other hand, the healthy Sunday resorts in the neighborhood of New York showed a great increase in business. Men who would otherwise have stayed in New York drinking, while their wives and children suffered in the heated tenement houses, took these same wives and children for a Sunday holiday in the country. Unfortunately, by the end of that time, the decisions of the courts and juries had so hampered our action that, to a very large extent, the old system was reinstated. While this was partly because public opinion had not been educated to sustain us, it was partly because of the alliance between the saloon power and the politicians. Any man who fails to take into account both of these facts is blinding himself to two of the prime factors in the misgovernment of our citizens and in the misery of our city populations. If you care to know

my views more fully, as written at the time, I refer you to my chapter on the subject printed in a book called "American Ideals." The only change I have since to record is a constantly growing appreciation of the wide-reaching evil of the liquor traffic, and of the need of extending, by every method possible through our country, a full understanding of what this evil is.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

In "American Ideals," to which Colonel Roosevelt referred me, I find these references to criminals who were office holders and political leaders. There was one case of an assemblyman who served several terms in the Legislature, while his private business was to carry on corrupt negotiations between the excise commissioners and owners of low haunts who wished licenses. The president of a powerful semi-political association was by profession a burglar, while the man who received the goods he stole was an alderman. Another alderman was elected while his hair was still short from a term in State Prison. A school trustee had been convicted of embezzlement and was the associate of criminals. A prominent official in the Police Department was interested in disreputable houses and gambling saloons, and was backed politically by their proprietors.

In a section under the heading, "The Liquor Seller in Politics," there is this description of the saloon as a headquarters for both political parties: "Preparatory to the general election of 1884, there were held in the various districts of New York ten hundred and seven primaries and political conventions of all parties, and of these no less than six hundred and thirty-three took place in liquor saloons—a showing that leaves small ground for wonder at the low average grade of the nominees."

In urging National Prohibition as a war measure, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"When we are threatened with a shortage of foodstuffs, when it is our duty to supply food to our allies to our utmost ability, we should see that needed food necessities are not diverted from their proper use. Most of the belligerent nations of Europe have taken up this problem and settled it. Let us begin at once to see to it that our grain is kept for food and not put into alcoholic beverages.

In a letter received from the Colonel on December 19, 1917, he said:

MY DEAR MR. IGLEHART: I thank you for your book and appreciate your sending it to me, and I wish to congratulate you on what has happened in Congress and the success that is crowning your long fight against alcoholism.

The American saloon has been one of the most mischievous elements in American social, political and industrial life. No man has warred more valiantly against it than you have, and I am glad that it has been my privilege to stand with you in the contest.

It will be seen from the date of this letter that it was written the day after Congress finally accepted the National Constitutional Prohibition Resolution and the decision of Congress which he congratulates refers to that action which was the death knell of the liquor traffic in America.

To a number of other persons he expressed the same views with reference to National Constitutional Prohibition, among them Wayne B. Wheeler, Rev. A. B. Wood, Senator Frederick Davenport, and others.

HE FAVORED WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Colonel Roosevelt was a champion of Woman Suffrage; was one of the first great political leaders to espouse that cause, and it is likely he made more

friends for it than any other one man. I spoke at the Methodist church at Oyster Bay, New York, one Sunday morning, and after the service a young woman who said she was from Kentucky, snapped her black eyes and said, "What you said about woman's influence in driving out the saloon is true. But when you pictured woman on her knees praying God to wipe out this curse, why did you not suggest that men help God to answer that prayer by giving her the right to vote?" Colonel Roosevelt, who attended service at that church that morning, standing near, heard her question and said, "She is correct in her belief that women would vote against the saloon. I have just returned from a tour of Michigan in behalf of woman suffrage, and in the windows of the saloons I saw large placards, 'Vote against Woman Suffrage,' and on the streets I saw advertisements of the saloon in living forms muttering out in their intoxication, 'Vote against the Women.' Of one thing I am convinced, and that is that the liquor people fear woman's vote as a deadly enemy."

One of the last things Mr. Roosevelt did before he died was to write a letter asking Congress to pass the Constitutional Female Suffrage Resolution. Thousands, if not millions, of people, who had been against woman suffrage or had been lukewarm on the subject, were stirred into enthusiastic approval because Colonel Roosevelt was so certain of the wisdom and practicability of this reform, which came in the adoption of the amendment by Congress shortly after his death, to the lasting benefit of the nation.

ROOSEVELT THE GREAT HEART

CHAPTER XXIV

ROOSEVELT THE GREAT HEART

WE found the parallel for Theodore Roosevelt in the Hercules of classical antiquity. We see his counterpart in the Great Heart of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in his masterful memorial oration uses as his peroration a quotation from Bunyan's allegory. He likens Roosevelt to Valiant—for-the-Truth, whom the author represents as holding the sword, with which he fights for the right, so firmly that it became cemented to his fingers and seemed to grow out of his hand as a part of it. But the real hero of the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* was Great Heart. His tender regard for women and children was such that he devoted his time and energy in helping them up the pathway of life, and in clearing away its difficulties and dangers. He was a Hercules who braved lions in the path, drove them out of the way of the women and children and fought and slew the robbers and giants that undertook to harm them. It was Great Heart who led Christiana and her four sons along the dangerous pilgrimage of life up to the delectable mountains and the land of Beulah. He presents an exact picture of the tender regard Theodore Roosevelt always had for the women and children of

America, especially for the helpless ones. From the very beginning of his public life till the day of his death he did everything in his power to improve the condition of women and children, and to promote their progress, usefulness and happiness. The laws on the statute books safe-guarding the interest of the women and children, especially those of the poor, were many of them put there by Mr. Roosevelt's influence.

The other day I went over on the East Side to see a very old woman, Mrs. Mary Ledwith, who said she was born in 1830, and hence was 89 years of age. She said that she went to live in the home of Mr. Charles Carow, the father of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, before Lincoln's election. She was in the family when Mrs. Roosevelt was born; she put her first dress upon her and remained in the family until the time, when she went, as a nurse, into the home of Colonel Roosevelt, when Miss Ethel Carow was married to him. She remained in the family until a few years ago. She said there never was a nicer little girl than Ethel Carow, and no finer woman than Mrs. Ethel Roosevelt. She is so lovely to me now, comes to see me and on Christmas always brings me some nice present, generally a garment that she has made with her own fingers. This nice one she gave me this last Christmas. I had the chance to see Colonel Roosevelt at close range and there was never a finer man. He also has been so tender and good to me, visiting me, and always came to see me when I was sick. All those pictures on the wall of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and the children were given to me by him. The last time he was here he spent some considerable time looking over them and said, "This one was taken at Albany, that one in New York, this other one in Washington and this at Oyster Bay." Those pictures are mighty

good company to me and they seemed to be to him that day. Quite an amusing incident occurred one day. I had lived on the second floor of this building and had moved to the third, where I am now. And Colonel Roosevelt, running up the first stairway, rushed into the apartment I formerly occupied and frightened the tenant nearly out of her wits. Mrs. Weisman resented the insolence and Colonel Roosevelt told her who he was, begged her pardon and said he was looking for Mrs. Ledwith. He then came upstairs just as full of life as a boy and laughed heartily as he said, "You got me into a lot of trouble by not notifying me that you had moved upstairs, for I got into another person's house and did not know but that I would be arrested as a burglar." Mrs. Ledwith said she was very sorry that her memory had failed her, as she had so many delightful experiences in being in the home of so great and good a man as Theodore Roosevelt. Theodore Roosevelt's tender regard for Mrs. Ledwith was an illustration of that affection and care which he had for the aged man and woman.

Almost the greatest characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's life was his love for children and the deep interest he took in their welfare. No wonder the boys in America idolized him. He knew them so well and was so much of a boy himself. During the Barnes trial in Syracuse the Colonel kept up his horseback exercise. One afternoon a prominent Syracusan looked up from his newspaper on the front porch and called to his wife upstairs: "There goes Theodore Roosevelt on horseback." At the moment the six-year-old son of the house was in the bathtub. He heard his father, rushed scampering and spattering downstairs, out of the front door and right down the walk to the middle of the street, hoping for a glimpse of his great idol.

But he was too late for the Colonel had gotten out of sight, and the father had to run out and kidnap his nude child and carry him back into the house while the little fellow kept on saying: "Where is he, papa! Where is he! Which way did he go!" That night, at a reception, the father told the Colonel of it. "By George—by George!"—and he chuckled. "You bring that boy to me—I want to see him!" He was brought, duly clad, and was mounted for half an hour on the Roosevelt knee, and told stories about Injuns and lions and giraffes and grizzlies and my grandchildren; and when taken home in a trance, and measured, his father said he had grown an inch.

Not very long before he died, one autumn day Colonel Roosevelt went down to the court in New York and sat for two hours at the elbow of Justice Hoyt and acted as unofficial consulting justice. In one case he leaned over and whispered to a youngster, "It's all right, sonny. You're all right, but remember don't do it again or he'll send you away." One little urchin had stolen something good to eat from the pushcart and had made restitution to the owner. Mr. Roosevelt as he thumped the arm of the chair said, "That's a fine boy, that kind make first-rate citizens."

Colonel Roosevelt's love for the children was manifested in his deep desire that the children of the plain people, and of poverty, might have all the advantages of a common school education, and also technical instruction in the fine arts. This interest was shown, a few years ago, in a visit to the Third Street Music Settlement in New York City. He was entranced with the orchestra of East Side boys and girls, from many lands, playing a movement from a Haydn symphony, and was astonished by three little pupils with the Widor "Serenade" for piano, violin and 'cello, fol-

lowed by various piano and violin solos. He made the children a beautiful speech in which he said: "Boys and girls, do not envy your neighbors who may have many automobiles in their garages while you have your piano, your violin, or 'cello. Prepare yourself to earn the living wage, but do not forget to leave the casement open to let in 'the light that never was on sea or land.' Let the love for literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, and, above all, music enter into your lives."

One cold day in February in returning from lunch to *The Outlook* office he found a little immigrant boy nine years old who had got lost from his parents and was crying bitterly. The Colonel took out his handkerchief, wiped the child's eyes and spoke to him kindly, and took him by the hand and led him to the matron of one of the police stations with the personal request that she immediately find his parents and take him to them, which she did.

In 1903 there was an important function in Portland, Ore., of which Mr. Roosevelt was the centre. The city was crowded and the pavements were lined with people witnessing the procession. There was a little incurable invalid girl, who was very anxious to see the President of the United States as he went by. And they put her on a stretcher and carried her to the edge of the pavement. President Roosevelt, noticing the pale, sick little creature, stopped his carriage, ran to the cot where she lay, stooped down and kissed her and then hurried back to his carriage and the procession went on. As Hercules, he was at the head of the nation; as Great Heart, he bent down and kissed the sick little child.

This love for children is illustrated by an incident told me by Rev. Dr. Bowman. One day Mrs. Bowman

and her small daughter, Ruth, were taking a train for Oyster Bay. The child, lifted up the steps by her mother, ran ahead of her into the car. Knowing Colonel Roosevelt and noticing that no one else was in the seat with him, she sat down beside him. The Colonel had a manuscript in his hand but at once turned aside and entered into an earnest conversation with Ruth. The mother half scolded the child for having disturbed the Colonel and took her by the hand to lead her to another seat. The Colonel instantly remonstrated and said he felt proud that the child had noticed him and that he was glad she sat beside him. He arose politely and asked Mrs. Bowman to take his seat by the side of Ruth, saying he would find another one. She remonstrated, but he insisted and sat down by the side of a colored man, which no one else in the car seemed to care to do. Before going, however, he said, "Ruth, I am about to start on a long journey to Africa. I will be away a long time and shall not be able to see you. Here is a dollar which I want you to keep to remember me by, and here is another dollar I want you to give to your brother for him to remember me by."

Several years before when little Ruth was a baby learning to walk she had pulled herself up by the side of a high-chair in which her brother was seated at the table and pulled it over on her and cut her head pretty severely. Colonel Roosevelt, hearing of the accident, immediately sent his daughter Ethel down to the parsonage to find out how badly the child had been hurt and to say that if there was anything he could do for her he would count it a privilege to do so.

In one of Colonel Roosevelt's greatest addresses he describes the ideal man as a true Christian and illus-

trates that fact by referring to Great Heart, Bunyan's hero.

THE COVE SCHOOL

The little Cove School, near to Sagamore Hill, furnishes a complete revelation of Roosevelt, the Great Heart. On a visit to the Cove School Miss Ella G. Stewart, who is the teacher there, gave me the following information. In everything connected with the school he took as deep and personal an interest as though it were his own family. There was a garden committee of the rural neighborhood, composed of ladies, which gave prizes for the best kept garden at the different homes in the neighborhood. The exhibits were brought to the school house in September, before the beginning of the school, and first, second and third prizes, which were furnished by the women, were presented by Mr. Roosevelt.

He took a deep interest in these contests and on Friday following the opening of school he awarded the prizes. He gave a book himself to the one who made the best effort. For instance, he gave a book to a boy who did not have the best garden, but who had the best garden under the circumstances. His field was full of roots and hard to cultivate, and the Colonel explained to the school that the boy got the book because he had made such a good garden having had to overcome such great difficulties. Leonard Hall got one of these big books on gardening as a prize.

Each year Arbor Day was celebrated, Mr. Roosevelt paid for the trees and each of the scholars planted one. One autumn he presented a large bird house and put it up in a tree in the school yard and the children put up smaller boxes in the trees around the house and here the birds found refuge and nested and

sung. There was no mistake about Great Heart's feeling for the beautiful choristers of the woods. The walls of the school were fairly covered with the pictures of birds and on the table was a magazine about birds and reasons for loving them, which he sent to the school with his compliments every year. On the wall was a curious picture and a beautiful one also made of silk thread by a sailor who was on one of the ships of the fleet that went around the world, and which he sent as a present to Colonel Roosevelt. In presenting the picture Mr. Roosevelt told them about the great United States fleet and the reasons he had for sending it around the world.

Noticing a bronze tablet on the wall in memory of Mr. Fleet, who had been a trustee of the school for thirty-one years, I remembered it was the one to which Colonel Roosevelt declined to contribute. In answer to a letter requesting his subscription, which was expected of course to be an affirmative one, he declined. He knew Mr. Fleet to have been an excellent man and to have rendered invaluable services and that if the memorial should do the children any practical good, such as a drinking fountain or a gymnasium or fountain for birds on the outside he would contribute liberally to it, but for a brass tablet on the wall not a cent. He said he would not give a cent to it if the memorial was to his grandfather.

The crown and climax of the Cove School year were the Christmas exercises. For over thirty years Great Heart had been the Santa Claus of the school, making piles of fun for the children and just as much for himself. It had been the custom of Mr. Roosevelt for over thirty years to give a present to every child in the school at Christmas time. He arranged it so that each child should write a letter to the teacher telling her

what present he or she desired Santa Claus to bring. The letters were carefully filed and each boy and girl received to the dot the very thing asked for.

The exercises were usually held on Friday afternoon closing the school term and preceding the Christmas vacation. The children first gave recitations and songs, and then Mr. Roosevelt made a twenty-five-minute address to them and their parents and friends who had assembled.

Rev. H. S. Dunning, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Oyster Bay, a warm friend of Mr. Roosevelt, often went out to the Cove School Christmas exercises. He told me a number of interesting things about the exercises, among them a story which the Colonel related in one of these short addresses.

He told about one of the few Christmases he spent away from the Cove School, the one in which he was on his hunting trip in Africa. Mr. Roosevelt said that he chanced to be, on that day, among the natives at a town where few, if any, white people lived. A bull elephant had been running amuck, terrifying the people of the vicinity and killing some of them. He and his party determined on this Christmas day to go out and, if possible, destroy the beast. In a very vivid way he related the story of how they came upon the creature and how finally, after considerable peril to themselves, they succeeded in despatching him. Needless to say, the eyes of the children bulged with excitement as the tale was unfolded to them.

After the exercises Mr. Roosevelt took the presents off the tree one by one with his own hands and had the child whose name was called come forward and receive it, and he usually made some delightful or funny remark about the present that was given. For instance, he would use some baseball phrase when he

handed a boy a ball and bat, and would have some sweet little words to say when he gave a dolly to a little girl. Little Margret Martin, aged five years, came forward for her present and Santa Claus took her up with a hand under each shoulder and holding her up said, "I want everybody in the house to see the sweet little girl who made such a pretty speech to-day." When a boy came up for his present he gave him a flashlight, saying, "This reminds me of my trip to South America, when I had to get up in the night with my flashlight to see if there were any snakes under the bed."

At the close of the exercises the Colonel shook hands with everybody in the house (there were usually about one hundred present). He was the host, and all were the happy guests that day. More than that, he seemed like a father and the children and neighbors like his family. Beside the gifts to the children he gave each year a book to every teacher in the school. Only one year did he ever miss, that was in 1917. That Christmas he sent a letter to the teachers informing them that he and Mrs. Roosevelt had determined not to give any Christmas presents to adults that year as the war was on and they wanted to save every cent they could to aid in its prosecution. He said they had determined to continue the gifts to the children as usual and that they might have the children send their letters out to Santa Claus as usual, and that they would get the presents they asked for. The little Cove School, democratic and progressive, has been fortunate in its teachers. Miss Sarah C. Provost was the head teacher for twenty-four years. Since her death that position has been filled by Miss Stewart. It is a long distance between the country school at the cove and the University of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris

and Berlin, but Great Heart, acting as Santa Claus for the little Cove School, was as great, if not a greater man than he was as a world character with cap and gown receiving his degree from Cambridge. Love is the strongest thing in the universe. Love is the strongest force in human character. It colored the intellect and dominated the imperial will of Theodore Roosevelt. He was a Hercules in force, in rugged virtue and heroic service for others. But he was also Great Heart, whose love softened his spirit and controlled his life.

When Theodore was a boy his father took him and the other children and left them at their own Sunday School at Dr. Adams' church and then went on down into the slums to take charge of a mission school amongst the poor and the wayward. The aunt, Mrs. Bullock, used to say as she saw him starting out with the children, "There goes Great Heart." And as the world saw Theodore Roosevelt caring for the children of his home, his community and of the nation, especially concerning himself about the children of the poor and wretched, the people said in their hearts, "There goes Great Heart." In his boyish, playful spirit, in his intense affection for the children, in his plans for their betterment and happiness, he imitated his Master, Who said, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In referring to Colonel Roosevelt's death, Rudyard Kipling said, "It is as though Bunyan's Mr. Great Heart had died in the midst of his pilgrimage." At first thought it would seem that Great Heart had died on his pilgrimage, but on second thought we feel that having conducted safely so many women, children and helpless ones up the rugged, dangerous path of life to the river over which they passed to the Celestial City,

he himself followed them and joined the throng upon the other side.

There was a giant in olden times. He was so tall and strong that he used forest trees as walking sticks and wore the clouds as his hair. The lightning was the flash of his eye, the thunder was the sound of his voice, the tornado was his breath, and the earthquake was the shock of his foot. He had a bad heart and was mighty to oppress, injure and slay, and people fled from him in terror and their loud wails of sorrow and pain were heard. In our time there lived a giant mightier than the one in classic story, but of another character. His heart was great. His feet stood firmly on the earth and his head was crowned with stars. He was a terror to evil-doers only. The lightning of indignation, that flashed from his eye, shattered the institutions of moral evil, and the thunder of his voice warned the people of the dangers that threatened the happiness and life of the republic. But this giant loved his fellowmen and went about doing good.

He was so tall in heart and mind that everybody in the nation could see him, and was charged with such mysterious magnetism that they could not take their eyes off him, but watched to see where he went, what he said, and what he did. He went among the common people, who heard him gladly as he taught them how to govern themselves, and how to govern the nation. He went into the homes of the poor to sympathize with them, lift them up and bring hope and joy to them, and demanded of the law-givers better housing and education for them. He went among the sick, suffering and oppressed to bless them. He entered the universities and taught them. He visited the State Legislatures and National Capitol and asked that just and beneficent laws be enacted.

Everywhere hundreds and thousands of children from the homes and schools flocked about him, and followed him to cheer and love him. He played with them, and loved them as a father would his own, and had both arms full of them wherever he went. And the people said that this giant that can crush the great evils of the nation with one arm, and press the babies to his heart with the other, was a real sovereign, and demanded that he be the ruler of the nation. And in office and out of office the people looked to him as their leader till the day of his death. This giant was so beautiful in his character and so fragrant in his influence that the multitudes flocked about him and cheered him, and they shouted, "He is Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" (A field of roses.) They said he is Theodore, Gift of God, as the name indicates. And so he was a garden of June roses, a gift of God, to our earth and generation. He arose as the mighty hero in the forefront of the fight of the world battling for the rights of his fellows, and the honor of his God, and as soon as the victory was won he slipped away one night, and made an easy step from the mountain top of earthly duty and fame into heaven.

HIS DEATH

CHAPTER XXV

HIS DEATH

IT is likely that if Theodore Roosevelt could have had his choice about the manner of his departure from this world he would have selected a place on the battlefield in France, counting it a privilege to die for his country, but Providence planned it otherwise. He died in his own home at Sagamore Hill early on the morning of Monday, January 6, 1919. He had had such a pleasant Sunday evening doing some literary work, with Mrs. Roosevelt by his side as they sat before the blazing logs in the fireplace, and he went upstairs to his room to have a good night's rest. James Amos, who had been a faithful colored servant in Washington and had been recently engaged at Sagamore Hill, sat at the foot of his bed. He said to the man, "Please turn out the light, James, I want to go to sleep." James turned out the light and he went to sleep and never awoke. Mrs. Roosevelt bade him good-night just before midnight and slipped into his room again at two o'clock in the morning and found that everything was well; but about four o'clock Amos noticed that Mr. Roosevelt was somewhat restless and breathing rather heavily. He turned on the light, went to his side and

touched him and found he was dead and notified Mrs. Roosevelt and a nurse who had been attending him for his rheumatism. He was lying on his side with his arms folded in a sweet sleep with the most peaceful expression. The great and beautiful spirit had left its expression in the clay after it had flown.

About a year ago he went to Roosevelt Hospital with trouble in his ear. They operated upon him two or three times, the last one leaving him very weak and disabled. He went back home and after a short rest went out through different parts of the country making speeches to stir up a more vigorous prosecution of the war. In the early winter he was taken down with what was called inflammatory rheumatism; his limb and arm swelled to almost twice their normal size and he suffered inexpressible anguish. He paid no attention to either the pain or the disability, but went on writing his editorials and sending out his messages to the people as though nothing in the world was the matter with him. They brought him back from the hospital on Christmas day, and he was able to walk a little with Mrs. Roosevelt about the grounds. He was unable to take the strenuous kind of exercise to which he had been accustomed. He had had the African fever twice during his hunting trip. In the Brazilian swamps he almost perished with the fever, from which he never recovered, and added to all this was the death of his son, which helped to break him down and, poisoned through and through, a clot of blood lodged in his lungs early that morning and stopped his breathing.

Relatives were summoned, and the sad news was sent out to the world with special cables to the boys in Europe. That Monday afternoon three aeroplanes flew over the home on Sagamore Hill and each

dropped a wreath of laurel close to the elm tree. They were in memory of the father and also of the son, their comrade and hero.

At noon on Wednesday a brief funeral service was held in the trophy room at Sagamore Hill, attended by the family and a few most intimate friends, and then the body was taken to Christ's Episcopal church in Oyster Bay. It was possibly the simplest funeral service ever held for a distinguished man. There was no firing of guns, beating of drums, blowing of bugles or bands of any kind; there were no honorary pall bearers nor distinguished ushers. New York City policemen, each over six feet high, rode on horseback upon either side of the auto hearse to the church, and other giant policemen from the metropolis kept guard about the building. Some of the most distinguished men of the nation were present, the Vice-president, senators, congressmen, governors of States, representatives of foreign nations and others. The church was small, holding only about four or five hundred, and perhaps five thousand others stood out in the snow around the church. Although there had been a request that no flowers be sent to the church, the chancel was covered with blossoms of exquisite beauty and sweet perfume. One of these was a wreath of pink and white carnations in accordance with a message from President Wilson in France. One wreath had a white ribbon which had United States Senate in letters of gold. A floral emblem, made of heather, pink roses and blue violets, was sent by a Japanese organization. The American Historical Association of Washington sent lilies, the Republican National Committee orchids, violets and peach blossoms. The American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Boone and Crockett Club, the American Defence Society, Campfire Club of Amer-

ica, the National Institution of Arts and Letters, and other organizations beside numerous individuals sent floral pieces. The coffin was wrapped in the American flag and upon it rested a wreath and two banners, one the Regimental Standard of the Rough Riders and the other the National Standard of the Rough Riders. The wreath was a bronze laurel and acacia, the yellow being the cavalry color. This was from the Rough Riders, a delegation of which was present at the funeral.

At the front of the church the coffin of the world's hero preached an eloquent sermon; on the rear wall of the church there were two sheets of foolscap paper under glass which also preached eloquently. They had written upon them with pen and ink the names of ninety-eight members of the parish who had entered their country's service, the first four names being Roosevelts and the one name of the whole list distinguished by a gold star being that of Quentin Roosevelt. The rector, Rev. G. E. Talmage, D.D., a dear friend of Colonel Roosevelt, read the beautiful service of the Protestant Episcopal church. At the request of Mrs. Roosevelt he read the Colonel's favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation." After the service, which was short, the body was borne to Young's Memorial Cemetery, two-thirds of the way from the village to Sagamore Hill and on the same road. It is the nearest burying place to Sagamore Hill. It was the site Mr. Roosevelt had picked out for his last resting place. The grave is at the top of a steep hill. It is a beautiful spot indeed, simple in the highest degree. There is no sign of art or display, only the oaks and locust trees, and the cedars, and the forest just over the country fence and the beautiful bay in full view near by, and the rabbits

and quails in the grass and the birds making nests in the trees and singing their love songs unite to testify to the beauties of the world and the love of the Creator. And here the body of earth's great man was laid to rest and his grave was covered with flowers.

Theodore Roosevelt needs no monument. His signal and heroic services are monuments erected in every part of our land and throughout the world, and yet we, the living, need the monument for him, not only one in memory and affection, but also the monuments of stone, some large, tall shaft or figure that shall remind the coming generations of the great giant that lived and loved and wrought for them. His friends rejoice to know that a fund of ten million dollars is to be raised to set up suitable memorials for him in different parts of the country, one to include a park at Oyster Bay and Young's Cemetery. This, one of the simplest burying places on earth, on account of this precious dust has been transmuted into one of the most sacred and famed cemeteries in the world.

The sudden news of Theodore Roosevelt's death shocked the world, and from every section and calling of this country and from distinguished men abroad, including the heads of many of the governments, came messages of condolence to the home on Sagamore Hill. The one from King George was as follows:

The Queen and I have heard with feelings of deep regret of the death of your distinguished husband, and we offer our most sincere sympathy for your irreparable loss. We had a great personal regard for him, and we always enjoyed meeting him. He will be missed by many friends in this country to whom he endeared himself by his attractive character and many talents.

The message of Queen Alexandra was:

I am indeed grieved to hear of the death of your great

and distinguished husband, for whom I had the greatest regard. Please accept my deepest sympathy on the irreparable loss you have suffered.

Lloyd George cabled to Mrs. Roosevelt the following message:

I am deeply shocked to have the news of your distinguished husband's death. I feel sure I speak for the British people when I tell you how much we all here sympathize with you in your great bereavement. Mr. Roosevelt was a great and inspiring figure far beyond his country's shores, and the world is the poorer for his loss.

Rudyard Kipling said:

Colonel Roosevelt's death means an incalculable loss to his own land and to that new world which all men hope to see. It is as though Bunyan's Great Heart had died in the midst of his pilgrimage, for he was the greatest proved American of our generation.

President Woodrow Wilson, shocked and grieved, cabled the following message:

It becomes my sad duty to announce officially the death of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States from September 14, 1901, to March 4, 1909, which occurred at his home at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, New York, at 4:15 o'clock in the morning of January 6, 1919. In his death the United States has lost one of its most distinguished and patriotic citizens, who had endeared himself to the people by his strenuous devotion to their interests and to the public interests of his country.

As president of the Police Board of his native city, as member of the legislature and Governor of his state, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Vice-President, as President of the United States, he displayed administrative powers of a signal order and conducted the affairs of these various offices with a concentration of effort and a watchful care which permitted no divergence from the line of duty he has definitely set for himself.

In the war with Spain he displayed singular initiative and

energy and distinguished himself among the commanders of the army in the field. As President he awoke the nation to the dangers of private control which lurked in our financial and industrial systems. It was by thus arresting the attention and stimulating the purpose of the country that he opened the way for subsequent necessary and beneficent reforms.

His private life was characterized by a simplicity, a virtue and an affection worthy of all admiration and emulation by the people of America.

In testimony of the respect in which his memory is held by the government and people of the United States, I do hereby direct that the flags of the White House and the several departmental buildings be displayed at half-staff for a period of thirty days, and that suitable military and naval honors under orders of the Secretaries of War and of the Navy be rendered on the day of the funeral.

Done this seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-third.

WOODROW WILSON.

By the President,
FRANK L. POLK,
Acting Secretary of State.

Theodore Roosevelt, a young man, was married to Miss Carow in the old St. George's church in London. In the same city in Westminster Abbey the world hero was honored by one of the most important memorial services ever held. The beautiful, timely address by Archdeacon Carnegie was as follows:

What were the qualities which have called forth this widespread response of enthusiastic appreciation? The question is well worth asking. Its answer would reveal to us something, at any rate, of that spiritual heritage which the two great families of the Anglo-Saxon race share in common and which is, let me emphasize the fact, the ultimate basis of our hope for the world's future.

Let us try to visualize the man—to form a mental picture of some of his chief characteristics. A forceful and

magnetic personality, vital and strenuous in work and play, a loyal and warm-hearted friend, a fair-dealing opponent, an enthusiastic sportsman, a devoted patriot, an active and resourceful politician, the soul of honor and straightforwardness in his public and private transactions, courageous and fearless and enterprising.

Such are some of the qualities which arrest our attention as we read his life's story, all of them qualities which men, brought up in the Anglo-Saxon atmosphere, instinctively appreciate and admire. But the picture thus presented is not complete. I have spoken to several people who had the advantage of close personal contact with Mr. Roosevelt, and they are unanimous in saying that the full secret of his influence must be sought at a deeper level—that it was ultimately due to the intensity of his moral convictions and the decisive clearness of his moral vision. His distinctive feat, as some one has put it, was to rediscover the Ten Commandments. To him the moral law was the supreme and all-embracing law of human life, tolerating no rivals, admitting of no competitors. When conscience had spoken, its claims for obedience were absolute and unavoidable; there must be no dallying or delay; right is right and wrong is wrong; the distinction between them is clear-cut and decisive; at all costs and hazards the call of duty must be followed; the only alternative is self-confusion and self-contempt. It was thus that he looked out on life; this was the master strain of his rich and complex manhood.

And I think I am right in saying that this is also the master strain of typical British manhood. However much the average Englishman may evade the claims of conscience in his ordinary conduct, at heart he recognizes their supremacy and accords his chief respect to those who meet them. Moreover, when these claims are presented in emphatic and urgent terms he seldom fails to respond to them. We witnessed such a response on a large scale at the beginning of this war. With the invasion of Belgium the moral issue suddenly became unmistakable; there could be no reasonable doubt as to its character. The British people here and beyond the seas recognized this, and spontaneously and immediately ranged themselves and all they possessed on the side of the moral law.

On similar grounds the American people can make a similar claim. Their traditional detachment from European affairs made it less easy for them to recognize at once the crucial character of the situation which had arisen here. But when this became clear to them their reaction was in no wise different from ours.

And then a great thing happened. Deep called to deep, we and our kinsmen met on the moral level, and we became conscious that in the essential things of life no differences divide us, that with regard to them we think and feel as they do, that our fundamental aims and aspirations and ideals are identical with theirs. It is not overstating the case to say that this may prove to be by far the most important outcome of this war.

Now, in the process which led up to this result, it was given to Theodore Roosevelt to play a leading part. . . . He knew his fellow countrymen, knew that when once their attention was aroused they would feel as he felt and act as he would have them act. He was their prophet in the strictest sense of the word—one who interpreted to them the secrets of their hearts and revealed to them principles already implanted there. He spent himself in the efforts which he made, he sacrificed his life for the cause as truly as if he had laid it down on the battlefield. But before he died he had accomplished his allotted task. He had passed on to his fellow countrymen the message he had received and had heard them responding to it in conclusive terms of overwhelming power.

It is small wonder that they should feel impelled to pay high tribute to his memory. It is equally small wonder that this tribute should be reached here in the Motherland of the Anglo-Saxon race.

We English are not intellectual idealists. Through long experience in self-government we have learned that most practical problems are far too complex and intricate to admit of theoretical solutions. So, though we like listening to idealists and discussing their views, when confronted with a concrete situation we are disposed to deal with it by instinctive rather than by intellectual methods. But we are at heart moral idealists. The instinct on which we ultimately depend is the moral instinct. . . . In the long run it is men of character who command our confidence and mold our opinion. It is on their judgment and

guidance that we finally depend. Sincere, straightforward, single-minded men, who believe in goodness and in its ultimate victory, and are not afraid to proclaim and act upon their belief, and, if necessary, to face opposition and to incur opprobrium in its behalf.

Such a man was Theodore Roosevelt. In our common admiration for his life and character we and our American kinsmen reveal ourselves to one another and become conscious of our essential affinity. He has contributed no small share to the movement for reunion between us, too long delayed by past estrangements and present prejudices and misunderstandings. It is altogether fitting that we should remember with thankfulness and with all honor one to whom it was given by God to render such notable service to his fellowmen.

ADDRESSES BY DEPEW AND BISHOP WILSON

CHAPTER XXVI

ADDRESSES BY HON. CHAUNCEY DEPEW AND BISHOP WILSON

THE New York City Methodist Preachers' Meeting, composed of a thousand members, said to be the largest ministers' meeting in the world, held a Roosevelt Memorial Service the Monday morning after the Colonel's death at which the Hon. Chauncey Depew and Bishop Luther B. Wilson made eloquent addresses.

Mr. Depew, though eighty-five years old, spoke with his old-time fire, humor and eloquence for over an hour. He cheerfully gave me the full text of his address. Much of Mr. Depew's address is here given:

MY FRIENDS: It is a very great pleasure for me to meet you here this morning. I am glad to comply with your request to join in your service for Theodore Roosevelt. He was my friend from his boyhood until his death. No one could know him without having for him the profoundest affection and the greatest admiration. He was one of the most extraordinary men of our period, or of any period; he made history and was a most important factor in the history of his time. His whole public career is lined with monuments in beneficent legislation and individual achievement testifying to services for his country and the world of the greatest value. He was born two years before the breaking out of the Civil War and was President of the United States when it was the necessity of the Executive

to have a united country in support of policies for the benefit of the whole United States. For this destiny he was fortunate in his ancestors: his father of Dutch and Scotch ancestry, was a leading citizen of New York and one of the most useful and prominent citizens of the North; his mother was from Georgia and represented the best blood and traditions of the South. He could appeal, as no President had been able to since the Civil War, to all sections of the country, North, South, East and West.

He had a consuming desire to be all the time doing something and producing something. When he was Governor, with all the exactions of the place, he, nevertheless, found time to write books. He was under contract with his publishers on both the African hunting trip and the Brazilian journey of exploration. After a day of rough travel and perilous adventure, when all his companions were used up and asleep, he sat by a box on which was a candle and by its flickering light wrote the day's chapter for his book. He was daily contributing to the press and to weekly and monthly magazines, constantly giving interviews and making speeches, and yet in some mysterious way found time for conferences with political leaders, with men of letters, with distinguished visitors, with his publishers, the managers and the editors of his magazines and newspapers.

He was a frequent attendant at social functions, and the most desired and welcomed of guests at public and private dinners. He was temperate in all things, but a glutton for work.

His activities were during the greatest period of industrial development which this country has ever known, a period in which masterful men developed in an unprecedented way our natural resources, our manufacturing and our transportation with results that were enormously beneficial to communities and multitudes of people, but yielded fabulous returns to the architects.

Colonel Roosevelt admired these men and their achievements, but always looked upon them and what they did from the standpoint of public safety and public service. His clear vision was never obscured. He had no fear of big business, and to his mind the bigger the better, if the best results for all could be had that way; at the same time,

if in his judgment the process was becoming dangerous to the public welfare because of its tendency to monopoly he became at once its enemy.

As New York Police Commissioner he startled, aroused and enraged a wide open city where the law against vice had always been laxly enforced, if at all, by announcing as his policy the rigid enforcement of the laws. Saloonkeepers and gamblers, votaries of pleasure and all that multitude who in a great city, if unrestrained, violate the law, were instantly up in arms. They formed a great parade for personal liberty, but to their amazement found occupying the front seat on the reviewing stand the new Police Commissioner. A German brewer shouting, "Where is Roosevelt now?" was amazed by hearing the Police Commissioner say, "Here I am, my friend, what can I do for you?" The surprise reversed the German mentality, the brewer called three cheers for Roosevelt and that part of the procession collapsed. Wherever in the district infested by gangs and gunmen the patrolman's life was always in danger, there, at all hours, would be found strolling along and in constant peril of assassination, Mr. Roosevelt. Discipline and efficiency soon made the New York police the finest body in the world.

In a few months after his inauguration, McKinley was assassinated, Roosevelt became President and gave to the country seven years of the most eventful and fruitful Presidential terms in our history. An incident of the convention may be of interest. There being no contests because the nominations were unanimously agreed upon, the orators of the convention had no opportunity of presenting the claims of various candidates, so they exhausted themselves and exhausted the audience by making practically the same speeches over and over again for Mr. McKinley and Governor Roosevelt. The crowd had ceased to listen and had begun to scrape the speakers down, when a Western delegation came to me and said, "You never get out our way, and we would like to hear you speak." Roosevelt as a fellow delegate sat immediately in front of me. He turned around and said in his quick way, "Yes, yes, he will speak. He must give us something new; if these bores keep this up any longer it will beat the ticket." And he seized me and practically threw me upon the platform. It was one of those occasions where a story is the only sal-

vation for a speaker. Near me sat a portentously solemn United States Senator whose platitudinous speech had already been delivered three times. As I started the story he turned to the Chairman and in a horrified and tragic voice said, "Great Heavens! The solemnity and dignity of this historic occasion is to be ruined by a story."

Great and successful leadership requires many qualities. I have known, beginning with Lincoln, with considerable intimacy every President of the United States. None of them had all these qualities except Mr. Roosevelt. He was a born leader of men. His industry was phenomenal, but in addition was that intelligent work which knew where to find what he wanted and his marvellous intelligence which grasped, absorbed and utilized this material with the precision of a machine.

He loved companionship and found time to enjoy his friends. When that friend left, he had contributed all he possessed to the materials useful to this great Executive. He might be a college professor, a United States Senator, a Foreign Ambassador, a State Governor, a Justice of the Supreme Court, a labor leader, a cowboy from the ranches, a hunter from the mountains, a traveler from overseas—all were equally welcome and all equal contributors.

In looking over the acts recommended and the laws passed during Roosevelt's administration, we find a mass of constructive work, of progress and reform, which gathers, condenses and puts in practice the accumulated necessities which had arisen since the close of the Civil War.

We rejoiced in our marvelous prosperity, at the same time it was our greatest peril. A few masterful men were combining the industries of the country and had almost perfected the consolidation of its transportation. Roosevelt alone, of his co-temporaries, with his unequaled insight into public opinion, saw a gathering storm. He sensed an unrest which was culminating into dangerous hatred of success. He set about vigorously to correct these evils and succeeded. His railway legislation did away with many of the abuses which had necessarily grown up with the rapid progress of railway building and consolidation. He put a curb on great Trusts and blocked the way of general monopoly. He incurred the bitter and venomous hostility of powerful interests in the financial world, in specu-

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ON RETURN FROM HIS AFRICAN HUNTING EXPEDITION.

lative circles and in the stock exchanges, but when he sent, as he was in the habit of doing, for captains of industry, he converted at least one of the ablest of them by putting in a sentence a pregnant truth, "Sir, you have to deal with me now, or the mob later."

Mr. Roosevelt, on his way home from his hunting and exploration expedition in Africa, was received with signal honors, as if still President, by Great Britain, France and the Kaiser. He was hailed with the same enthusiasm and demonstrations which have greeted President Wilson, both in London and Paris.

It was the President's psychology of public men and public sentiment of foreign nations which led him to solve and settle threatened difficulties with Japan. Through the East specially, and to a large degree in Europe, there was almost absolute ignorance of the strength and power of the United States. The American battle fleet was ordered to sail around the world. This formidable array of war vessels of the most modern design and equipment and ready for immediate action produced a profound impression in all countries. It was peace by demonstration of preparedness and power. It was the fundamental article in Roosevelt's creed that preparedness and power in a free and liberty-loving nation instead of provoking war promoted peace.

He first among our public men saw what must be our position in this world war. He found the great mass of his countrymen satisfied with their isolation and pacifists in sentiment, but in season and out of season he preached preparedness and the peril to us at home and to our institutions of the triumph of autocracy upon the field of battle in Europe. It was the wonderful effect of his stirring appeals which made it possible for the President to secure universal assent for the declaration of war. Roosevelt was never more himself in that faculty, which was one of his strongest points, of practicing what he preached and placing himself in the forefront of danger than in what he did when our country entered the war. He proposed to raise a division and go with it at once to France. That was denied, but he sent his four sons. When one of them was wounded and the other killed the pathetic answer of this bereaved patriot was, "Better so, than that they should not have gone."

I was in the Senate during the whole of his Presidency and saw him nearly every day. It was a delight to visit the Executive office or to meet him in the closer associations of the White House. He was the most outspoken of public men. As I was entering his room one morning a Senator was coming out. This Senator had made some request of the President which had angered him. He shouted to me so the Senator could hear him and everybody else: "Do you know that man?" I answered, "Yes, he is a colleague of mine in the Senate." "But," the President shouted, "he is a crook." Subsequent events proved the President correct, the man came within the clutches of the criminal law.

Two of our ex-Presidents are still a force with their party and the people. They are Jefferson and Jackson. Jefferson's influence was because of his versatility, political foresight and a literary talent. Jackson's by his iron will and command of men. Mr. Roosevelt united in himself all the power, talent and force of these two remarkable leaders.

He was intensely human. He had no airs nor fads nor frills. His cordiality was infectious, his friendship never failed. No man of his generation has so long held public esteem and confidence with continuing admiration and expectation. His work in the world was great and greatly done. It is a commonplace when a great man dies to say: "It is not for his co-temporaries to pass judgment upon him, that must be left to posterity and to the historian after the passions of his time have been allayed." There are only two exceptions to this maxim, one is Washington, the other is Roosevelt. The testimony at the time about Washington is the same as the judgment of posterity. With this magnificent fighter, this reckless crusader, this hard-hitter, the world is stilled and awed when the news of his death is flashed over wires and cables, but the instant voice of friend and enemy is the same. All recognize the purity of his motives, the unselfishness of his work and his unadulterated Americanism. His last expression sent to a public meeting in New York, the evening before he died, is the thought upon whose realization rests the security of our institutions and the future of our country. It is that there is no place in our land for divided allegiance. Every citizen must be wholly American.

Bishop Wilson, who had just come from the great

work he had rendered his country in France, made a powerful address. The following is his estimate of Colonel Roosevelt:

The flags of the nation are at half-mast and the bells of the cities have tolled out their solemn announcement that one, who for eight years had occupied the Presidency of the Great Republic, has passed from us. Beyond the formal recognition of the announcement, however, of this event, the sorrow is registered in the heart of the world. Theodore Roosevelt represented in his personality the North and the South and the rugged loyalty to conscience of Holland, while the sunlight upon the mountain peaks of America, and the broad sweeping winds of her prairies, and the vibrant life of her cities were wrought together, with the culture of her schools and the reverence of her churches, in the fine ideals which for sixty years dominated his life. He was a comrade of men. There was no condition in which they lived into which he was not willing to enter, that he might understand the problems which they fought to solve and weigh the burdens under which they toiled. There was no monotony of peaceful days, no danger of war troubled times was sufficient to discourage or disconcert him. He despised no groups of men, however lowly; he feared none, however lordly. No barrier, or race, or mountain, or tongue, or sea confined him. He was a comrade to all the world because he was a brother to humanity. But where he was welcomed as comrade, he was likely to continue as leader.

There was a vitality in his thought, a keenness to his vision, which enabled him to penetrate the disguise of the superficial and feel the lure of the long road. There was an assertion of conscience in expressed hatred of sham and of unreality, only equalled by his avowed love for reality and truth. His words quivered and blazed as he waged conflict with wrong, or as he assumed the advocacy of right. They ran like the tide of the sea. Measured from the base of his convictions to the altitudes of his ideals, he was the tallest American since the days of Lincoln, probably the best known citizen of the world in which he lived, and the best loved. His door stood open to the weak and to the mighty, to the individual and

to the multitude, for his whole career seemed based upon the belief that the other man might easily add to the store of his knowledge, or help in rendering knowledge more effective in operation, and as the door stood open for the entrance of others, so it stood open for the going forth of himself.

Sometimes it seemed to the friend or enemy that he was taking part in the affairs of the country, or of the world beyond, the limit of a fine propriety, but nothing on any side of any sea was foreign to him, while it concerned the welfare of men. If the ear of the too critical hearer missed the quality of the highest wisdom in what he said, or if, from a mere observer's place of aloofness it seemed that action lacked discretion, no one who came near enough to hear his word, or felt the impact of his personality, could doubt either the friendship for men or that, in what he said, he was seeking to follow the light as it was given to him to see the light. Whatever else he was, he was no "reed shaken by the wind," he was likely to hold steadfastly to the way on which the light fell, and that steadfastness and conviction was not ossified self-will. There was in his love of certain good, in his wrath against certain evil the fastness of the hills, and in his dealing with all things an undisguised constancy, but where movements of the times wrought change in the great outstanding facts of civilization, he was never unresponsive. Among his most recent words were those in which he came to advocate a union of America and Great Britain, a measure which would have been impossible in his thinking even five years ago. He was the towering American of our day, but, in his Americanism, the desire for his country's opulence, by commercial exploit, was not the first thing. It was the relation of America to the life of the American, the responsiveness of America to the claims of justice, the position of America among the nations of the world which he sought, and all the power of conviction and of ideal had their consummate expression in what he said during these last great years in which the processes of dissolution have convulsed civilization as when the foundations of the deep are broken up, but in which also new possibilities have come to light even as when out of the sea new mountains lift their heads. The words of this great American, backed by his offer of service, by his sacrifice in the willing surrender of his best loved to the

peril of the field, can never be forgotten. His stalwart Americanism wrought for the stabilizing of those very conceptions of ethical ideals for which he stood, the sure foundation of the world's welfare, however nations may be leagued or humanity be united.

Standing, as we do, so near to the day of his departure, we cannot yet feel that he is gone away. Our personal friendship is so assertive that perhaps it is impossible for us rightly to voice our judgment of him in his broader relations to the nation or the world. We recognize the immense forcefulness of his life, his friendship for all things worthy, his contribution to the city, the state and nation, his loyalty to learning, his reverence for religious things, his comradeship with men, his discipleship of the Master, and bowing in sorrow, not lessened because in every land where the sun is shining men mourn with us, we lift our hearts in thankfulness that such a man has lived, and having lived we rejoice that his influence cannot be buried. Lovers of home, and native land, friends of order and the common good, pilgrims on the way, comrades in the great adventure of the better world, we are conscious of his presence as we sing of another great soul marching on.

Appropriate resolutions were prepared and read by Rev. G. W. Roesch expressing appreciation and sympathy which were sent to the family of Colonel Roosevelt. Old members say that the service was the most impressive one held in fifty years.

HENRY CABOT LODGE'S MEMORIAL ORATION

CHAPTER XXVII

HENRY CABOT LODGE'S MEMORIAL ORATION

SUNDAY, February 9th, was set apart by our nation as the Roosevelt Memorial Day. The services and tributes paid were world-wide. There was an impressive service in Westminster Abbey. The service held in the American church in Paris was attended by President Wilson, Secretary Lansing, and other distinguished Americans. In other cities of Europe and other countries befitting exercises were held. In nearly every farm district, village and city of our own country audiences met to sing, to weep and to talk about the great hero and leader who had been taken away. Of course the most impressive service in America was the one appointed by Congress which was held in the House of Representatives. This was the first time in a generation that the officials, legislative, executive and judicial branches of the government, the heads of the military and naval establishments, together with the diplomatic representatives of nations, convened in a state memorial service for a private citizen. No more appropriate selection of a speaker could have been made than that of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, a friend of Mr. Roosevelt at Harvard and throughout his life. While he was President of the United States Mr. Roosevelt

made a speech at a Harvard dinner in which he said, "I shall not speak of the junior senator, another Harvard man, Cabot Lodge, because it would be difficult for me to discuss in public one who is my closest, staunchest, and most loyal personal friend."

Senator Lodge's oration was a superb one, rising in grandeur to the man and the hour, which is the most that could be said of it. After reviewing the biographical details of the life of his friend, Mr. Lodge continued:

There was no hour down to the end when Theodore Roosevelt would not turn aside from everything else to preach the doctrine of Americanism, of the principles and the faith upon which American government rested, and which all true Americans should wear in their heart of hearts. He was a great patriot, a great man; above all, a great American. His country was the ruling, mastering passion of his life from the beginning even unto the end.

What a man was is ever more important than what he did, because it is upon what he was that all his achievement depends and his value and meaning to his fellow men must finally rest.

Theodore Roosevelt always believed that character was of greater worth and moment than anything else. He possessed abilities of the first order, which he was disposed to underrate, because he set so much greater store upon the moral qualities which we bring together under the single word "character."

Let me speak first of his abilities. He had a powerful, well-trained, ever-active mind. He thought clearly, independently, and with originality and imagination. These priceless gifts were sustained by an extraordinary power of acquisition, joined to a greater quickness of apprehension, a greater swiftness in seizing upon the essence of a question, than I have ever happened to see in any other man. His reading began with natural history, then went to general history, and thence to the whole field of literature. He had a capacity for concentration which enabled him to read with remarkable rapidity anything which he took up, if

only for a moment, and which separated him for the time being from everything going on about him. The subjects upon which he was well and widely informed would, if enumerated, fill a large space, and to this power of acquisition was united not only a tenacious but an extraordinary accurate memory. It was never safe to contest with him on any question of fact or figures, whether they related to the ancient Assyrians or to the present-day conditions of the tribes of central Africa, to the Syracusan Expedition, as told by Thucydides, or to protective colorings in birds and animals. He knew and held details always at command, but he was not mastered by them. He never failed to see the forest on account of the trees or the city on account of the houses.

He made himself a writer, not only of occasional addresses and essays, but of books. He had the trained thoroughness of the historian, as he showed in his history of the War of 1812 and of the "Winning of the West," and nature had endowed him with that most enviable of gifts, the faculty of narrative and the art of the teller of tales. He knew how to weigh evidence in the historical scales and how to depict character. He learned to write with great ease and fluency. He was always vigorous, always energetic, always clear and forcible in everything he wrote—nobody could ever misunderstand him—and when he allowed himself time and his feelings were deeply engaged he gave to the world many pages of beauty as well as power, not only in thought but in form and style. At the same time he made himself a public speaker, and here again, through a practice probably unequaled in amount, he became one of the most effective in all our history. In speaking, as in writing, he was always full of force and energy; he drove home his arguments and never was misunderstood. In many of his more carefully prepared addresses are to be found passages of impressive eloquence, touched with imagination and instinct with grace and feeling.

He had a large capacity for administration, clearness of vision, promptness in decision, and a thorough apprehension of what constituted efficient organization. All the vast and varied work which he accomplished could not have been done unless he had had most exceptional natural abilities, but behind them, most important of all, was the driving force of an intense energy and the ever-present belief that a

man could do what he willed to do. As he made himself an athlete, a horseman, a good shot, a bold explorer, so he made himself an exceptionally successful writer and speaker. Only a most abnormal energy would have enabled him to enter and conquer in so many fields of intellectual achievement. But something more than energy and determination is needed for the largest success, especially in the world's high places. The first requisite of leadership is ability to lead, and that ability Theodore Roosevelt possessed in full measure. Whether in a game or in the hunting field, in a fight or in politics, he sought the front, where, as Webster once remarked, there is always plenty of room for those who can get there. His instinct was always to say "come" rather than "go," and he had the talent to command.

His also was the rare gift of arresting attention sharply and suddenly, a very precious attribute, and one easier to illustrate than to describe. This arresting power is like a common experience, which we have all had on entering a picture gallery, of seeing at once and before all others a single picture among the many on the walls. For a moment you see nothing else, although you may be surrounded with masterpieces. In that particular picture lurks a strange, capturing, gripping fascination as impalpable as it is unmistakable. Roosevelt had this same arresting, fascinating quality. Whether in the Legislature at Albany, the Civil Service Commission at Washington, or the police commission in New York, whether in the Spanish War or on the plains among the cowboys, he was always vivid, at times startling, never to be overlooked. Nor did this power stop here. He not only without effort or intention drew the eager attention of the people to himself, he could also engage and fix their thoughts upon anything which happened to interest him. It might be a man or a book, reformed spelling or some large historical question, his traveling library or the military preparation of the United States, he had but to say, "See how interesting, how important, is this man or this event," and thousands, even millions, of people would reply, "We never thought of this before, but it certainly is one of the most interesting, most absorbing things in the world." He touched a subject, and it suddenly began to glow as when the high-power electric current touches the metal and the white light starts forth and dazzles the on-

looking eyes. We know the air played by the Pied Piper of Hamelin no better than we know why Theodore Roosevelt thus drew the interest of men after him. We only know they followed wherever his insatiable activity of mind invited them.

Men follow also most readily a leader who is always there before them, clearly visible and just where they expect him. They are especially eager to go forward with a man who never sounds a retreat. Roosevelt was always advancing, always struggling to make things better, to carry some much-needed reform, and help humanity to a larger chance, to a fairer condition, to a happier life. Moreover, he looked always for an ethical question. He was at his best when he was fighting the battle of right against wrong. He thought soundly and wisely upon questions of expediency or of political economy, but they did not rouse him or bring him the absorbed interest of the eternal conflict between good and evil. Yet he was never impractical, never blinded by counsels of perfection, never seeking to make the better the enemy of the good. He wished to get the best, but he would strive for all that was possible even if it fell short of the highest at which he aimed. He studied the lessons of history, and did not think the past bad simply because it was the past, or the new good solely because it was new. He sought to try all questions on their intrinsic merits, and that was why he succeeding in advancing, in making government and society better, where others who would be content with nothing less than an abstract perfection, failed. He would never compromise a principle, but he was eminently tolerant of honest differences of opinion. He never hesitated to give generous credit where credit seemed due, whether to friend or opponent, and in this way he gathered recruits and yet never lost adherents.

The criticism most commonly made upon Theodore Roosevelt was that he was impulsive and impetuous; that he acted without thinking. He would have been the last to claim infallibility. His head did not turn when fame came to him and choruses of admiration sounded in his ears, for he was neither vain nor credulous. He knew that he made mistakes, and never hesitated to admit them to be mistakes and to correct them or put them behind him when satisfied that they were such. But he wasted no time in mourning, explaining, or vainly regretting them. It is also true that

the middle way did not attract him. He was apt to go far, both in praise and censure, although nobody could analyze qualities and balance them justly in judging men better than he. He felt strongly, and as he had no concealments of any kind, he expressed himself in like manner. But vehemence is not violence, nor is earnestness anger, which a very wise man defined as a brief madness. It was all according to his nature, just as his eager cordiality in meeting men and women, his keen interest in other people's care or joys, was not assumed, as some persons thought who did not know him. It was all profoundly natural, it was all real, and in that way and in no other was he able to meet and greet his fellowmen. He spoke out with the most unrestrained frankness at all times and in all companies. Not a day passed in the Presidency when he was not guilty of what the trained diplomatist would call indiscretions. But the frankness had its own reward. There never was a President whose confidence was so respected or with whom the barriers of honor which surround private conversation were more scrupulously observed. At the same time, when the public interest required, no man could be more wisely reticent. He was apt, it is true, to act suddenly and decisively, but it was a complete mistake to suppose that he therefore acted without thought or merely on a momentary impulse. When he had made up his mind he was resolute and unchanging, but he made up his mind only after much reflection, and there never was a President in the White House who consulted not only friends but political opponents and men of all kinds and conditions more than Theodore Roosevelt. When he had reached his conclusion he acted quickly and drove hard at his object, and this it was, probably, which gave an impression that he acted sometimes hastily and thoughtlessly, which was a complete misapprehension of the man. His action was emphatic, but emphasis implies reflection not thoughtlessness. One cannot even emphasize a word without a process, however slight, of mental differentiation.

The feeling that he was impetuous and impulsive was also due to the fact that in a sudden, seemingly unexpected crisis he would act with great rapidity. This happened when he had been for weeks, perhaps for months, considering what he should do if such a crisis arose. He always believed that one of the most important elements of suc-

cess, whether in public or in private life, was to know what one meant to do under given circumstances. If he saw the possibility of perilous questions arising, it was his practice to think over carefully just how he would act under certain contingencies. Many of the contingencies never arose. Now and then a contingency became an actuality, and then he was ready. He knew what he meant to do, he acted at once, and some critics considered him impetuous, impulsive, and, therefore, dangerous, because they did not know that he had thought the question all out beforehand.

Very many people, powerful elements in the community, regarded him at one time as a dangerous radical, bent upon overthrowing all the safeguards of society and planning to tear out the foundations of an ordered liberty. As a matter of fact, what Theodore Roosevelt was trying to do was to strengthen American society and American Government by demonstrating to the American people that he was aiming at a larger economic equality and a more generous industrial opportunity for all men, and that any combination of capital or of business, which threatened the control of the government by the people who made it, was to be curbed and resisted, just as he would have resisted an enemy who tried to take possession of the city of Washington.

He had no hostility to a man because he had been successful in business or because he had accumulated a fortune. If the man had been honestly successful and used his fortune wisely and beneficently, he was regarded by Theodore Roosevelt as a good citizen. The vulgar hatred of wealth found no place in his heart. He had but one standard, one test, and that was whether a man, rich or poor, was an honest man, a good citizen, and a good American. He tried men, whether they were men of "big business" or members of a labor union by their deeds, and in no other way. The tyranny of anarchy and disorder, such as is now desolating Russia, was as hateful to him as any other tyranny, whether it came from an autocratic system like that of Germany or from the misuse of organized capital. Personally he believed in every man earning his own living, and he earned money and was glad to do so; but he had no desire or taste for making money, and he was entirely indifferent to it. The simplest of men in his own habits, the only thing he really would have liked to have

done with ample wealth would have been to give freely to the many good objects which continually interested him.

Theodore Roosevelt's power, however, and the main source of all his achievement, was not in the offices which he held, for those offices were to him only opportunities, but in the extraordinary hold which he established and retained over great bodies of men. He had the largest personal following ever attained by any man in our history. I do not mean by this the following which comes from great political office or from party candidacy. There have been many men who have held the highest offices in our history by the votes of their fellow countrymen who have never had anything more than a very small personal following. By personal following is meant here that which supports and sustains and goes with a man simply because he is himself; a following which does not care whether their leader and chief is in office or out of office, which is with him and behind him because they, one and all, believe in him and love him and are ready to stand by him for the sole and simple reason that they have perfect faith that he will lead them where they wish and where they ought to go. This following Theodore Roosevelt had, as I have said, in a larger degree than anyone in our history, and the fact that he had it and what he did with it for the welfare of his fellowmen have given him his great place and his lasting fame.

This is not mere assertion; it was demonstrated, as I have already pointed out, by the vote of 1912, and at all times, from the day of his accession to the Presidency onward, there were millions of people in this country ready to follow Theodore Roosevelt and vote for him, or do anything else that he wanted, whenever he demanded their support or raised his standard. It was this great mass of support among the people, and which probably was never larger than in these last years, that gave him his immense influence upon public opinion, and public opinion was the weapon which he used to carry out all the policies which he wished to bring to fulfillment and to consolidate all the achievements upon which he had set his heart. This extraordinary popular strength was not given to him solely because the people knew him to be honest and brave, because they were certain that physical fear was an emotion unknown to him,

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THE HOME CIRCLE AT SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

and that his moral courage equaled the physical. It was not merely because they thoroughly believed him to be sincere. All this knowledge and belief, of course, went to making his popular leadership secure; but there was much more in it than that, something that went deeper, basic elements which were not upon the surface which were due to qualities of temperament interwoven with his very being, inseparable from him and yet subtle rather than obvious in their effects.

All men admire courage, and that he possessed in the highest degree. But he had also something larger and rarer than courage, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. When an assassin shot him at Milwaukee he was severely wounded; how severely he could not tell, but it might well have been mortal. He went on to the great meeting awaiting him and there, bleeding, suffering, ignorant of his fate, but still unconquered, made his speech and went from the stage to the hospital. What bore him up was the dauntless spirit which could rise victorious over pain and darkness and the unknown and meet the duty of the hour as if all were well. A spirit like this awakens in all men more than admiration, it kindles affection and appeals to every generous impulse.

Very different, but equally compelling, was another quality. There is nothing in human beings at once so sane and so sympathetic as a sense of humor. This great gift the good fairies conferred upon Theodore Roosevelt at his birth in unstinted measure. No man ever had a more abundant sense of humor—joyous, irrepressible humor—and it never deserted him. Even at the most serious and even perilous moments if there was a gleam of humor anywhere he saw it and rejoiced and helped himself with it over the rough places and in the dark hour. He loved fun, loved to joke and chaff, and, what is more uncommon, greatly enjoyed being chaffed himself. His ready smile and contagious laugh made countless friends and saved him from many an enmity. Even more generally effective than his humor, and yet allied to it, was the universal knowledge that Roosevelt had no secrets from the American people.

Yet another quality—perhaps the most engaging of all—was his homely, generous humanity which enabled him to speak directly to the primitive instincts of man.

He dwelt with the tribes of the marsh and moor,
  He sate at the board of kings;
He tasted the toil of the burdened slave
  And the joy that triumph brings.
But whether to jungle or palace hall
  Or white-walled tent he came,
He was brother to king and soldier and slave
  His welcome was the same.

He was very human and intensely American, and this knit a bond between him and the American people which nothing could ever break. And then he had yet one more attraction, not so impressive, perhaps, as the others, but none the less very important and very captivating. He never by any chance bored the American people. They might laugh at him or laugh with him, they might like what he said or dislike it, they might agree with him or disagree with him, but they were never wearied of him, and he never failed to interest them. He was never heavy, laborious, or dull. If he had made any effort to be always interesting and entertaining he would have failed and been tiresome. He was unfailingly attractive, because he was always perfectly natural and his own unconscious self. And so all these things combined to give him his hold upon the American people, not only upon their minds, but upon their hearts and their instincts, which nothing could ever weaken, and which made him one of the most remarkable, as he was one of the strongest, characters that the history of popular government can show. He was also—and this is very revealing and explanatory, too, of his vast popularity—a man of ideals. He did not expose them daily on the roadside with language fluttering about them like the Thibetan who ties his slip of paper to the prayer wheel whirling in the wind. He kept his ideals to himself until the hour of fulfillment arrived. Some of them were the dreams of boyhood, from which he never departed, and which I have seen him carry out shyly and yet thoroughly and with intense personal satisfaction.

He had a touch of the knight errant in his daily life, although he would never have admitted it; but it was there. It was not visible in the medieval form of shining armor and dazzling tournaments, but in the never-ceasing effort to help the poor and the oppressed, to defend and protect

women and children, to right the wronged and succor the downtrodden. Passing by on the other side was not a mode of travel through life ever possible to him; and yet he was as far distant from the professional philanthropist as could well be imagined, for all he tried to do to help his fellow men he regarded as part of the day's work to be done and not talked about. No man ever prized sentiment or hated sentimentality more than he. He preached unceasingly the familiar morals which lie at the bottom of both family and public life. The blood of some ancestral Scotch covenanter or of some Dutch reformed preacher facing the tyranny of Philip of Spain was in his veins, and with his large opportunities and his vast audiences he was always ready to appeal for justice and righteousness. But his own personal ideals he never attempted to thrust upon the world until the day came when they were to be translated into realities of action.

When the future historian traces Theodore Roosevelt's extraordinary career he will find those embodied ideals planted like milestones along the road over which he marched. They never left him. His ideal of public service was to be found in his life, and as his life drew to its close he had to meet his ideal of sacrifice face to face. All his sons went from him to the war, and one was killed upon the field of honor. Of all the ideals that lift men up, the hardest to fulfill is the ideal of sacrifice. Theodore Roosevelt met it as he had all others and fulfilled it to the last jot of its terrible demands. His country asked the sacrifice and he gave it with solemn pride and uncomplaining lips.

This is not the place to speak of his private life, but within that sacred circle no man was ever more blessed in the utter devotion of a noble wife and the passionate love of his children. The absolute purity and beauty of his family life tell us why the pride and interest which his fellow countrymen felt in him were always touched with the warm light of love. In the home so dear to him, in his sleep, death came, and—

So Valiant-for-Truth passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

ADDRESS BY CHARLES E. HUGHES

CHAPTER XXVIII

ADDRESS BY CHARLES E. HUGHES

ONE of the most important memorial services in America was the one held in New York, February 9th, at the Union League Club, and the address was made by Honorable Charles E. Hughes. It was statesmanlike and masterful. By the courtesy of the Republican Club we take copious extracts from the address for this chapter. The orator said:

The heroes of democracy are the springs of its life; its sources of vigor and confidence. We increasingly realize in the midst of our abounding activities, that it is the man and not the mechanism that counts, and that the hosts of the industrious, the efficient, and the just must depend for their triumphs on the worth and strength of leadership. We are not paying tribute to the distinction conferred by office, even the highest office; nor are we commemorating mere achievements although extraordinary and varied. Our tribute is of unstinted admiration and deep affection for one who was great in office, but even greater out of office, whose unfailing faith, courage and energy caused personality to eclipse achievement; whose constant industry and self-discipline, whose sound democratic instinct, elemental virtues and wholesome living, whose restless, alert and indomitable spirit, impatient at all obstacles, made him more than any other the representative of free America—the typical American not only of the nineteenth century, but of the twen-

tieth—the embodiment of patriotic ardor, of lofty ideals, of practical sense and invincible determination. Deeply conscious of the irreparable loss of his immediate leadership, we turn to consider the fructifying influence of a life which has no parallel in our annals. "He is great," says Emerson, "who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others."

The life of Theodore Roosevelt presents strange contrasts in its constant escape from the limitations of environment. He was city bred, but he became a naturalist of eminence and a hunter of no mean prowess. He was reared in the most exclusive circles of the East, but he breathed the free spirit of the Western plains. He was educated in private schools, and his early training was amid cultural surroundings tending to separate him from the masses, but he was closer to the thought of the plain people than any leader in America. As a boy, he was of delicate physique, but by the careful discipline of years he made himself an athlete. He spent about two-thirds of his life in public office, but never was any one less official or less mastered by routine. He was engrossed with the grave practical concerns of his time, but he was one of its most prolific authors. He was in politics from the beginning of his career, but he was a master and not a servant of the political order. In every activity, the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt escaped the limitations of all associations and traditions and emerged dominating, triumphant, and he thus represents to us neither locality nor vocation—not the author, or the traveler, or the naturalist, not the political leader or the officer, not even the statesman or the President, but the *man*—who in his human worth and virile personality transcended all distinctions of place and circumstance, whose defects were only the shadows which made his virtues stand out the more impressively, and whose memory will ever remain an abiding inspiration.

It would be impossible on this occasion even briefly to sketch the seven years and a half of President Roosevelt's administration, still less to do justice to his achievements. There were certain distinctive features, however, which may be noted. He surrounded himself with the strongest men and delighted in their friendship and counsel. He found no sacrifice of leadership in the intimate association with the best minds of his day. He nourished his strength by such

intimacy and, with all his eagerness and readiness, he welcomed the best advice he could get. It was characteristic of Roosevelt that his friends in every department of activity were the ablest, the keenest, the most expert, the most vital. To him democracy did not mean the triumph of the common-place or the rule of ignorance, but the best talent engaged in the service of all. Hay, Root, Taft and Knox gave high distinction to his Cabinet, while in every department he was constantly seeking to maintain enlightened policies and the highest efficiency.

In international affairs, with such Secretaries as Hay and Root, there was constantly displayed a rare sagacity and the nation enjoyed a greatly enhanced prestige. President Roosevelt knew how to avoid difficulties as well as to overcome them, and the archives of diplomatic correspondence, and his personal notes to our Ambassadors, will in time disclose the extraordinary influence which he helpfully exerted. Every foreign Chancellery knew that he meant what he said, and that his words were important because they were the sure harbinger of deeds. With such a man, there was no doubt as to action and no temptation to carry things too far. The "big stick" was an assurance of peace. He dared, but not recklessly. And he always had the gift of humor. The story is told that when one expressed the hope that he would not embroil us in any foreign war, he said, "What, a war? With me cooped up in the White House? Never, gentlemen, never."

The first case before the Hague Court was brought before it through his instrumentality, and this set the precedent for many others. The Alaska Boundary question was settled through the decision of a Joint Commission, removing, as he has well said, "the last obstacle to absolute agreement between the two peoples." But this great service to the cause of peace was in his contribution to the settlement of the Russo-Japanese war in 1905. He conducted the preliminaries with consummate skill. On his invitation, the delegations of the two nations met at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Neither side got all it wanted; he felt that each side had as regards himself a feeling of injury, but this, as he told us, he did not resent. In appreciation of this service, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

He also acted on his own responsibility in sending the fleet around the world. He knew that "neither the English

nor the German authorities believed that it was possible to take a fleet of great battleships around the world." But his prime purpose was "to impress the American people, and this purpose was fully achieved." It established the popular belief in the American Navy, and if in the world war our navy has demonstrated an efficiency unsurpassed, let us not forget—while due credit is withheld from none—that naval efficiency is not produced in a year and that the feat of the past two years, which has been in large part the essential basis of the complete victory of the cause of civilization, is directly due to the foresight and intelligent vigilance of Theodore Roosevelt.

When we turn to domestic affairs, we realize that President Roosevelt came to national leadership at a time which needed his championship of the common welfare. It is difficult now to think of the day when lawyers of ability and distinction were asserting the unconstitutionality of the exercise by Congress, through an appropriate agency, of the rate making power in its regulation of interstate commerce. The conclusions then reached after strenuous contests, are now the most familiar postulates. For President Roosevelt, the commerce power—till then but little used—was the instrumentality of an aroused opinion determined that the Republic should not be the victim of the opportunities it had created, and that greed, defying all control, should not make mockery of justice. The record of accomplishment is impressive—especially as so much was essayed in a comparatively new field. The Hepburn bill as to railroad rates, the Pure Food bill, the Meat Inspection bill, the Employers' Liability bill, the establishment of the Bureau of Corporations; his trust prosecutions, illustrate his efforts for the public welfare against what he regarded as the serious evils in our nation! life. The public had found an undaunted champion, and his blows in their interest fell thick and fast.

But he did not assail the foundations of society. He sought to purge, not to destroy; to secure the essential conditions of progress, not to impair stability. It was never his notion that he must burn down the house to get rid of the rats. He always sought what he believed to be the "just middle." It was his endeavor to cut out the abuses of property and to hold the scales even between "corrupt and unscrupulous demagogues and corrupt and unscrupulous reactionaries." "To play the demagogue for purposes of self

interest," said he, was "a cardinal sin against the people in a democracy."

In the effort to secure a just solution of the problems of labor, he was indefatigable. To this end he used all his authority, legal and moral. It was the moral authority of his office that he exerted in the settlement of the anthracite coal strike in 1902. He was confronted, as Judge Gray said, with a crisis more grave and threatening than any that had occurred since the Civil War. Through the moral coercion of public opinion, directed by the President, an arbitration was agreed to and the dangers were averted. The nation never forgot this service or the way in which it was rendered. It was a service which only a man of rare courage and initiative could have performed. And for it, as Judge Gray said, President Roosevelt deserved unstinted praise.

In his relation to labor, he was actuated by the profound belief that we need never suffer from a class war, that "employers and employees have overwhelming interests in common both as partners in industry and as citizens of the Republic, and, that when these interests are apart, they can be adjusted by so altering our laws and their interpretation as to secure to all members of the community social and industrial justice." But he realized that in order that prosperity be passed around, it is necessary that "the prosperity shall exist," and that in order that labor shall receive its fair share in the division of rewards, it is necessary "that there shall be rewards to divide."

Of first importance, in his judgment, was the conservation of our natural resources, which he emphasized by calling the conference of State Governors in May, 1908. The administration of the national forests, the conservation of mines, the improvement of waterways, and the development of water power—all were subjects on which he thought deeply and to which he constantly directed public attention for the purpose of promoting the common welfare and of avoiding the selfish exploitation of the nation's riches.

He thrived on the hard work of the Presidency and left office in the full tide of health and energy. His relaxation was a long hunting trip in Africa, and a tour of Europe in which he made numerous addresses and received the most distinguished honors. One of our Ambassadors, who was with him on the occasion of King Edward's funeral, has

said that to see Theodore Roosevelt, the adequate democrat, furnishing the centre of interest as he discoursed in his free and entertaining manner to a delighted group of Kings, was to get a new vision of the essential worth of manhood which needed no trappings to establish its dignity.

On his return to the United States, he soon resumed the political activity which he could no more dispense with than he could forego his daily food. Those who supposed that he could have remained out of politics must construct another Roosevelt to fit their fancy. To the true Roosevelt, the earnest expression of political views, and the endeavor to put them into effect, were inevitable. One occasion or another might be presented, but there could be no question that in response to the insistent demand of his own nature, no less than in answer to the call of others, he would be found in the political arena.

Of the bitterness and animosities that were engendered, of the divison that resulted, of the party catastrophe which followed, there is no need now to speak. We are deeply grateful that this period of the estrangement of old friends, of misunderstanding and strife, came to an end, and that in the common cause of liberty, which demanded the full strength of the nation, a common patriotic endeavor restored the old-time amity, the wounds were healed, the party integrity restored, the friendships renewed, and the Republican Party once more rejoiced in the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt.

After the labors of campaigns a trip of exploration was taken in South America in the early part of 1914. The spirit of adventure was as indomitable as ever. The fires of youth were unquenched. But in his adventures, Roosevelt was always seeking not mere pleasure, but to add to the sum of knowledge. His achievements as an explorer were indubitable, but he did not seek to magnify them. As Steffansson tells us, Roosevelt thus expressed himself in a letter written shortly before his death: "I do not make any claim to the front rank among explorers . . . but I do think that I can reasonably maintain that compared with other Presidents, Princes and Prime Ministers, I have done an unusual amount of useful work."

But this trip of exploration, useful as it was from a scientific point of view, was a fateful trip for the explorer. He

never fully recovered from the fever with which he was then attacked, and he was unable to free his system of the seeds of disease.

Soon after his return to this country, the great war broke out. He was one of the first to appreciate its significance and our duty. His soul revolted at the wrongs of Belgium, and he poured out the vials of his scorn upon the neutrality which ignored the call of humanity and sacrificed the self-respect of the American Republic. When the *Lusitania* was sunk, in May, 1915, he demanded action with "immediate decision and vigor." "Centuries have passed," said he, "since any war vessel of a civilized power has shown such ruthless brutality toward non-combatants, and especially toward women and children." None of the "old-time pirates" had "committed murder on so vast a scale." "We earn, as a nation," he cried, "measureless scorn and contempt if we follow the lead of those who exalt peace above righteousness, if we heed the voices of those feeble folk who bleat to high heaven that there is peace, when there is no peace. For many months our government has preserved between right and wrong a neutrality which would have excited the tremulous admiration of Pontius Pilate—the arch-typical neutral of all times." Theodore Roosevelt, to his lasting honor be it said, was right, and had his voice prevailed and had the country earlier shaken off its lethargy, millions of lives and countless treasure might have been spared. Better late than never, but it is costly to be late.

Of inestimable value to his country had been his service in office, but now—a private citizen—he was to perform an even greater service. To a hesitant administration, and to a people lulled into a false security and lending ear to an unworthy pacifism, he preached the gospel of preparedness. Throughout the country, journeyed this courageous apostle of right-thinking, having no credentials but those of his own conscience and patriotism, and by his pitiless invective he literally compelled action. Back of all that was done was the pressure of the demand of Roosevelt. "For eighteen months," said he in the early part of 1916, "with this world-cyclone before our eyes, we as a nation have sat supine without preparing in any shape or way. It is an actual fact that there has not been one soldier, one rifle, one gun, one boat, added to the American Army or Navy so far,

because of anything that has occurred in this war, and not the slightest step has yet been taken looking to the necessary preparedness. Such national short-sightedness, such national folly, is almost inconceivable." He denounced the proposed program as a make-believe program, as one entirely inadequate to our needs. "It is," he said, "a proposal not to do something effective immediately, but to do something entirely ineffective immediately and to trust that our lack will be made good in succeeding years."

He also demanded spiritual preparedness in a deepening sense of unity. He preached the gospel of undiluted and unhyphenated Americanism. "The foreign-born population of this country," said he, "must be an Americanized population. No other kind can fight the battles of America either in war or peace. It must talk the language of its native born fellow citizens, it must possess American citizenship and American ideals." "There is no such a thing as a hyphenated American who is a good American. The only man who is a good American is the man who is an American and nothing else." "I," he said, "I am straight United States."

And when finally we could stand no longer the brutal assaults of Germany and declared that a state of war existed, he felt that his place was in that holiest of wars, and he was ready to die fighting for his country. When he asked to be allowed to go to France, he had no thought of a return in glory. I well remember the night, shortly after the declaration of war, when at the close of a meeting at the Union League Club, he talked to a little company of his heart's wish. "I shall not return," he said, "my sons may not return, my grandchildren may be left alone"—and no one could doubt that he meant what he said. But the greatest desire of his life was denied him. We can but faintly imagine the measure of his disappointment, but we may conjecture that it had no small share in hastening the final break-down. His country at war, and Roosevelt at home! That was the cruelest blow that fate could deal him.

But if he could not fight for liberty and humanity on the Western Front, he could fight with pen and voice at home. There was not a moment lost. With increasing vigor he demanded adequate forces, adequate equipment, speed and efficiency. His lash knew no mercy, but it was a neces-

sary lash. As it was, we were just in time. How late we should have been had it not been for Roosevelt, God only knows! But who can doubt the value of the service of that insistent demand in making it possible that we should arrive at the front, in force, in time to make the last great German drive a failure? He quickened the national consciousness; he developed the sense of unity, and when the country awoke he was the natural leader of an aroused America. His priceless service at home made all the world his debtor. If America by its aid at the critical moment made victory possible, it was the spur of Roosevelt that assured that aid, and while we acclaim the splendid service of officers and men, the pride of our army and navy, and of the host of willing workers, and are gratified at the vast achievements of the nation, let it not be forgotten that yonder in his last resting place in Oyster Bay lies our greatest hero of the war. He incarnated the spirit of America, and when he passed away, and controversy was no more and enemies were silenced, the country with one voice paid its tribute to the patriot who, without office or commission, had supplied the leadership which had not faltered or erred, and had fought to maintain the nation's honor.

It is with pleasure that we remember the family life of this stout-hearted American. Worthy in public life, he dignified the American home. He spoke of his father as the best man he had ever known, and the spirit of his father's house blessed his own. An ideal husband and father, his home was the beautiful abode of all that was worthy and true. He transmitted his own courage to his four sons, and all of his sons won distinction at the front. The last sacrifice for his country which his father longed to make in the battle for liberty his son Quentin did make, and in his heroic death achieved an imperishable honor of his own.

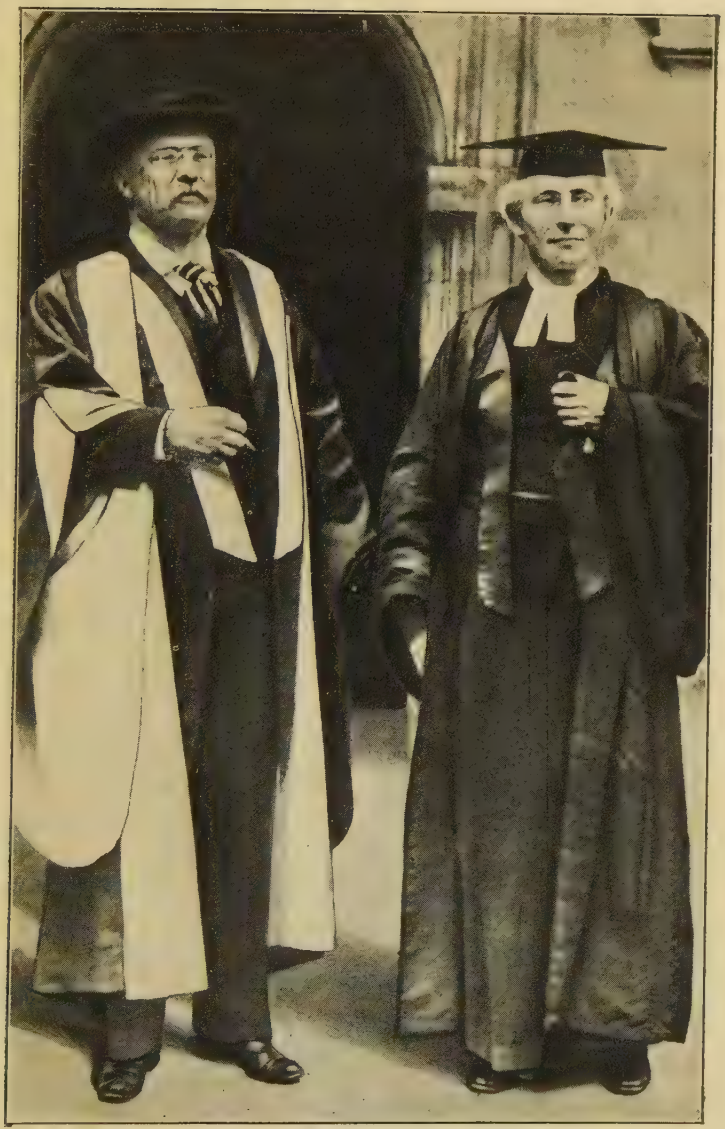
It is small wonder that such a career as that of Theodore Roosevelt has a lasting fascination for young men. There was nothing sordid or commonplace or unclean to mar it. His courage, steadfastness and faith, his deeds of daring, his physical prowess, his resourcefulness, his exploits as a hunter and explorer, his intellectual keenness, his personal charm, and his dominating patriotic motive, make their irresistible appeal, and in the shaping of the

ideals of the American youth for generations to come his most important service is yet to be rendered.

He left us when we could ill afford to spare him. Against all that tended to destroy our government, against all that is sinister and corrupt, against tyranny of every sort, against the exploitation of the weak and all injustice, against class hatred and class pride, against the enfeebling influence of pacifism, against the impractical schemes of visionaries, against every tendency to anarchy and Bolshevism, Theodore Roosevelt would have led the fight with his invincible common sense and his sound Americanism.

In the coming struggle we can win the victory only by heeding his repeated injunction:

"All of us, no matter from what land our parents came, no matter in what way we may severally worship our Creator, must stand shoulder to shoulder in a united America for the elimination of race and religious prejudice. We must stand for a reign of equal justice to both big and small. We must insist on the maintenance of the American standard of living. We must stand for an adequate national control which shall secure a better training of our young men in time of peace, both for the work of peace and for the work of war. We must direct every national resource, material and spiritual, to the path not of shirking difficulties, but of training our people to overcome difficulties. Our aim must be, not to make life easy and soft, not to soften soul and body, but to fit us in virile fashion to do a great work for all mankind. . . . In our relations with the outside world we must abhor wrongdoing, and disdain to commit it, and we must no less disdain the base spirit which tamely submits to wrong-doing. Finally and most important of all, we must strive for the establishment within our own borders of that stern and lofty standard of personal and public morality which shall guarantee to each man his rights, and which shall insist in return upon the whole performance by each man of his duty both to his neighbor and to the great nation whose flag must symbolize in the future as it has symbolized in the past the highest hopes of all mankind."



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ESTIMATES OF WILL H. HAYS AND GIFFORD PINCHOT

CHAPTER XXIX

ESTIMATES OF WILL H. HAYS AND GIFFORD PINCHOT

BEING struck with a beautiful extract of an address on Theodore Roosevelt by Mr. Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, before the joint session of the Indiana State Legislature, February 7th, I wired Mr. Hays at his home in Sullivan, Indiana, asking for the text of that address. Immediately I received a telegram granting the request and use most of the address as follows:

> "I have kept the promise that I made to myself when I was 21. That promise was to live my life to the hilt until I was 60, and I have kept that promise."

These words Theodore Roosevelt said to his sister a few days before he died. And this, indeed, he did.

To follow this man's life is a succession of steps from peak to peak; to describe his accomplishments is a review of superlatives. He had more knowledge about more things than any man, amazing all with whom he came in contact by the breadth of his knowledge, prodigious beyond comparison. He was intensely human in the freedom of his unselfishness, and his name is synonomous with courage and activity. He was as imaginative as a poet, as appealing as a child, loving to fight and fight close, at grips in the clinches, but with the deepest personal affections and

the broadest love for all men. He wanted only real things. While always progressive and reaching out, quick to think and quick to act, he sought the practical method which would bring results. His alert and intense nature was always in tune to the needs of the moment, but he went deeper into the fundamentals than any one of his period. In office, while wise men were asking what might best be done, Roosevelt would reply, The best has been done—and he was right. He would approach with the same assurance and equal ease the settlement of the Russian-Japanese war or a bout with a prize fighter, a social reception or the construction of the Panama Canal. As early as 1902 he spoke the language that the Kaiser understood, and never ceased to speak that language while he lived.

There may have been doubt in Roosevelt's mind as to the outcome of his position in the Venezuelan matter, but there was never any wavering in his mental processes as to his duty in the premises nor any vacillation in his movements in execution. He summoned Dr. Holleben, the German Ambassador, to the White House and told him that if Germany would not consent to arbitrate in ten days Dewey would be ordered to Venezuela. When he did not hear from von Holleben for a week he called him and told him that instead of three days more it would be two days more—and within thirty-six hours the Kaiser yielded. What a characteristic Roosevelt action! With equal ease and the same assurance he undertook the Panama Canal, after four centuries of failure, and made possible its completion to the practical satisfaction of the civilized world, when without him it would still be a subject of diplomatic discussion. And the voice that called his own babies about him and that cried for justice to little children was the same voice that thundered, "Perdicaris alive or Rasuli dead."

His great fight for preparedness and Americanism in this country against professional pacifism and parlor Socialism was not the development of his later years, nor did it grow out of his conviction of the necessities of the recent period. When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in 1897, he cried for naval preparedness for the Spanish-American war, which he believed inevitable; he overhauled the navy; he got and spent the great appropriations for ammunition for target practice, and in his cable to Dewey, on February 25, 1898, two months before war was declared

on Spain, in which the first step toward American occupation of the Philippine Islands was taken, he performed as naturally as when he left the New York Legislature and all behind him to go West and prepare physically for his career, and as fully as when, like a voice in the wilderness, in 1914, 1915 and 1916, he cried out, "Prepare, prepare, prepare!"

By some he was called impetuous, yet when McKinley died he made the statement, "I promise to take over and continue to completion, so far as it lies within my abilities to do so, the policies of the great President who now lies dead." He was called war-like by some—yet he championed the cause of international arbitration of world differences of opinion and claims, both in and out of office, practiced what he preached by submitting the Pious Fund case, and kept the great part of the world peaceful during his régime. He was for peace when peace was right, but if to win right for right's sake war was necessary, then he was for war, or for whatever else was needed; and, above all, he was for America eternally, and there he was the severest partisan.

I have heard the story that when Roosevelt decided very early to take part in politics his family was not immediately in sympathy with that form of public service; he was told by them that he would find no one at the meeting which he purposed attending but "grooms, liquor dealers and low politicians." "Well," Roosevelt replied, "if that is so then they belong to the governing class, and you don't, and I mean if I can to be of the governing class." And he was of the governing class from that moment until he died. He first governed himself, and at no time did he fail to apply to his own personal life, to his thought and to his actions, the same code he applied to others. Weak physically, he made himself strong. Whenever wrong, he made himself right. With an entire absence of any false pride, he would consult his friends, urge suggestions, and freely adopt them. He is said to have had from his earliest youth this characteristic of absorbing good from every one and everything with which he came in contact. He had it to the fullest in the wisdom of his maturity. He would discuss himself in as frank manner as he would discuss his opponents. His career as a member of the Legislature, as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant

Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of Rough Riders, Governor of New York, Vice-President and President of the United States, as author, historian, naturalist, hunter, sportsman, husband, father, citizen, carried through it all as the one controlling motif a consistent determination to do what he thought was right. It mattered not one whit how that course affected himself or anyone else or anything if he thought it was right he did it—and he did it to the hilt.

We cannot say that he was a typical American, because he was too unlike to be typical; he had no counterpart, he was distinctive, unique and original; the foremost American, yes; the leader of leaders, yes; but above all, was he the supreme typification of that intangible thing we love to think of as the American spirit.

Theodore Roosevelt was my friend. This friendship, of short duration as years are counted, was of a completeness and intensity that does not reckon time and that brought the profoundest appreciation, that shall continue while life lasts. The more intimate our relations the deeper grew my regard, for the better one knew him the greater must have been one's appreciation. And I never left him that I did not consciously marvel yet again at the man.

We measure men by comparison. A man is great or small as he rises above or sinks below the level of the generation to which he belongs. When he is gone, we can estimate his size by the space left vacant. By either of these standards, what a man was this man! He was powerful in influence because men believed in him; he moved among his fellows daily with the most unexampled virility, giving and taking, and men believed him. No higher tribute can be paid him.

I affirm that to love truth for truths' sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world. That, above all other things, this man did. He was honest in act, honest in word, and honest in thought. The crime of shame was not his. He was himself, with no pretense. He recognized the perfidity of pretense and the wickedness of make-believe, and he abhorred them with the wholesome hate they merit. What he thought, he said; and what he said, he believed. Honest himself, he attributed honesty to everyone with whom he came in contact. With him, every man was innocent until twice proven guilty. Then again, he would stand in faith, always giving another chance. But when convinced of the guilt of man or thing, he would see

to the eradication with that unerring judgment, fearless dispatch and satisfying completeness approached by no one else.

"Never hit unless you have to—but when you hit, end it."

We are wont to think of this man, with his outdoor mind and his two fists, as a man's man. He was that. He was that above all other things. Yet his chivalry would have graced any court. In this, too, there was no pretense. He was true to his manhood. His own mother, wife, sister, and daughters had to him made all women sacred. He moved with the knowledge that a good woman is the one perfect workmanship of God—and he acted accordingly. He loved his home. He recognized it as the one and only glimpse of heaven on earth afforded man—and he acted accordingly.

Deeply he appreciated the contribution of American women to this war, and often I have heard him express this with the enthusiasm it merits. And let none of us forget in passing just how great has been this contribution and how great our obligation. It is the women who have stood the severest strain, and second only to the soldiers is the credit due them.

And how this soldier thought the thoughts, sensed the wants and sympathized with the needs of the soldiers, and how full was his proper appreciation of them! Unable to go himself, always his heart was with his four boys and their comrades, and our entire army was to him as were his four boys. He would say to me: "They say food will win the war, Liberty Bonds will win the war, thrift stamps will win the war. They won't. They will all help win the war. But the war will be won by the fighting men at the fighting front and in no other way." And he was right. And this man's appreciation of our soldiers is the kind of appreciation that this country feels and will not forget.

It would be my wont to say of Colonel Roosevelt that which he would have me say of him. Could we consult him now, I know it would be his wish, above all things, that we draw something from his example of benefit to the people he loved so much.

The lesson of the patriotism of Theodore Roosevelt, which will live forever, is his monument. This patriotism was not

the kind that is born of extremities; it was not that fire, splendid as it is, which burns in the souls of men only when their country is in danger. His patriotism was not the patriotism stirred only by martial music—it was the patriotism of good citizenship, at the fireside, the plow, the mart, in low places and in high places, in season and out of season; it was the patriotism which caused him to make his country's welfare his own business and to interest himself continually in the practical politics of his community. He believed and acted always the patriotism of peace as well as of war, and it moved the man to measure his every act, from his earliest manhood to the date of his death, by how, in his good judgment, he could do the most for his country's welfare. This is the only patriotism which, in the last analysis, is worth while.

I was with Theodore Roosevelt on the morning he received word of Quentin's death. I was with him the next day at Saratoga, when, with his heart literally crushed, he interpolated in a speech he was reading, saying: "The finest, the bravest, the best of our young men have sprung eagerly forward to face death for the sake of a high ideal; and thereby they have brought home to us the great truth that life consists of more than easy-going pleasure, and more than hard, conscienceless, brutal striving after purely material success; that while we must rightly care for the body and the things of the body, yet that such care leads nowhere unless we also have thought for our own souls and for the souls of our brothers. When these gallant boys, on the golden crest of life, gladly face death for the sake of an ideal, shall not we who stay behind, who have not been found worthy of the grand adventure, shall not we in our turn try to shape our lives so as to make in this country the ideal which in our hearts we acknowledge, and in the actual workaday business of our world, come a little nearer together, and make this country a better place to live in for these men, and for the women who sent these men to battle and for the children who are to come after them."

He has gone ahead on the journey of a thousand years. It is not fitting and he would not have this occasion tinged at all with grief that the common lot should come to him, but rather pride and joy that his task was done so worthily. Yet so great was the personality and so deep the impress of this man upon all, it is impossible for men to con-

template his passing without grief as poignant as the immediate prostration that was consequent upon his departure. While we bow in submission, as we do, we would have had things otherwise if we could. "Where," said the despairing Villon, "where are the snows of yesteryear?" "The snows of yesteryear are in the stream, in cloud and rain, in sap of tree and bloom of flower, in heart and brain of talent and of beauty." Nothing is lost. So, the energies of this man having touched into activity forces influencing still others and others, will move on forever.

I am sure the religion and philosophy that guided him through his life did not fail him at his death. And let us not forget that strength in the man which in the last analysis was greatest of all. Theodore Roosevelt was a man of great faith; he was a Christian gentleman.

As he saw the world receding, I am convinced that the only sadness he had was the thought of separation from those he loved and from the service to the people he served so well.

Death is not sleep—death is a great awakening. For him the night is done, and it is written that, "Joy cometh in the morning."

Theodore Roosevelt—student, scholar, legislator, executive, citizen of the world, patriot, friend, gentleman Christian, master mind, great heart, pure soul.

Theodore Roosevelt's last written message, pencilled by his own hand a few hours before his death, addressed in the form of a memorandum for Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, was published for the first time in the March *North American Review* in a facsimile reproduction. The memorandum is as follows:

HAYS:

"See him; he must go to Washington for 10 days; see Senate and House; prevent split on domestic policies."

Colonel Roosevelt was in the habit, it was said, of making brief memoranda for his stenographer or for himself. The foregoing was found on his desk the morning following his death with his pencil along-

side. As Chairman Hays was in the West at the time, it probably was the intention of the Colonel to have his stenographer get Mr. Hays on the 'phone, or in some way promptly communicate with him.

This memorandum indicates that Mr. Roosevelt was recognized as the head of the Republican party of the nation and that he had laid down a well-defined policy of action and was conferring with Mr. Hays, whom he so trusted and loved, with reference to it.

ADDRESS OF GIFFORD PINCHOT

At the memorial service held in Philadelphia a brilliant address was made by Gifford Pinchot, who worked so enthusiastically and successfully with President Roosevelt in the conservation of national resources in forest, field and stream, etc. With his permission we quote from it as follows:

We who loved Roosevelt have not lost him. The qualities we treasured in him, his loyalty, his genial kindness, his unwearied thoughtfulness for others, the generosity which made him prefer his friends in honor to himself, his tenderness with children, his quick delight in living, and the firm soundness of his life's foundations, are potent with us yet. The broad human sympathy which bound to him the millions who never saw his face, his clean courage and self-forgetful devotion to his country, the tremendous sanity of his grasp on the problems of the nation and the world, and the superb simplicity and directness of his life and thought still live as the inspiration and the basis for the new and better world which is to come.

The people loved Roosevelt because he was like them. In him the common qualities were lifted to a higher tension and a greater power, but they were still the same. What he did plain men understood and would have liked to do. The people loved him because his thoughts, though loftier, were yet within their reach, and his motives were always clear in their sight. They knew his purposes were always right. To millions he was the image of their better selves.

Roosevelt was the greatest preacher of righteousness in modern times. Deeply religious beneath the surface, he made right living seem the natural thing, and there was no man beyond the reach of his preaching and example. In the sight of all men, he lived the things he taught, and millions followed him because he was the clear examplar of his teaching.

Unless we may except his conservation policies, Roosevelt's greatest service during his Presidency was the inspiration he gave young men. To them he was the leader in all they hoped to be and do for the common good. The generation which was entering manhood while he was President will carry with it to the grave the impress of his leadership and personality.

To the boys of America he was all they hoped to be—a hunter, a rider, a sportsman, eager for the tang of danger, keen and confident, and utterly unafraid. There was no part of his example but was good for boys to follow. Roosevelt, half boy till his life's end, yet the manliest of men, of a fineness his best friends best understood, was their ideal, and will not cease to be because he has passed on.

To him the unforgivable sin, and there was but one, was betrayal of the interests of his country. The man who sinned that sin he neither forgave nor forgot. For opposition to himself he cared but little; enemies he had in plenty, but they cast no shadow on his soul. He was a gallant and a cheerful fighter, willing, as he often said, to be beaten for any cause that was worth fighting for, and whether in defeat or victory, never unbalanced and never dismayed.

Roosevelt lived intensely in his family life. The doer of great things himself, and the occasion of great accomplishment in others, what he did was not done alone. It is but right that we should recognize the part played by the strong and gentle, wise and loving woman, whose hand was so rarely seen, yet still more rarely absent, in all that was best in her great husband's finest living and most memorable achievements.

The greatest of executives, he transformed the machinery of government with the flame of his own spirit. He was his own hardest taskmaster, and always unwilling to ask of his men the thing he was not ready to do himself. He

was our leader because he was the better man. He worked more hours, at higher speed, with wider vision. He trusted us, and gave each man his head. Always eager to recognize good work and give due credit for it, always ready with an excuse for the man who honestly tried and failed, he had nothing but scorn and contempt for the man who never tried at all.

Filled with the joy and the spice of living, afraid neither of life nor of death, thankful sunshine or rain, never sorry for himself, never asking odds of any man or any situation, he used the powers he had as only his great soul could use them—powers seldom if ever before assembled in one individual, but nearly all of them duplicated, one here, one there, within the knowledge of us all. It was the use his soul made of his body and his mind that was the essence of his greatness.

The greatest of his victories was his last, his victory over the indifference of a people long misled. He was the first to see the need for it. To gain it he seemed to throw away his future. In the event he won results and earned a name which will live while the knowledge of America's part in the great war still endures.

He was the leader of the people because his courage and his soundness made him so. More than any man of his time, he was loved by those who ought to love him, and hated by those who ought to hate him. His ideals, his purposes, his points of view, his hostilities, and his enthusiasms were such as every man could entertain and understand. It was only in the application of them that he rose to heights beyond the reach of all the rest of us.

What explains his power? Life is the answer. Life at its warmest and fullest and freest, at its utmost in vigor, at its sanest in purpose and restraint, at its cleanest and clearest, life tremendous in volume, unbounded in scope, yet controlled and guided with a disciplined power which made him, as few men have ever been, the captain of his soul. Alert, glad, without meanness and without fear, free from arrogance and affectation with few hesitations and few regrets, slow to promise but ardent to perform, delighting in difficulties, welcoming danger, sensitive to the touch of every phase of human existence, yet dominated by standards more severely set for himself than for any others, sustained by a breadth of knowledge and of sympathy and by an en-

durance, both physical and mental, which belonged to him alone, Roosevelt lived with a completeness that lesser men can never know.

In Roosevelt, above all the men of his time, the promise of the Master was fulfilled, "I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

ESTIMATES OF REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT AND OF A NEW YORK MERCHANT FRIEND

CHAPTER XXX

ESTIMATES OF REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT AND OF A NEW YORK MERCHANT FRIEND

BY the courtesy of the *Outlook* we print the following editorial on Theodore Roosevelt by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. Few men Mr. Roosevelt respected and loved more than Dr. Abbott and that affection was fully reciprocated. The following estimate is of especial value:

Mr. Roosevelt was to me a wise counselor, a courageous comrade, an inspiring personality, and always a loyal and considerate friend. Writing on the day of his death and under the shadow of a great sorrow, I will not trust myself to give any expression to my personal feeling about him, who was the foremost statesman of his time, and, because of his sterling virtues, was at once the best beloved and the most bitterly execrated of America's public men. But I may perhaps do something to interpret to our readers the inspiration of his power and the secret of his extraordinary career. Modern democracy denies the assumption that the few must govern and the many must be governed and to Aristotle's three forms of government—government by the one, by the few, by the many—it is gradually adding a fourth: self-government. For in lieu of government by the best class in the community over the rest it is substituting government by the best in every man over the worser elements in every man.

In my judgment, no man in the history of America, not even Abraham Lincoln, did so much as Theodore Roosevelt to expedite the era of self-government.

Entering politics at twenty-two resolved to make it his profession, Mr. Roosevelt assumed from the outset that politics is the science and practice of government, and that to succeed in the science and practice of government would require the best that was in him. He was ambitious, not to govern, but to lead. He brought to his earliest campaign a frankness and a courage which were novelties in American politics. He had a keen sense of moral values and a dominating faith in moral forces. With an inspired instinct which men call genius, he perceived that virtue and intelligence are characteristic of the American people, and to that virtue and that intelligence he habitually appealed—never to their prejudices or their passions, though he never lacked the courage to rebuke those prejudices and confront those passions. His methods of appeal were sometimes ingenious, but they were always courageous, and his aim was always the same. When he was Civil Service Commissioner and Congress attempted to thwart Civil Service reform by cutting down appropriations, he appealed to the people by abandoning examinations in those districts whose representatives had voted for reducing appropriations and continuing examinations in those districts whose representatives had supported Civil Service reform. When he was Police Commissioner, by his fairness he won the loyal support of every honest policeman, and by the result proved that the rascals who had brought disrepute upon the police administration were in a minority. When he was elected Governor of the State of New York, he announced his intention to consult with both Mr. Low and Mr. Platt, and faced the hostility both of the Old Guard and of the radical reformers because he did not wish to govern the Republican party, but to lead it. When he became President, he was equally ready to confer with a cowboy or a college president, a labor leader or a millionaire. His tests of character were not conventional; they were not learning, or culture, or social position, or political influence, or wealth. They were the common virtues—courage, frankness, political honesty, personal purity. His messages to Congress were messages to the American people, and it has been well said of them that they were "quite as often treatises on the moral principles of government as they were recommendations for specific legislation or administrative policies." "I am accused of

preaching," he once said to a group of his friends; "but I have got such a bully pulpit."

This habit of appeal to the best in every man kept Mr. Roosevelt in what his critics sometimes called the "middle of the road." He denounced corruptionists, whatever their position or political party. He attacked, often in the same speech, "malefactors of great wealth" and "undesirable citizens." He urged on the Senate a general arbitration treaty more radical than it was willing to adopt, and at the same time insisted that until an International Supreme Court is firmly established the nation must have an army and navy adequate to protect the rights of its citizens; and when such a Court is established the nations must be prepared to maintain its decrees against any recalcitrant nation. The last-published letter he wrote illustrated the judicial poise of a nature always controlled by a passion for even-handed justice. "We should insist," he said, "that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with every one else." At that time he also said: "There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also—he is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag."

This appeal of Mr. Roosevelt to the American people for justice, equal rights, and a fair opportunity for all gives symmetry and cohesion to his varied administrations as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, Governor of New York, and President of the United States. It made him as bitter enemies in influential quarters as any public man in American politics has ever known; but it also made him the most widely admired and best-loved American of his time.

And it did more. It went far toward converting American politics from a trade to a profession; it inspired his colleagues and his party associates; it summoned into political activity followers in both parties and in all sections of the country. Men had thought of politics as a traffic which no man could enter without dishonor. His life proved to them that the highest success is possible to honor, courage, and purity if mated to ability. It raised the ideals and the standards of public life for the entire American people. Its

influence in creating the genuine and self-sacrificing patriotism which called the nation into this world war with a voice which love of ease and dread of war could not resist cannot be estimated. And it has done more than any other one influence, if not more than all other influences combined, to inspire the citizens of this country with a real faith in the intelligence and virtue of their fellowmen, and so in the practicability of that self-government which is the foundation of a true democracy because of a true brotherhood of man.

A MERCHANT FRIEND DESCRIBES ROOSEVELT

I called on a New York City merchant and said to him, "I am writing a book on Theodore Roosevelt, as a tribute of love for him. Remembering what opportunities you had to know him, and what mutual affection there was between you, I have come to ask as a favor that you give me a brief pen sketch of him as you saw him, to go into my volume." He replied, "You know I am a business man and not an author. Besides, I am just starting on a long ocean voyage and have every moment of time on shipboard full of business laid out for me. And yet how happy I should be if I were able to do what you ask, and put my little tribute of love in with yours. I will see; if the spirit should move me, you may hear from me." Sure enough, about three weeks after, I received a letter from him on shipboard, in which he enclosed the following description of our hero friend:

Roosevelt's character was so many sided, his activities and accomplishments were so diverse, that an analysis of him is very difficult. Roosevelt can be best understood by saying that he was a *symbol* of America. He had all of the qualities of the American nation; all of the qualities developed to almost ideal form, and if he had weaknesses, they were ones that were in common with those of America. The national characteristics, such as love of right or jus-

tice, of liberty, the nation's virility, and its great spirit of progress, were all expressed in this typical American. It was natural that Roosevelt should be an emblem of America, as he was a product of American ideals and at the same time the greatest producer of American ideals for a generation.

Roosevelt had the courage to do what he felt was right, always, and entirely oblivious of consequences. He never said anything for effect. Whatever he said, he said because it was in him to say it. Whatever he did, he did because he could not help doing it. His thought, his spirit had to have full expression, and it burst from him in every word and every action.

He had a quality which was so peculiarly one of the American nation that we call special attention to it. It is the great power of assimilation. America, as no other nation, has the power to assimilate whatever comes in contact with it. Men come from every nation of the world and are almost immediately absorbed and assimilated. They take her ideals, adopt her mode of thought, her language, and after a time even assume her facial and physical traits. Roosevelt had this same great faculty. He molded the thought, he affected the character, he uplifted the spirit of almost everyone that he touched. No one who approached him with an open mind went away without consciously or unconsciously taking with him something of Roosevelt. I believe that he gave more to the individual men of America than any man in its history. I was very much impressed by this assimilating power one day at his home at lunch. He had asked to his home a Spanish poet, a Catholic philosopher, and a Southern lady, a widow of one of his old friends. What widely divergent views of life the three had, but before lunch was over all had caught Roosevelt's spirit and they were all thinking with Roosevelt, and all feeling that they had found something in common with him that must bind them permanently to him. During the luncheon the Spanish poet brought up the subject of classical and modern Spanish literature; the thought occurred to me that the Colonel would not be prepared to discuss this subject. On the contrary, however, he knew Spanish literature thoroughly and discussed it with ease and with clearly defined opinions that showed that he had not only read, but had studied it comprehensively. There was something so sincere

in his approach to a subject, something so fair in its discussion, and something so deeply human in his whole attitude to it that one could not help falling in with the harmony of his thought and of his spirit.

The atmosphere of his home was so intimate and fully laden with his deepest feeling that one treats it with some hesitation. He lived simply but with dignity, without formality but with the forms that are part of good manners and refinement. His home at Oyster Bay, on a hill overlooking the waters of the Sound, had the form of a Long Island cottage but the feeling of a palace. The main room of the house was a large living-room or library, where Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt received, and the Colonel told me that he tried to keep in this room only the things of which he was fondest. Its walls were lined with shelves that contained books that were his constant companions. He was a voracious reader and from the thousands of books that he read he selected for this room only those from which he did not want to be separated, and with these books he had a familiarity that was remarkable. In a conversation or discussion on any subject he would say, "That reminds me of a character in ——," or "Let us see what —— says of that," and would go to one of the long rows of books, select the one that he wanted and turn directly to a page and read the passage to which he had referred. With a remarkable memory he seemed to carry in his mind the contents of all of these books.

Besides his books he had about him in his living room a few objects that he prized, especially among which I remember a bronze by Frederick Remington, which was presented to him by the Rough Riders, which he never tired of admiring. In other rooms of the house he had his trophies and gifts, the things that recalled to him varied experiences from his hunting expeditions in Central Africa, to his visits to the Courts of Europe. Among his trophies the one that especially attracted my attention was the butt of one of his rifles that was shredded by the teeth of a mountain lion with whom he had had some dealings at close quarters. Among his gifts he enjoyed showing an old edition of the Niebelungenlied, which was sent to him by William of Germany. It was a very large book and scrawled over the whole flyleaf was an original autograph verse signed by the Kaiser. This the Colonel would delight

in reading aloud to his friends, adding that it was perfect doggerel, which in deed it was.

Each of the hundreds of relics bore a vivid memory to him and suggested anecdotes that he would tell with indescribable humor, and one marvelled as he did, at the diverse experiences that had been recorded in his life. From each experience he seemed to have acquired knowledge, and not only this, but had laid it away in the storehouse of his memory to be picked out and used at the opportune moment.

In seeing the Colonel meet people of all nationalities and of all stations in life, his versatility was simply marvellous. I shall never cease to be grateful that this great and good man ever came into my life and love.

This portrait so life-like, beside being the tribute of a friend, fairly expresses the opinion of the business men of the United States with reference to Mr. Roosevelt.

ESTIMATES OF GEN. LEONARD WOOD—
SEC. FRANKLIN K. LANE—
REV. J. R. DAY

CHAPTER XXXI

ESTIMATES OF GEN. LEONARD WOOD—SEC. FRANKLIN K. LANE—REV. J. R. DAY

I WROTE Gen. Leonard Wood asking him for an estimate of his dear personal friend, Theodore Roosevelt, and received from him the following answer:

"I shall be glad to help. I am sending you a brief statement which I sent George Wharton Pepper, of Philadelphia. It is short and to the point. and I believe will give you what you want."

The following is the estimate:

Theodore Roosevelt's death has brought to many thousands a feeling of personal sorrow, and to all Americans a sense of great and irreparable loss to our country in this great crisis.

We have lost the great leader. Theodore Roosevelt's life was one of service for country, for humanity, and for right as he saw it. If he feared anything, it was duty undone.

Honest, upstanding, God-fearing, a man of vision, of wide experience, with a breadth of human sympathy which embraced all races, all creeds and all lands, he was easily the most inspiring, and hence the most dominant figure in American life since Abraham Lincoln.

He is dead, but his influence lives after him. In the example of his life and work, in his ideals, we shall ever find inspiration for patriotic effort, and incentive to high endeavor.

He loved the strenuous life with its fierce struggles. He knew that words alone are not sufficient and that we must

at times meet the organized forces of wrong with the disciplined strength of right.

He loved nature and the wild places of the world; the birds and the animals; and he understood these as few do. He had a clean soul. He loved home, family and friends—and above all, his country.

In war he offered his life freely for his country, his sons went into the world's war with his blessing, always thoughtful of those under him, and appreciative of the humblest service. He had the personal affection and devotion of thousands.

True patriot, best type of American, such was Theodore Roosevelt. His spirit will march in the van of our armies in war and strengthen our hearts in the hour of darkness and danger.

ESTIMATE OF SECRETARY LANE

Secretary Lane mailed me the following lines which he had sent to James A. Key, chairman of the Committee of Pensions, House of Representatives, highly commending a pension of $5,000.00 for Mrs. Roosevelt, which pension was unanimously passed by both Houses of Congress. Secretary Lane says:

The impress that Theodore Roosevelt's personality has made upon the world does not need emphasis. Whatever his fame as a statesman, it can never outrun his fame as a man. However widely men may differ from him in matters of national policy, this thing men in their hearts would all wish, that their sons might have within them the spirit, the will, the strength, the manliness, the Americanism of Roosevelt. He was made of that rugged and heroic stuff with which legend delights to play. The Idylls and the Sagas and the Iliads have been woven about men of his mold. We may surely expect to see developed a Roosevelt legend, a body of tales that will exalt the physical power and endurance of the man and the boldness of his spirit, his robust capacity for blunt speech and his hearty comradeship, his live interest in all things living—these will make our boys for the long future proud that they are of

his race and his country. And no surer fame than this can come to any man—to live in the hearts of the boys of his land as one whose doings and sayings they would wish to make their own.

ESTIMATE OF DR. DAY

One of the most masterful Roosevelt Memorial addresses was that of Rev. James R. Day, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of Syracuse University. Dr. Day, a giant in body and mind, at one time was one of the most powerful opponents of President Roosevelt's anti-trust policy. He was invited by the New York Legislature to make a memorial address before it. From it we quote the following:

If ten years ago any one had told me that on this 9th day of February I would be found in our State Capitol, by your request delivering a eulogy of Theodore Roosevelt, he would not have impressed me with his gift of prophecy!

But that is Theodore Roosevelt. He was an impossible man, doing impossible things, as no other man could do them. You differed with him deeply and radically, and you did not change your convictions, but you found that you had not been in conflict with *him*, but with something incidental to him. Some men's opinions are all there is of them. One opinion and you have the whole man. With Roosevelt a conviction or a doctrine was an incident. While you were fighting that doctrine he was away into volumes of others, leaving you to go on with your contentions. He was infinitely more than an article of his economical or political creed. You could not contend with such a man. Your controversy was not with him.

How to appreciate such a man in just proportions is an almost impossible task.

No man lived a life more exposed to the public eye. He never whispered but men were always blundering about his motives and the wisdom of his bold, uncompromising utterances. Where to stand to measure him is the question. There is a position among the Himalayas where vast mountains arise before you. One of them is so far distant that you see only its summit. It is the highest of the mighty

range, but you can see only its crown against the sky. You cannot see where it connects with the earth or what its bases are. Another is so near that it overwhelms you and you lose all power of measurement. The first is the highest mountain in all Asia, if not in the world. The second is but little less, but it fills the valley out of which it springs with a suddenness that confuses thought and is appalling.

Washington is that mountain now distant, with its base in tradition. Roosevelt is the mountain that fills the valley before you and is radiant with refracted and changing light. What he is will be the subject of varying opinions and discussions as men see the earth connections all visible and the far summit towering above us in the clouds, refracting colors differing to each angle of vision.

There is too much of Roosevelt and too many vividly related phases of his unusual personality for one to discuss philosophically his great character, much less his work as a legislator, a soldier and the chief executive of his great State and the nation.

No one fully competent has presented Theodore Roosevelt to the world in outline. Certain traits were so bold and outstanding that all could discover them as he hurried past in the rush of his impetuous course. But it will be years before this marvelous man will stand out in the symmetry and harmony of all the traits of his character and activity that have seemed to many of us as sometimes conflicting and inconsistent.

To measure force requires most delicate instruments and great skill. To know men in themselves and in the influence of their education, companionship and surroundings is a task that often has to be handed over to generations.

Mr. Roosevelt was a man with whom no one could agree in all things and with whom many disagreed in everything. He outstrode thinking men. The conservative men could not keep pace with him. He violated traditions one minute and the next was the reverent defender of the men who created them. He renounced his party one hour and the next was at its head, the idolized leader and defender.

Sometimes he attacked constituted forms with violence, but he restrained his wrath when demagogues threatened disaster. He made no use of anything in his reformatory efforts for merely personal political purposes and sometimes went too far in defiance of temporizing politics.

Study Mr. Roosevelt over a space of sufficient breadth and length and the conflicts of his personality harmonize. There were certain traits that were high peaks in the range of his character. They must be studied above the common level.

He had great force. And men like force. The timid man shrinks from it when it has no visible orbit or is not running on steel rails bolted down to a secure roadway. But the average man likes force. That is why he chances the ditch and death in a motor car or a two thousand feet fall from an aeroplane. And force brings things to pass. It does not stop, fortunately does not, because of a wreck in the ditch or a fall from the clouds. But there is force in established orbits when it has taken form and retained energy, where it has come out of star mist and is a sun.

Colonel Roosevelt had force well in hand. It was an endowment. It was not idly exhausted if sometimes it seemed erratic. It did not exhaust those who came in contact with it. Its expression was greatest in himself.

But it was a tremendous magnet. No man drew such crowds without arts or tricks on all occasions. They rallied to him instinctively. Whether you agreed with him or not, he agreed with himself, and you found it difficult to get away from his forcible thinking.

He walked with a firm stride. He chopped a tree like a lumberjack on a wager. He liked a horse that would throw a good rider. You never heard of his hunting partridges. He hunted lions and tigers. The brook trout did not beguile him. He fished for tarpon and shark. Is it a wonder that the virile manhood of America followed such a leader? They could disagree with him, but they were forced by force to follow him.

Had he been President when Germany threatened little heroic Belgium a challenge would have been hurled across the ocean that would have prevented the war, or if not, we would have closed it two years sooner.

Colonel Roosevelt was a courageous man and the people like courage. It was not a blustering courage. It was not braggadocio. There was no swagger about it. Its highest test was in the face of dissenting public opinion. It never flinched in the face of the clamor of politics.

What is right? What ought to be done? That was enough. It is certain that men, whether in political agreement or political opposition, conceded his courage. He was

incapable of making the mistake of the trimmer. He never cultivated his fortunes or popular favor at the expense of his manhood. It is a fatal mistake, which has defeated many a great man, who was great in all but his courage. The people are always sensitive to this characteristic. It is as useless as the habit of the ostrich in putting his head in the sand to escape his pursuers.

The people will excuse mistakes, but they have contempt for a coward.

The man who dodges his vote, who hides his convictions lest some one disagrees with him, is always detected and quickly relegated to the rear. Respect a man who honestly disagrees with you. Despise a man who is afraid of you.

Roosevelt's courage was an element of strength. It was courage to defend an opinion, and it was courage to correct a mistake. Moral courage is greater than physical courage. "You are scared," said a soldier to a fellow soldier whom he saw white and trembling as the battle began. "Yes," was the reply, "if you were as scared as I am you would run."

When Roosevelt was about to give an interview on the piratical sinking of the *Lusitania*, an intimate friend, who wanted him to answer deliberately, suggested that there were four hundred thousand German votes in this country. Aroused, he said: "If there were four million I would condemn this fiendish act!" And he gave out that philippic which awoke the land to war.

He was clean. No bribe stuck to his hand. And the people like that. His domestic life required no apology. His personal life required no explanation nor apology. When he was away from home his face was always set homeward, and you could no more face him in the other direction than you could change the instinct of a carrier pigeon. And the people like that. The pure home is the foundation of civilization. The noblest thing about Roosevelt is his home life. It was a holy example.

Another trait was the buoyancy and fullness and exuberance of his life. No man enjoyed life more. And the people like that. You may say that it was a radiancy of health. We might think so but for the last two or three years of fatal illness. Coming or going from the hospital, wrenched with rheumatic pains, burning with fever, he was always feeling "bully." It is a great thing in this world of so many

ills and misfortunes and sorrows if one can carry hope on the outside and let any remnant of happiness shine through.

No one can tell the agony of that solitary sorrow when a grave was made on a foreign battlefield. But he did not ask his fellowmen to help him carry it. He carried no emblem of death. He asked for more things to do, to think about and to say.

He said that he could not expect that four sons could go into war with the peril of high explosives, and all return. It was the measure of his prompt sacrifice. He was driving on, giving his own life to force that war to its conclusions by matching his pen against the sword.

He must be an intensely narrow partisan who does not feel the loss that has fallen upon his country by the death of ex-President Roosevelt. He could not be shut out of the counsels of his own country. He has sent over words that have burned into the brains of the most potent statesmen at the peace conference. He was tremendously needed in his own land in a time when latent Bolshevism and slumbering red socialism could be held in restraint only by men of the type of Colonel Roosevelt and men of whom he was the acknowledged captain.

It is an hour that calls for brave men, wise men, American men without a taint or a remote mixture in its loyalty and with consecration to the principles of our fathers and mothers. Never have we needed as now a recrudescence of the old-time Americanism that has been overgrown with the poison ivy of imported destructive thought and teachings of the ignorant that threaten to choke and destroy its life.

We had looked to Colonel Roosevelt as the man whom the remnant of thinking men would follow and whose clear voice would restrain the mad hordes plunging on behind the red flag they know not why, a man who would not sacrifice his flag to his personal ambition, a man whose words, weighed with the artisan and the working man because he never used them, but always served them, a man who in his one own personality would outnumber the thousands of riotous brutes, Hun-like in their instincts, seeking to apply the torch to the foundations of all government and law.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XXXII

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

IN the *Metropolitan Magazine* for last October Colonel Roosevelt wrote his famous article, "The Great Adventure," every word of which is worth its weight in diamonds. It will be read, with deepest interest, by people a thousand years from now, as one of the greatest essays on the problem of life and death in the history of the literature of the world. Through the courtesy of this magazine we copy it entire for this closing chapter:

Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose

life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole. Therefore it is that the man who is not willing to die, and the woman who is not willing to send her man to die, in a war for a great cause, are not worthy to live. Therefore it is that the man and woman who in peace time fear or ignore the primary and vital duties and the high happiness of family life, who dare not beget and bear and rear the life that is to last when they are in their graves, have broken the chain of creation, and have shown that they are unfit for companionship with the souls ready for the Great Adventure.

The wife of a fighting soldier at the front recently wrote as follows to the mother of a gallant boy, who at the front had fought in high air like an eagle, and, like an eagle, fighting had died: "I write these few lines—not of condolence for who would dare to pity you?—but of deepest sympathy to you and yours as you stand in the shadow which is the earthly side of those clouds of glory in which your son's life has just passed. Many will envy you that when the call to sacrifice came you were not found among the paupers to whom no gift of life worth offering had been entrusted. They are the ones to be pitied, not we whose dearest are jeoparding their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. I hope my two sons will live as worthily and die as greatly as yours."

There spoke one dauntless soul to another! America is safe while her daughters are of this kind, for their lovers and their sons cannot fail, as long as beside the hearthstones stand such wives and mothers. And we have many, many such women; and their men are like unto them.

With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service, and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.

No nation can be great unless its sons and daughters

have in them the quality to rise level to the needs of heroic days. Yet this heroic quality is but the apex of a pyramid of which the broad foundations must solidly rest on the performance of duties so ordinary that to impatient minds they seem commonplace. No army was ever great unless its soldiers possessed the fighting edge. But the finest natural fighting edge is utterly useless unless the soldiers and the junior officers have been through months, and the officers of higher command and the general staff through years of hard, weary, intensive training. So likewise the citizenship of any country is worthless unless in a crisis it shows the spirit of the two million Americans who in this mighty war have eagerly come forward to serve under the Banner of the Stars, afloat and ashore, and of the other millions who would now be beside them over seas if the chance had been given them and yet such spirit will in the long run avail nothing unless in the years of peace the average man and average woman of the duty-performing type realize that the highest of all duties, the one essential duty, is the duty of perpetuating the family life, based on the mutual love and respect of the one man and the one woman and on their purpose to rear the healthy and fine-souled children whose coming into life means that the family and therefore the nation shall continue in life and shall not end in a sterile death.

Woe to those who invite a sterile death; a death not for them only, but for the race; the death which is ensured by a life of sterile selfishness.

But honor, highest honor, to those who fearlessly face death for a good cause no life is so honorable or so fruitful as such a death. Unless men are willing to fight and die for great ideals, including love of country, ideals will vanish, and the world will become one huge sty of materialism, and unless the women of ideals bring forth men who are ready thus to live and die the world of the future will be filled by the spawn of the unfit. Alone of human beings the good and wise mother stands on a plane of equal honor with the bravest soldier; for she has gladly gone down to the brink of the chasm of darkness to bring back the children in whose hands rests the future of the years. But the mother, and far more the father, who flinch from the vital task earn the scorn visited on the soldier who flinches in battle. And the nation should by action mark

its attitude alike toward the fighter in war and toward the child-bearer in peace and war. The vital need of the nation is that its men and women of the future shall be the sons and daughters of the soldiers of the present. Excuse no man from going to war because he is married; but put all unmarried men above a fixed age at the hardest and most dangerous tasks; and provide amply for the children of soldiers, so as to give their wives the assurance of material safety.

In such a matter one can only speak in general terms At this moment there are hundreds of thousands of gallant men eating out their hearts because the privilege of facing death in battle is denied them. So there are innumerable women and men whose undeserved misfortune it is that they have no children or but one child. These soldiers denied the perilous honor they seek, these men and women heart-hungry for the children of their longing dreams, are as worthy of honor as the men who are warriors in fact, as the women whose children are of flesh and blood. If the only son who is killed at the front has no brother because his parents coldly dreaded to play their part in the Great Adventure of Life, then our sorrow is not for them, but solely for the son who himself dared the Great Adventure of Death. If, however, he is the only son because the Unseen Powers denied others to the love of his father and mother, then we mourn doubly with them because their darling went up to the sword of Azrael, because he drank the dark drink proffered by the Death Angel.

In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of those who know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter sorrow. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front, and by the gallant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the skies above or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers

and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow.

These are the torch-bearers; these are they who have dared the Great Adventure.

THE MAN AS I KNEW HIM

Having been requested by the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting to prepare an estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's character and service to be spread on the minutes of the meeting as a permanent record, I read such a paper at the Memorial service on January 13th, which was addressed by Hon. Chauncey Depew and Bishop Luther B. Wilson. The title of that paper was, "Theodore Roosevelt, the Man, as I Knew Him," and was as follows:

Theodore Roosevelt was one of the three greatest men the nation ever produced, and the greatest, the most widely known, and intensely loved man in the world at the time of his death.

Theodore Roosevelt was great every way; all the departments of his mind were developed in colossal proportion. Few men ever had broader mental vision, or saw farther into questions and the years than he. His intellectual virility was expressed in the mastery of three learned professions. By his Harvard course, his omnivorous reading and painstaking study he became an accomplished scholar, acquired an excellent literary style, and became the author of a score of volumes that will have a permanent place in the best literature of the nation. He was passionately fond of nature, he loved the flowers, the rocks, the stars, the birds, the insects, and the big game of the forest, and in his study of them took long journeys to find out about them, and the specimens he secured often at the risk of his life made him a scientist of no mean service or fame. His books on nature study are attractive, and will be sources of information and education to the student for years to come. He was a statesman of the highest rank; as a practical politician he was the equal of Martin Van Buren, or Lincoln.

His administration as President was one of the most successful and wholesome in the history of the republic. It held back and defeated the illegal combination of interests that prostituted the State Legislatures and National Congress with money and threatened the destruction of our form of government. The people believed so much in his wisdom, his honor and loyalty that he was as potential as a statesman without office as he was with it.

Great as was his intellect, he was greater in his affections. The greatest-hearted men are the greatest men. Fame has never given a permanent record to one of a little mean or selfish spirit. His heart, which cherished his wife and children as idols, was wide enough to take in the inhabitants of our country and of the wide world as his brothers and sisters, whom he loved better than himself and to whose advancement and happiness he devoted his strenuous life, a heart large enough to take in the woes and wrongs of the oppressed peoples of the world, and which like his Master's broke in the garden of sorrow in his agonizing struggle to bear the world's burdens, and right its wrongs. He was a republican of republicans, a democrat of democrats, and the idol of the common people of our country and the world. Great as he was in intellect, broad as were his affections, he was greatest in his character. The summit and crown of his greatness was his goodness. No man living had a keener sense of the right, nor a stronger propulsion toward it, nor an intenser hatred of wrong, nor a deeper determination to fight it, nor more all daring courage to overthrow it. His integrity was as scrupulous as that of Cato, Aristides, or "Honest Old Abe," whom he loved so well and so faithfully copied. That tongue would blister that would charge a single penny of fraud, or an intentional act of wrong-doing against him.

We are most proud and grateful to record the fact that Theodore Roosevelt was a Christian in deed and in truth; that he had implicit faith in the Bible as the standard of individual character, and national virtue; that he believed in Jesus Christ the Son of God as the Saviour of the world, and as his own personal Redeemer; that loyalty to that Christ who died for him and a desire to establish his Kingdom in the hearts and institutions of men was the chief motive which impelled him in his private and public life. We are grateful to God for having raised

up Theodore Roosevelt in our day and generation to show how large and good a man can grow to be who feeds on the Bible and Christ as the bread of life, and how nearly universal in its influence is such a life irradiated, inspired, and impelled by God's Holy Spirit.

We rejoice at the clear views our great and good friend had of the future life, and of his confident expectation of enjoying a blessed immortality there.

We call Theodore Roosevelt dead, but in reality he has just begun to live in this world. For twenty years he has so impressed his views, his deep moral convictions on the people of this country, and has had such a sacred place in their personal confidence and love, that he has done much to shape the events that have given us a greater and safer democracy, and his influence on the popular heart for the best things for the individual and state will continue in ever-widening circles for generations to come. Now that America has become a world power and Roosevelt, a world-wide figure, has become a world-wide favorite, his words and services and sacrifices will have still a potential influence in the settlement of those problems that involve world-wide democracy and universal Christianity. The immortality of the cause after the leader had dropped out is mentioned by Mr. Roosevelt in a speech made in Carnegie Hall in 1912, which is as follows:

"The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is, spend and be spent. It is a little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men."

So long as the Hudson shall flow or the Atlantic roll, so long as snow-capped mountain range shall speak to snow-capped mountain range and snow-capped mountain range to the blue sea; so long as the violet shall speak of

modesty, the lily of purity or the rose tell of love, so long as there shall be the appreciation of the true, the beautiful, the good, the heroic in human conduct, so long will Theodore Roosevelt live in the hearts and institutions of our country, in the hearts and institutions of mankind.

THE END

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